May 18, 1968

THE NEW YORKER

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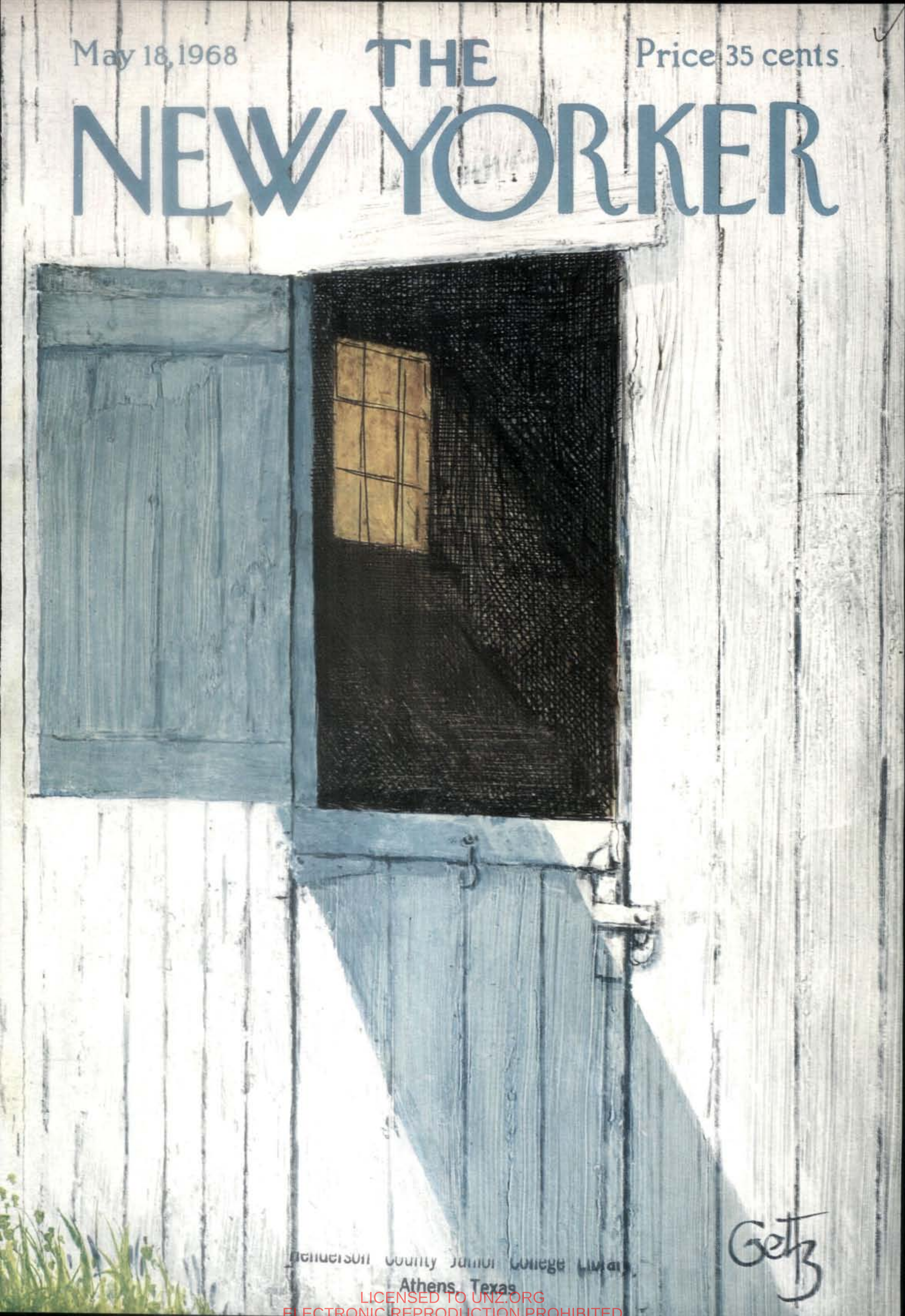

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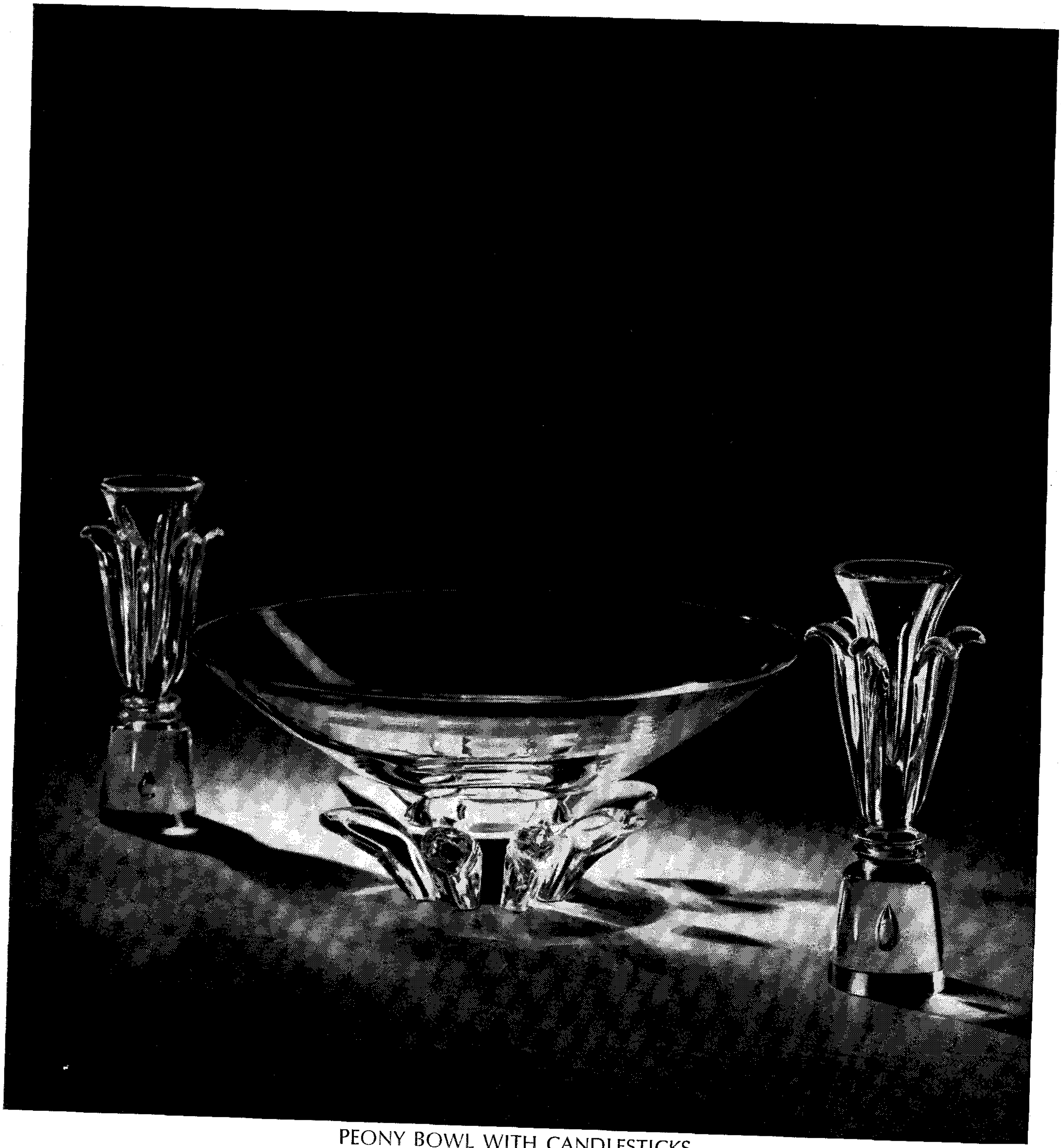

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APA Repertory Company—Chekhov's THE CHERRY ORCHARD: Thursday and Friday, May 16-17, at 8:30; Saturday, May 18, at 2:30 and 8:30; Monday and Tuesday, May 20-21, at 8:30; and Wednesday, May 22, at 2 and 8:30. . . . ¶ George Kelly's THE SHOW-OFF: Thursday, May 23, at 8:30, and Saturday, May 25, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶ Ionesco's EXIT THE KING: Friday, May 24, at 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877.)

The Boys in the Band—A comedy, which curdles into misery and venom, about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. The play, honest and often effective, is the first by Mart Crowley. The performances by all concerned are flawless. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Collision Course—Eleven one-acters by a dozen "new" and not-so-new dramatists. Although facetiousness abounds, only one of the plays—Jules Feiffer's entry—is funny, and although portentousness abounds, only one of the plays—Israel Horovitz' entry—is serious and touching. (Café Au Go Go, 152 Bleecker St. 777-1919. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Concept—A moving and utterly convincing drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts, at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. Originally an improvisation but now a set piece, it is well acted by a cast of eight ex-addicts from Daytop. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cyrano de Bergerac—A timid rendering, in a poor translation, of Rostand's romantic tale of true love lost by a nose. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, June 1.)

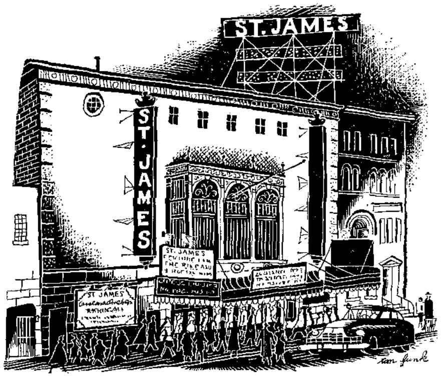
Endecott and the Red Cross—Kenneth Haigh in a play by Robert Lowell. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. CI 7-0393. Thursday and Saturday at 8, and Friday at 9. Matinées Friday at 5 and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, May 18.)

The Indian Wants the Bronx—Two one-act plays by an extremely gifted young playwright named Israel Horovitz. Each in its own way is a horror comedy, the first set in a student's room in Cambridge, Massachusetts, the second on a lonely street corner in this city. James Hammerstein is the director. (Astor Place Playhouse, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 673-6190. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Iphigenia in Aulis—Jane White is the Queen in Michael Cacoyannis's production of the Euripides tragedy, and Gretchen Corbett now appears as the Greek princess who allows herself to be sacrificed for the sake of her father, Agamemnon. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 26.)

Joe Egg—A self-pitying English schoolteacher and his loving wife threaten to destroy their lives by their devotion to a spastic child. The playwright, Peter Nichols, has somehow found the means of making much of this sad story comic. Donal Donnelly and Zena Walker play the couple. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

The Memorandum—This satire on bureaucracy by the Czech playwright Václav Havel is shrewd, enlightening, and full of comic invention. It is performed with the requisite spirit and style by all concerned, under Joseph Papp's direction. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

The Only Game in Town—Tammy Grimes, Barry Nelson, and Leo Genn are the entire cast in this play by Frank D. Gilroy. Mr. Nelson is the director. Previews through Saturday, May 18. Opens officially on Monday, May 20. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Plaza Suite—Neil Simon has a knack for making people laugh, and these three conjoined one-act comedies would no doubt be S.R.O. even in Tibet. Alfred Sandor and Maureen Stapleton have a high old time in the leading roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Price—Arthur Miller's sombre study of family envy, brightened at intervals by a funny old man out of the lower East Side of long ago. Pat Hingle, Arthur Kennedy, and Kate Reid comprise the family, and Harold Gary is the funny old man. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie—Jay Allen has turned Muriel Spark's exhilarating little novel into an admirable play. Zoe Caldwell is exceedingly good in the principal role. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Red Cross and Muzeeka—A pair of one-acters, both of them comprised of monkeyshines and sight gags in the modern manner but with bleak overtones. The first, by Sam Shepard, is a repellent comedy about a symbolically infested young man in a symbolically antiseptic setting. The hero of the second—a sporadically funny and high-spirited play by John Guare—is an employee of a canned-music corporation who lands in Vietnam. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 477-4410. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead—A first-rate invention by Tom Stoppard in which Shakespeare's "Hamlet" is viewed from an eccentric and very funny angle. Brian Murray and John Wood are superlative as the principals. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scuba Duba—Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is the comic Walpurgis Night of an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. Mr. Friedman knows what he is doing, but what he is doing is not for every taste. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Soldiers—John Colicos makes a valiant Churchill in this perverse reconstruction by Rolf Hochhuth of certain episodes of the Second World War. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Thursday through Saturday at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 19.)

Spofford—Herman Shumlin's dramatization of Peter De Vries' "Reuben, Reuben" is a jolly business dealing with a chicken farmer who sets out to do a sociological study of the commuters invading his homeland. Melvyn Douglas is triumphant in the title role, and the rest of the cast is excellent. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Summertree—This composition of scenes from the life of a young man who ends up in Vietnam is wistful, funny, and honest. A first play by a twenty-two-year-old dramatist named Ron Cowen, and, as directed by David Pressman and performed by David Birney and a superior supporting cast, it is at once delightful and affecting. (Forum, Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7618. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, May 25.)

There's a Girl in My Soup—Laurence Hugo has just replaced Gig Young as the middle-aged womanizer who is taken in tow by a nineteen-year-old swinger. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tom Paine—A characteristically eruptive production by the La Mama company, set off by the life and works of Paine. There are many lively moments, and many foolish or puzzling moments, but never a dull one. The clever, fervent script, which is occasionally overwhelmed by frenetic activity, is by Paul Foster, and the direction is by Tom O'Horgan. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30,

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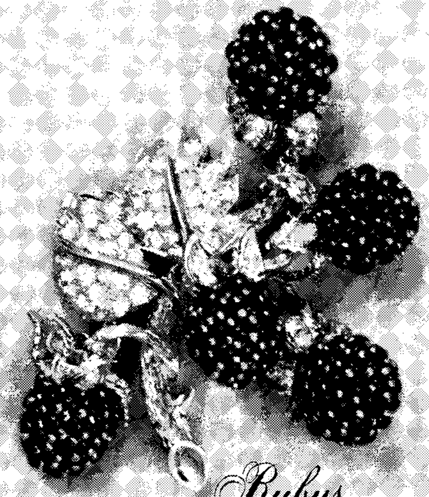
Fructus Tiffaniensis



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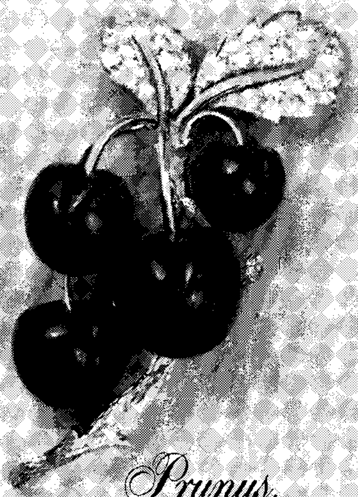

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Ribes,

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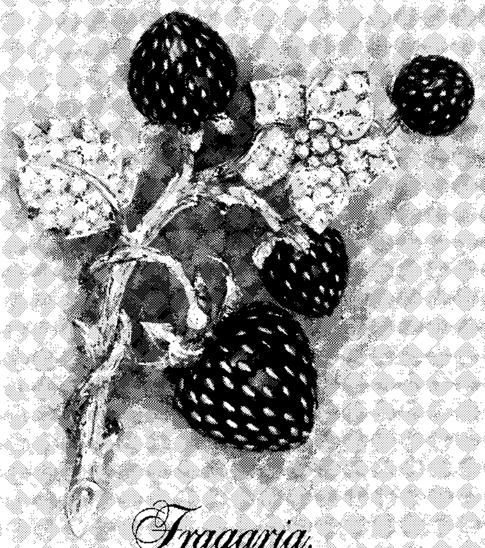

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**CACTUS FLOWER:** Abe Burrows' study of a slow-blooming dental nurse. With Betsy Palmer and Lloyd Bridges. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING:** Four plays by Robert Anderson. Sex is generally the focus. With Larry Blyden, Irene Dailey, William Redfield, Joe Silver, and Melinda Dillon. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

MUSICALS

The Believers—The history of the Negro in the United States in singing, dancing, and acting, as set forth by an amateur choral group that calls itself Voices, Inc. The singing is beautiful, and the acting and dancing are more than adequate. The result is a spirited and deeply affecting evening in the theatre. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. 777-4530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

City Center Gilbert & Sullivan Company—Final performances of the season. **PATIENCE:** Thursday and Friday, May 16-17, at 8:15.... **H.M.S. PINAFORE:** Saturday, May 18, at 2:15 and 8:15, and Sunday, May 19, at 1:15.... **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE:** Sunday, May 19, at 7:15. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

City Center Light Opera Company—Constance Towers, Michael Kermoyan, and Anita Darian in **THE KING AND I**. The first of two musicals by the company. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, May 21-22. Opens officially on Thursday, May 23, at 7:30, and will run through Sunday, June 9. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2.)

Curley McDimple—A witless lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties, with special attention to those starring the young Mrs. Black. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

George M!—An opulently staged account of the life of a Broadway performer and songwriter whom many people admired but practically nobody liked. Joel Grey makes George M. Cohan appealing by remaining Joel Grey. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Rainbow—Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme in a musical about Las Vegas and the tiresome, raucous types that frequent it. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence are in the wrong town. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hair—A host of hirsute young folk hell-bent on knocking you for a psychedelic loop, and they do, they do. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

The Happy Time—A big, hollow, and technically adroit staging of a skimpy book with skimpy songs. Robert Goulet and David Wayne are its wasted stars. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

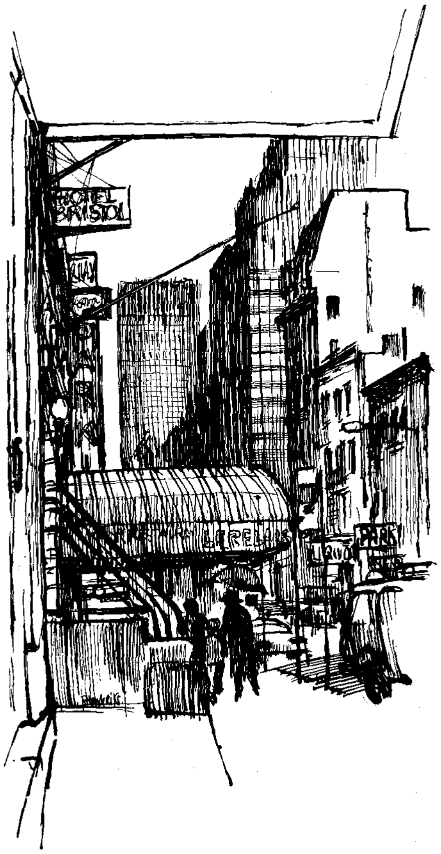
How Now, Dow Jones—Cutting up in the financial district. The book, by Max Shulman, and the music, by Elmer Bernstein, are not very sparkling, but Carolyn Leigh's lyrics are often sprightly, and the performers, under the direction of George Abbott, are a lively lot. Conspicuous among them are Anthony Roberts, Marlyn Mason, and Brenda Vaccaro. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris—A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. Elly Stone, Shawn Elliott, Alice Whitfield, and Mr. Shuman make up the cast. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

New Faces of '68—An old-fashioned revue, in which we discover that new faces and a new date are not enough. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Your Own Thing—As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." The songs, which come in many pleasing varieties, are by Hal Hester and Danny Apolinar; Robert Guerra designed the imaginative settings; and the libretto, sometimes funny and sometimes just sort of, is the work of Donald Driver, who also directed the show. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**CABARET:** How things went in Germany shortly before the Nazis took over. Jack Gilford and Lotte Lenya. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** It becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Harry Goz in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **I DO! I DO!:** A highly sentimental account of a half century of marriage, with Carol Lawrence and Gordon MacRae. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAME:** Janis Paige plays Auntie in the musical version of Patrick Dennis's novel. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday, May 16, at 8:15: "Harlequinade" and "Western Symphony." (A benefit performance; for tickets, call JU 6-2828.)... ¶ Friday, May 17, at 8:15: "Irish Fantasy" and "Harlequinade."... ¶ Saturday, May 18, at 2:15: "Scotch Symphony," "Prodigal Son," and "Ballet Imperial."... ¶ Saturday, May 18, at 8:15: "Concerto Barocco," "Dim Lustre," "Stravinsky: Symphony in C," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Sunday, May 19, at 1:15: "Liebeslieder Walzer," "Metastaseis and Pithoprakta," and "Western Symphony." ... ¶ Sunday, May 19, at 7:15: "Dim Lustre," "Metastaseis and Pithoprakta," "Haydn Concerto," and "La Valse."... ¶ Tuesday, May 21, at 8:15: "Jewels."... ¶ Wednesday, May 22, at 8:15: "La Sonnambula," "Episodes," and "Ballet Imperial."... ¶ Thursday, May 23, at 8:15: "Prodigal Son," "Dim Lustre," and "Ballet Imperial."... ¶ Friday, May 24, at 8:15: "Scotch Symphony" and "Harlequinade."... ¶ Saturday, May 25, at 2:15: "Firebird," "Ivesiana," "Pas de Deux," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Saturday, May 25, at 8:15: "Episodes" and "Harlequinade." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, June 16.)

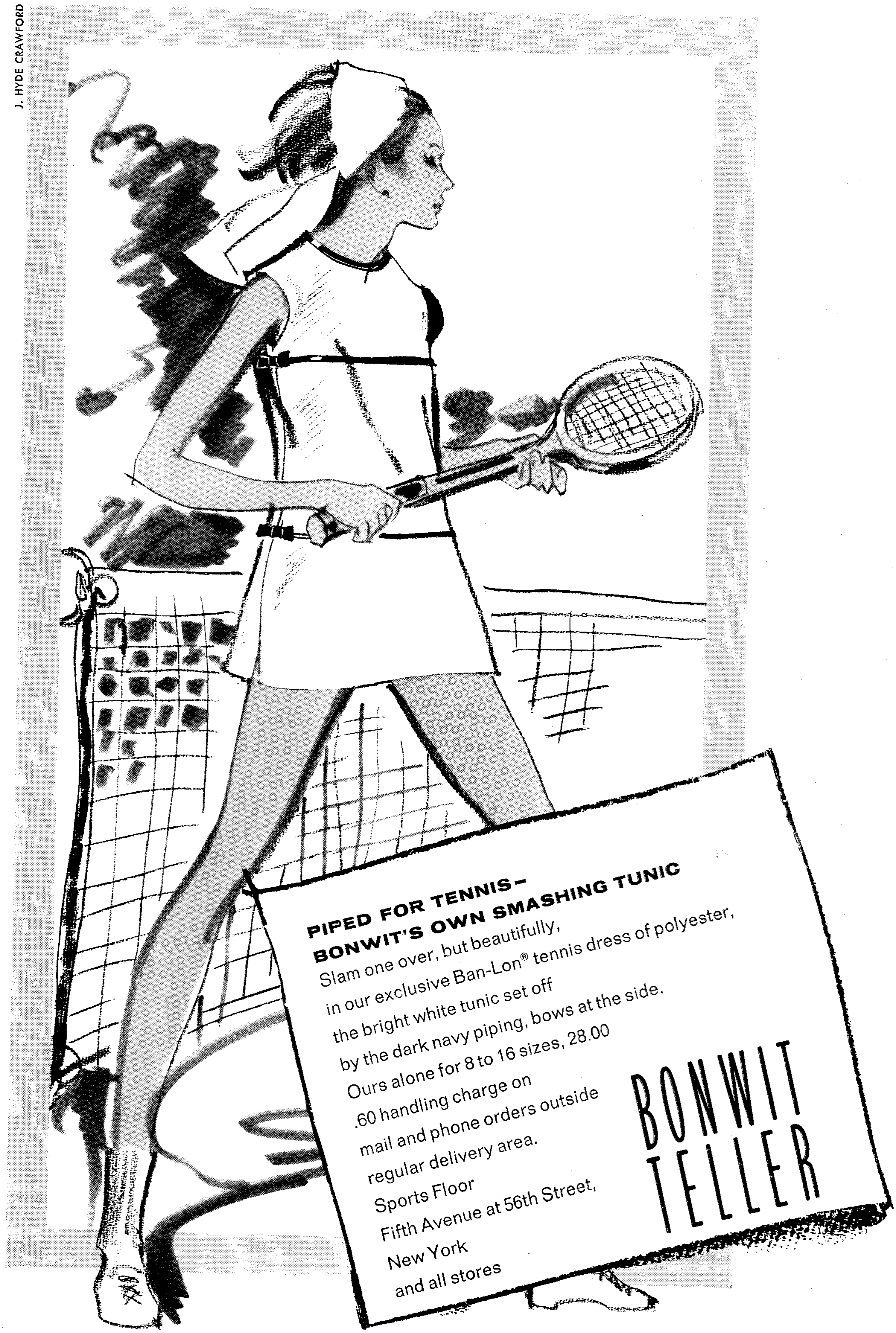
Royal Ballet—Final performances of the engagement—Thursday evening, May 16: "The Nutcracker."... ¶ Friday evening, May 17: "Sylvia," "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," "Symphonic Variations," and "Marguerite and Armand."... ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, May 18: "Swan Lake."... ¶ Sunday matinée and evening, May 19: "The Nutcracker." (Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center. 787-4200. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

Merce Cunningham and Dance Company—Final performances of the engagement—Thursday, May 16, at 8:30: "Variations V," "Place," and "Nocturnes."... ¶ Friday, May 17, at 8:30: "Scramble," "Winterbranch," and "How to Pass, Kick, Fall, and Run."... ¶ Wednesday, May 22, at 8:30: "Field Dances," "Untitled Solo," and "Walkaround Time" (New York première).... ¶ Thursday, May 23, at 8:30: "Suite for Five," "RainForest," and "Place."... ¶ Friday, May 24, at 8:30: "Winterbranch," "Variations V," and "Nocturnes."... ¶ Saturday, May 25, at 8:30: "Place" and "Walkaround Time." ... ¶ Sunday, May 26, at 3: "Collage III," "Field Dances," "RainForest," and "Walkaround Time." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

Manhattan Festival Ballet—"Coruscare," "Car Lot," "Variations on a Rococo Theme," and "Da Capo 20." (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-9740. Monday, May 20, at 8:30.)

Stars of the Bolshoi Ballet—A troupe of fifty dancers in the opening performances of a four-week engagement that will run through Saturday, June 15—Tuesday, May 21, at 8, and Wednesday and Thursday, May 22-23, at 8:30: Act II of "Giselle," selections including "Don Quixote Grand Pas de Ballet" and "The Dying Swan," and "Ballet School."... ¶ Friday, May 24, at 8:30, and Saturday, May 25, at 2:30: Act II of "Swan Lake," "Le Spectre de la Rose," selections including "Raymonda Adagio" and "Spring Waters," and "Ballet School."... ¶ Saturday, May 25, at 8:30: Act II of "Swan Lake," "Le Spectre de la Rose," selections including "Raymonda Adagio" and "The Dying Swan," and "Ballet School." (Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center. 787-4200.)

Martha Graham and Dance Company—Opening



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BONWIT TELLER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

performances of a two-and-a-half-week engagement that will run through Sunday, June 9—Friday, May 24, at 8:30: "Dancing-Ground," "Cortege of Eagles," and "Acrobats of God." . . ¶ Saturday, May 25, at 8:30: "Dancing-Ground," "Appalachian Spring," and "Héloise and Abélard" (première). (George Abbott Theatre, 152 W. 54th St. JU 6-3787.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (GR 5-7804)—Coffee and tea in enormous vessels, and entertainment that's above the mean. Most nights involve singers, strummers, and wry talkers. Tuesdays are something else again—visitors come bearing instruments.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Candlelight and brick walls, and dining amid mirrors. Some fairly advanced jazz sounds from eleven until one, generally on piano and bass. No music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Down among the warehouses, where it's about the only thing that's happening. Not much to look at, but nice to know: A bandstand, a dance floor, and Zoot Sims' quartet every night except Monday. Occasional, unpredictable visiting musicians can provide some surprises.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—If you should hanker after the traditional, this is about the only local Dixieland headquarters left. There's nothing extraordinary about the bar, but the music—played currently by Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Bob Pratt, and Marshall Brown—is forthright. Eight-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Nashville Room, in the Taft Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 50th St. (265-7577)—The story of how a little girl from a bluegrass town in the South finds happiness in a great Northern city. The Stoneman Family lead a country-music show at nine and again at midnight. Starting Tuesday, May 21, Jimmy Dickens will lead the show. Scanty dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A big red fire engine, peanut shells on the floor, and ricky-tick banjo music summon up the plinking eighteen-nineties, or whatever. Now and then, antique movies are shown. Tuesdays are referred to as ladies' nights. On Sunday, May 19, from five to nine, Jazz Interactions will wreak havoc on the period setting by bringing in Sun Ra and his Space Arkestra, who play weirdly. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Two banjos and a piano every night from nine to three or four. Also peanuts, boaters, garters, and contagious risibility. A fine how-do-you-do.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Dim, shadowy, nondescript, it's sort of basic. Jazz every night from nine until closing by Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers. On Saturdays and Sundays from five to nine, before the regular show, other bands perform. Mondays are given over to special events.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Entertainment on two levels. Upstairs, Teddy Wilson's reliable trio alternates with Andy Bey's piano nightly, except Mondays. On Tuesday, May 21, the Bill Evans trio will move in. The dinners are mostly grilled. . . . ¶ Downstairs, on Friday and Saturday, May 17-18, Herbie Mann's quintet will trade off with Eddie Harris's quintet. On Friday and Saturday, May 24-25, the music will come from the Modern Jazz Quartet and a quintet headed by Hugh Masekela.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A wedge-shaped room where jazz goes pretty far out. Freddie Hubbard's quintet plays with a driving beat nightly. On Sunday, May 19, they'll play a four to eight gig as well as the evening session. Monday, May 20, will be reserved for the goblet-cracking sounds of the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Jazz Band. On Tuesday, May 21, the Roland Kirk quartet will arrive.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Boondock is right—it's practically in the North River. Sawdust-covered floors, conviviality, and substantial amounts of what is known as soul food. Quiet jazz on piano and bass from eight-thirty to two by Earl Blake and John Latham (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday).

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—Banjos shake and washboards scrape and the gang whoops it up till the cows come home (i.e., from nine till two or three). On Sundays, things start vibrating at four-thirty and keep going till the cows, etc. It's dandy.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining unless indicated.)

Arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—Eager folk immersed in imagery scurry inside and slip into seats at tiny tables, then slip out again to dance while other folk goggle. The sound of the Soul Three alternates with the sound of loud recorded rock, from nine to three or four. On Tuesday, May 21, the Brotherhoods will replace the S. T. Some food is served. Closed Mondays.

Cheetah, 310 W. 52nd St. (582-2970)—How now, spotted cat? The place is a groove, and the young crowd is dancing mightily on stainless steel and Plexiglas. On the big stage, the Teddy Boys and the Bagatelle make big sounds while lights form moving patterns that run from sun to shade. The management hasn't got its liquor license yet, so the drinks remain soft. On Thursday, May 23, another group will relieve the above entertainers. Dancing from eight to three every night but Monday.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—It comes in colors everywhere, it combs its hair, it's like a rainbow. Flashing, whirling, pulsing, slamming, the whole big place is a hippodromish carnival, and those who enter seldom leave without having had an experience. The James Cotton Blues Band alternates with records over a good system for dancing from nine to three or four, except for Monday, May 20, when Cat Mother & the All-Night Newsboys will be playing. Alcohol? Nope.

Frammis, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (EL 5-7160)—The dancing is fundamental. The music is vital. The drinks are average. Rock records from ten to three or four every night.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—One of the oldest discothèques in existence, with an air that suits its age. The restrained recorded music runs from nine to three or four. Dim lights disclose well-dressed people dancing and dining. On weekends, reservations are recommended for tables (none needed at the bar). Closed Sundays.

Salvation, 1 Sheridan Sq. (675-3810)—Every so often, a night spot becomes *the* place to go—for a season, anyway. This spot has been alleged to be this season's. The music sounds as though it's being played through an Osterizer, the waiters look faintly Venusian, and if you don't wear something fashionable, you might as well stay home. Dancing from eight-thirty till closing. Light dining. Some chuckles.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Cairo, with its grand old Shepheard's, is the general idea, but nobody is really sure. Beneath, through, and around the extravagant architectural devices, the recorded music swells. Some of it is fast, some is slow, and all of it is controlled by a voluble disc jockey. Between record sets, a four-man group called the Teachers plays. The dining is substantial. Closed Sundays.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777)—Dancing is the main thing here, despite the rotary devices (Harley-Davidson, Schwinn, La Salle—you name it) on the walls. The crowd has been around a discothèque floor before, and the records reverb. When the records don't, the New York Rock-and-Roll Ensemble does. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's in the vaults—below a crêpe-and-shish-kebab establishment of the same name—and it's generally considered to be a hip place. The records rarely fall below the tempo of

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"Light My Fire," and the dance floor is alive from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations are suggested on weekends. Paisley walls forever.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too.)

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970): Ella Fitzgerald's voice is true spring weather—sometimes showery, sometimes thunderhead, but always cool and invigorating. Phil Wayne's crew, which starts the music off at seven, remains aboard; Miss F. shows at dinner and supper through the week, and thrice on Friday and Saturday, May 17-18, her final nights. On Monday, May 20, the place becomes the Duchy of Ellington, when the great band of that name moves in. Closed Sundays.... **PIERRE,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): As is the custom at many other Ivy League athletic events, there are two marching (or dancing) bands in the Café Pierre—John Mince's on Mondays and Tuesdays, Stanley Worth's the five other days. Little Miss Ellen Harwicke, who accompanies her own songs with her own piano, and neatly, has Mondays off.... **DELMONICO'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The parquet floor and the music in the restaurant are built for comfort, not for speed. The music comes from Ernie Warren's small band of longtime local citizens, who carry on in general from eight until one or two. No music Sundays and Mondays.... **EL MOROCCO,** 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): The archeologists' picks and shovels uncover but minute evidences of the Arcadian life that once existed in this vanished city-state. Anyone who wants to help should show up between eight and three-thirty every night but Sunday. Collations for the toilers are offered by Lester Lanin and his band.... **THE RIVERBOAT,** Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (PL 9-2444): Louis Bellson, once a resident of the Duchy of Ellington himself, rips and snorts into his timpani as he runs a band that reports at seven-thirty. On Thursday, May 23, Johnny Long's orchestra replaces the Bellsons. Another band begins as early as six; curfew arrives at two: Sunday nights are silent.... **ROSELAND DANCE CITY,** 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200): People may walk on the grass as much as they like, and cut capers, too, as long as they break into nothing more violent than a dog trot, or—of course—a fox trot. The setting is plain but painstaking, the menu is token. Three ceaseless bands, one of them very Latin (Argueso's) and two of them very local, tee off at about seven-thirty during the week (Wednesdays, though, at six-thirty) and stay put until around one; Sundays they begin at three-thirty. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—The triumph of matter over mind is the theme of the seminar conducted by Joan Rivers, who deplores the situation. She gets off to a noisy start around ten, or nine-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

EL AVRAM, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Home on the range in Israel, where never is heard a discouraging word, and the musicians and jesters make the evening more a private party than a public affair. It's a nightly operation, and the dining is native without being naïve. Avram Grobard and Yoel Sharr provide the chitter and the chatter, and even a song or two. Closed Mondays.

EUGENE'S, 1034 Second Ave., at 54th St. (758-7620)—Not at all by chance, the old Garrison now bears the name of a senator who would be President. His adherents in the social sciences, the literary and the lively arts, and environs gather at eleven, every night but Sunday, for a spur-of-the-moment floor show. Bar, grill, open at eight, shut very late.

LIVING ROOM, 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262)—It's hardly Kew in lilac time, or even in midwinter, but it does offer in compensation Bobby Short, an anchor man in what is left of the worldling night shift. His words and music about that shift are, in a sense, social critiques, and these Shortcomings happen a bit later than ten every night. He moves out after Sunday, May 19.

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933)—Boys and girls come out to play, the moon doth shine as bright as day. The boys are John Svarr, Alex Wipf; the girls are Terry O'Mara, Mary Jo Gillis, and the arcane Liz Sheridan; the bright-as-day is the libretto of Julius Monk's annual revue, "Four in Hand," at the sound of which certain political "heads," crowned or uncrowned, may rest uneasy. On Monday, May 20, Leslie Stewart will succeed Miss O'Mara. The orchestra is the dashing double piano of Robert Colston and Otis Clements; the opulent intermission piano comes from Baldwin Bergersen. Nine and eleven-thirty are the starting times. Closed Sundays.

UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Photo Finish" is the newest of the portmanteau revues to inhabit this coign. The hours are nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner, dancing, and a show.)

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—In the Royal Box, there are dinner and supper apparitions by the 5th Dimension, whose rock-and-roll can border on the 5th Dementia. A couple of wits, the firm of Davis & Reese, gather at the same time, and there is always the orchestra of Lee Evans, a sound investment. Closed Sundays.

CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (PL 2-8080)—The new pad of this ancient and honorable institution is handsome, and it is also far-reaching, so study with care the sightlines before choosing a table. Los Chavales de España, the boys from back home in Barcelona, are as down-to-earth amiable and articulate as ever; the Rosario Galán flamenco crew is as ardently despondent about unrequited love as ever; the dance music is as compelling as ever. The showfolk erupt during dinner and supper every night.... ¶ In the Flamenco Room, a tiny theatre in the round, mauresque guitar begins at five, flamenco chanting begins at nine-thirty, and all hands stay late, and every night, too.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900)—If Dionne Warwick, that limpid, lyric lark, does no more than sing "Alfie" her special way, the evening is already a success. Never mind the humorist or the by-the-yard production numbers; they're the roughage of the diet. On Thursday, May 23, Miss W. gives way to Tony Bennett, tenor galore and tenor gallant. ... ¶ In the lounge, after around ten, a motley crew of musicians and singers carry on as if there were no tomorrow.

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735)—Girly-girly, hurly-burly is the great big floor show, and yet sort of lovable in its innocent wish to please. The Doodletown Pipers' are the best voices, Bobby Ramsen's are the poorest jests. Every night of the year, and twice or more.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Noel Harrison, who arrives during dinner and supper in the Persian Room to do a few songs, affords us a quite pleasant view of Oxbridge on holiday. The Burt Farber orchestra and the band run by Mark Monte are the house bumblebees. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Fiddle and piano (these are the arsenal of Leo LeFleur's duo) speak with bated breath from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, which is the nineteenth century at the pinnacle of perfection, and again from seven to nine (except Sundays) in the Edwardian Room.... ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes the most beautiful of all Manhattan's architectural follies when lavender light begins to suffuse the statuary and Gunnar Hansen's fiddle begins its sentimental journey down the Danube. No music Sunday nights.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, at dinner and supper, Rita Gardner who began life singing those everlasting arias in "The Fantasticks," retires on Saturday, May 18, and Earl Wilson, Jr., a new Piping Tom, moves in on Monday, May 20. The bands run by Quintero and George Cort run nonstop. Closed Sundays.... ¶ La Boite, a few steps away, soothes the weary wayfarer with peace, violin, and piano in equal quantities. It, too, desists on Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Empire Room, at dinner and

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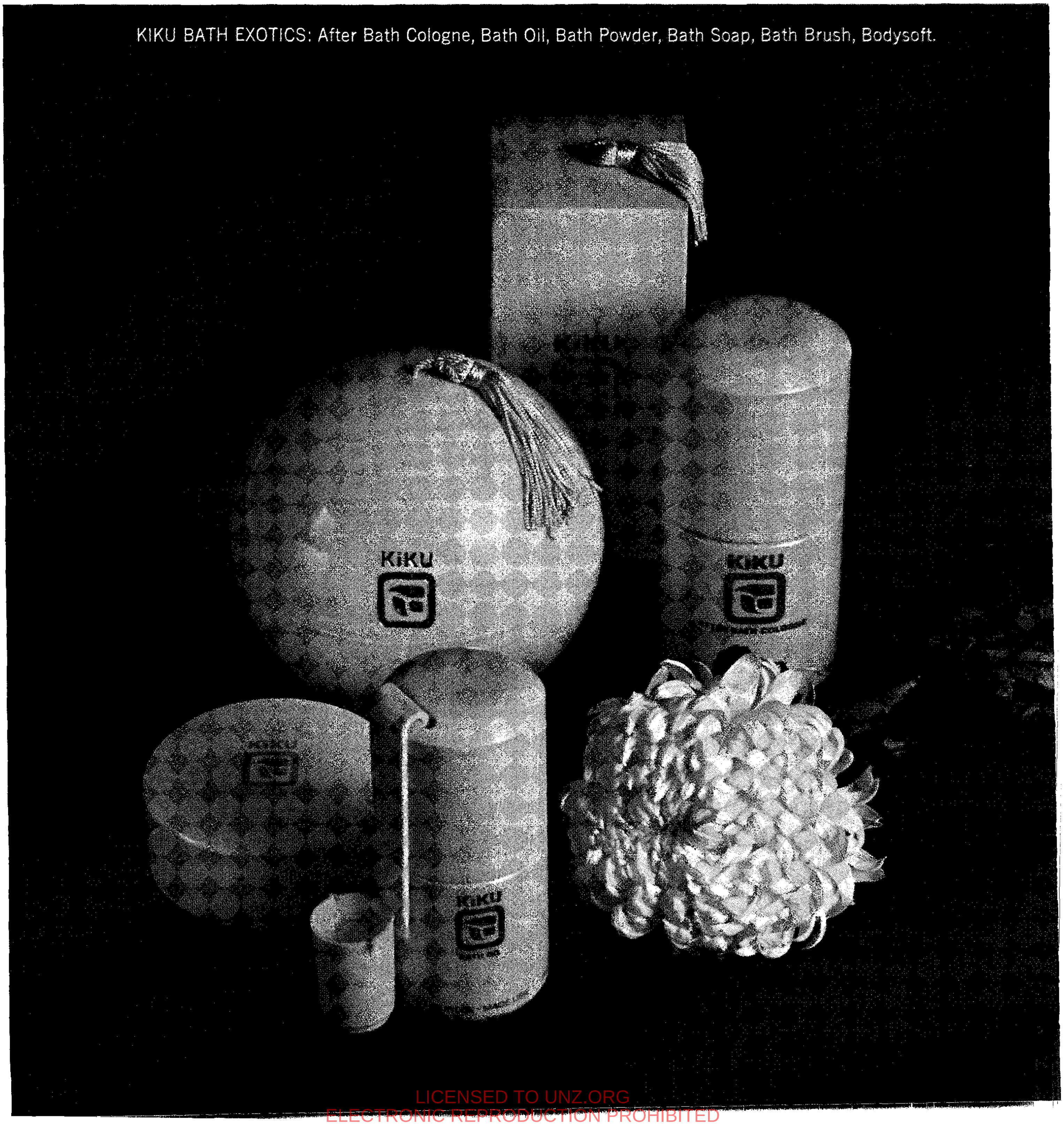

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supper, Shani Wallis, direct from London, does her firebird arias at fever heat. The orchestra of Charles Turecamo makes the dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Something is generally sounding off, if mildly, in the manifold Peacock Alley, which deals in everything from cocktails to supper—piano Mondays through Fridays from four to ten, and Horace Diaz's trio for dancing from eight until one Wednesdays through Fridays. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(No dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Old friends well met, and younger ones, too, in a trophy room that likewise serves as restaurant, bar, and music conservatory. Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders walk the keyboards, sometimes as sentimental soloists, sometimes as tandem tempests, from cocktails to cockcrow every evening but Sunday. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The Jamaica ginger in the seasoning is inserted by a troubadour of calypso antecedents. His beat is dinner until after the theatre. Closed Sundays; no music Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Our Thing for any number of the boy and girl workers in the communications arts, who communicate here, too, in their evening spare time. The threesome of Chuck Wayne, a deft abstractionist, does the holding forth with great glee. No music Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri's portrayal of the wickedest woman in Paris (done mostly from the top deck of a piano) is all fool and a yard wide, which is how the guests in her small drawing room like it. She chants at dinner during the week, at dinner and supper Friday and Saturday. Unhurried dance music commences at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Where the gypsy caravans of Hungary have rested, though not in complete silence. After the zimbalons and fiddles have had their say, Béla Babai's band does dance music and Tibor Rakossy does ballads of passionate importunity. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): The corner-saloon lounge of the Hotel Earle. Laurie Brewis conducts, from his piano, what can develop into a sing-along at any moment. He begins at nine-thirty every evening but Monday, and goes on and on into the night. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): The visitor who arrives unaware soon discovers that the restaurant is really a *schola cantorum*, operatic division, for every man-jack of the staff. Closed Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): Or, really, a set of bumper-to-bumper tables, screened apart by a galaxy of glass-bead stalactites into a sort of winter palace. In one unquiet corner, the voice and piano of Scott Reed ramble along from six until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE APARTMENT,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Second Avenue is unredeemably Second Avenue, but Charles De Forest, who sings to his own piano, makes up for a number of the milieu's failings. He lays off on Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(No dancing, except as indicated.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie when Cy Walter addresses himself to the piano that, from a gentle slope, surveys this lordly manor. This act of beneficence takes place from the cocktail hour until one every night but Sunday, when Allan Haig serves instead. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The castle is a put-on, all right, but a merry, gregarious, and comfortable one. The master of revels is Norbert Faconi, dean of the faculty of nighttime violinists. No music Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The city itself is eternal, but the nights are not, for two o'clock is lights-out. Until that hour, musicians and singers, who begin at seven-thirty, are on the move. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The watchmen of the night along this stretch of the Via Veneto are the ambulatory musicians under the bow and baton of Herman Honigsberg, master fiddler; the listeners are an outgoing lot. Closed Sundays. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Grand is the manner of the Regency Room, where there is piano between five-thirty and twelve-thirty night after night, nearly always by Kurt Maier, who has been around just as long as Vienna. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The Elegant Eighties and the Gay Nineties are permanent occupants of a town house that looks as it was in the beginning. In the bar, a leisurely piano dwells from six to one, except for Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): What the well-dressed bar and restaurant will wear. From five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve-thirty, someone diligently plies a piano every night. . . . **POLO BAR,** Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Conrad Monjoy is applying himself to the mannerly piano beside the bar in the grand salon-restaurant of the Westbury Hotel. He is not a Sunday or Monday visitor. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9494): A refectory deep in the arcanebrakes of some Far Eastern country, real or imaginary. In one alcove of it, a piano gets almost subliminally into whatever the act is. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): In an art gallery that is out on a mild spree, Rogelio Reguera and his guitar conduct an eclectic survey of Spain. From around eight to around one is the range of his evening's tour, and he gets Sundays off. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Grand Prix, *dernier cri*. George Feyer's parlor piano, which runs from eight-thirty until two, underlines the conversation. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the Casino-on-the-Park, that well-kept indoor plaisance, Bob Kail applies a light touch to his piano between six-thirty and one. Sundays and Mondays excepted.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

AFRO—Abstract Expressionist paintings by one of the early European artists of this movement; through Saturday, May 25. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

PETER AGOSTINI—Abstract sculptures in plaster by a familiar New York artist; through May 31. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

ARMAN—"Accumulations" by a European specialist in boxed art; through June 1. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

ROBERT ARNER—Paintings in the optical mode; through Saturday, May 18. (White, 42 E. 57th St.)

MILTON AVERY (1893-1965)—Seventeen previously unexhibited paintings (oil on paper) of figures and landscapes by an artist who influenced American Abstract art; through Friday, May 24. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

OLLE BAERTLING—A retrospective of paintings and sculptures by a European avant-gardist; through June 15. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

CECIL BEATON—Movie and stage sets and costume designs; through June 1. (Wright-Hepburn-Webster, 205 E. 60th St. Open Thursday and Friday evenings until 9.)

ROSEMARIE BECK—Figures and interiors in an Impressionist-derived style; through Saturday, May 18. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

GEORGE BELLOWS—Thirteen paintings; through May 29. (Allison, 11 E. 57th St.)

PATRICK CAULFIELD—Paintings by an artist who makes new uses of banal images; through May 30. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT DE NIRO—Figurative bronzes and drawings by an Expressionist painter; through Saturday, May 25. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

NIKI DE SAINT-PHALLE AND JEAN TINGUELY—Eight enormous fibre-glass women in loud colors by the former, menaced by rickety machines by the latter; through Oct. 31. (Central Park Conservatory Garden, Fifth Ave. at 105th St.)

RICHARD DIEBENKORN—Abstract compositions by a

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

West Coast artist known for his figurative paintings; through May 30. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Burgoyne Diller—Drawings and collages by a leading American Constructivist painter and sculptor, who died in 1965; through Saturday, May 25. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Harry Dix and Tony Harrison—Constructions with found objects by the former and Abstract paintings by the latter; through Saturday, May 25. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Sherman Drexler—Expressionist figure paintings which favor the female nude; through June 8. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jean Dubuffet—Plastic sculptures in brilliant colors, plus ink drawings, by the French primitivist; through Saturday, May 18. (Pace, 9 W. 57th St.)

Yun Gee (1906-63)—Abstract paintings by an American who lived in Paris in the twenties; through May 31. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Sam Gilliam—Four mammoth Abstract oils by a Washington, D.C., artist; through June 29. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Rube Goldberg—Conventionally comic sculptures by the famous cartoonist of silly machines; through Saturday, May 25. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

Robert Gordon—The first local exhibition, consisting of six large collages, by a Philadelphia artist; through Saturday, May 25. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

Otto Herbert Hajek—Cast aluminum sculptures by a German artist; through May 27. (Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. Mondays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 5; Tuesdays through Thursdays, 2 to 9.)

Nelson Howe—Reliefs constructed of assembled materials; through June 1. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays; open Thursday evenings until 8.)

Richard Hunt—Welded-steel and welded-aluminum sculptures; through June 15. (Dorsky, 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Jenkins—Watercolors (several of them quite large) in the artist's familiar flowing colors; through Saturday, May 18. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Leo Kenny—Emblematic paintings by a West Coast artist; through Saturday, May 18. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Ernest Lawson (1873-1939)—Paintings by a well-known American Impressionist; through May 31. (Berry-Hill, 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Gerhardt Liebermann—Paintings of deserts of uniform red-brick structures; through May 30. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ennio Morlotti—Paintings by an Italian Expressionist who favors abstractly handled nudes; through May 31. (Odyssia, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Masayuki Nagare—Abstract stone sculptures by a Japanese monument maker; through June 8. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ernst Neizvestny—The first exhibition in the United States by an artist of the U.S.S.R. who deviates to a degree from official Soviet art; through June 8. (Sculptors Guild, 797 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Isamu Noguchi—A show of brush drawings that is running concurrently with his exhibition at the Whitney; through Saturday, May 18. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

David Novros—Multi-sectioned shaped paintings on fibre glass; through Thursday, May 23. (Bykert, 15 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Doug Ohlson—Geometrical paintings consisting of groups of panels; through June 8. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Charles O. Perry—Metal sculptures featuring mathematical complexities; through Saturday, May 25. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hans Reichel—Watercolors by a German artist who worked with Paul Klee; through May 31. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Charles Ross—Sculptures in clear Plexiglas with water inside, creating prismatic effects; through Wednesday, May 22. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Frank Roth—Abstract paintings, plus sculptures that repeat forms from the canvases; through Thursday, May 23. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lee Savage—Freely composed figurative paintings; through Saturday, May 18. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Tsai Wen-ying—Sculptures in motion rhythmically modulated by lighting; through June 1. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Weinrib—Abstract sculptures in cast transparent plastic with gradations of color; through Saturday, May 18. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St.)

Benjamin West (1738-1820)—Pen-and-ink, crayon, and wash drawings by an Early American artist; through June 1. (Black, 1062 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

William T. Wiley—Watercolors, plus related constructions in wood, metal, and plastic; through June 8. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Donald Yacoe—Paintings of male and female nudes; through June 1. (Spectrum, 54 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

National Association of Women Artists—The 1968 Annual Exhibition, comprising more than three hundred paintings, graphics, and sculptures by the members of this organization, who are professional artists and number over seven hundred; through May 26. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, except Saturday, May 18, from 1 to 5.)

Americans; Group Show—Designs for execution in needlepoint by such artists as Ortman, Stella, Anuszkiewicz, Lichtenstein, and Cleve Gray; through Saturday, May 18. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **hutton**, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Paintings by French, German, and Russian Fauvists and Expressionists up to the First World War; through June 12. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **knoedler**, 14 E. 57th St.: A benefit exhibition of paintings and sculptures on the theme of "The Animal," ranging from early Chinese chickens through a study of an elephant by Rembrandt to a Renoir cat; through Friday, May 24. . . . **lefebre**, 47 E. 77th St.: Drawings by gallery artists, among them Alechinsky, Bissier, and Bury; through June 8. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **st. etienne**, 24 W. 57th St.: Primitive art of contemporary Yugoslavia; through Saturday, May 25. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **shepherd**, 21 E. 84th St.: Two hundred French nineteenth-century paintings, bronzes, and drawings, from David through Puvis de Chavannes, chosen with emphasis on the academic. Included are Ingres, Delacroix, Géricault, and Degas. Through June 15. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **shickman**, 929 Park Ave., at 81st St.: A hundred and three drawings from the sixteenth century to the twentieth, by Van Dyke, Tiepolo, Boucher, Millet, Degas, and others; through Saturday, May 25. . . . **slatkin**, 115 E. 92nd St.: Nearly fifty drawings, pastels, and watercolors from sixteenth- to twentieth-century France; through June 29.

Note—Sixty-two cartoons by Alan Dunn that originally appeared in this magazine are being exhibited at the Edward W. Root Art Center of Hamilton College, in Clinton, New York, under the over-all title "Alan Dunn: A Social Cartoonist Comments on His Times;" through June 2.

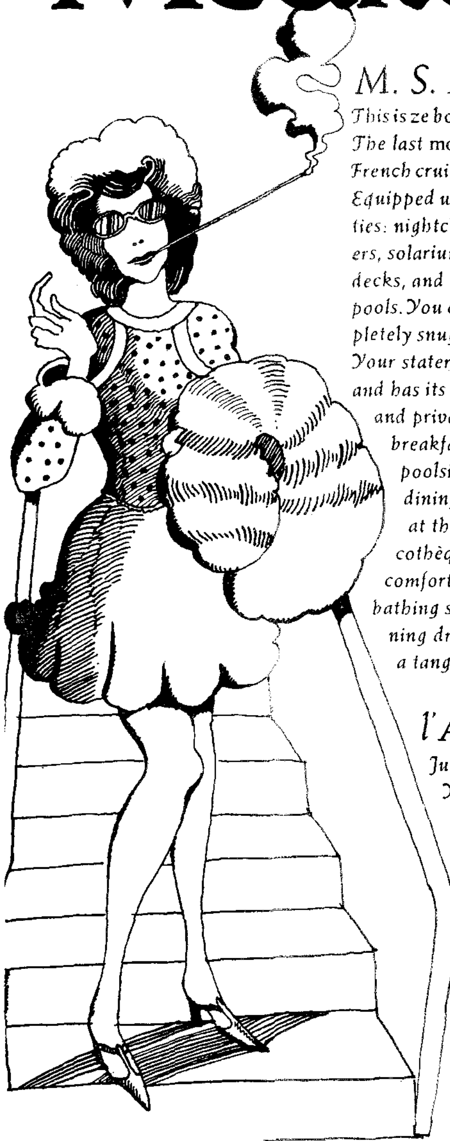
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A selection of works by Kenneth Noland and Morris Louis; through June 16. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Dada, Surrealism, and Their Heritage," an interpretation by the Museum of what happened in art from 1912 until recently; through June 9. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings and painted sculptures in abstract patterns by Paul Feel-

The Parisian's guide to Mediterranean cruises.



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le Black Sea Cruise

July 15 through August 5.
Remember Jason? He sailed this area in search of the Golden Fleece. If you, too, are looking for intrigue and excitement, this cruise is where you'll find it. You'll see Istanbul, Constanza, Yalta, Sochi, Trebizond and Kusandasi. And there's an optional side excursion to Moscow. Reservations for Moscow will be accepted until six weeks before departure.

l'Isis Cruise

August 15 through September 2.
A cruise in honor of the most famous Egyptian goddess: Isis, goddess of the earth and its fruits. Some of the featured fruits of this wonderful voyage are: Alexandria, Beirut, and Haifa. With additional stopovers on the Greek Islands. Even Isis never had it so good.

le Marmora Cruise

August 29 through September 18.
Sail with us to Marmora, that small, smooth inland sea that separates the Turkish dominions of Europe and Asia. Enjoy all those Turkish delights. See Istanbul by night. See Istanbul by day. See the wonders of Catania, Gemlik, Izmir, Alanya and Valetta. Take advantage of optional excursions to the exceptional fishing villages and quaint towns.

le Cyclades Cruise

September 2 through September 17.
If you missed the boat for the earlier Aegean Cruise, and you still want to see the Greek Islands in all their glory, then this is the cruise for you. Nothing but fair winds and favorable weather this time of year. In addition to Mykonos and the rest, we throw in two extra islands: Kos and Santorini.

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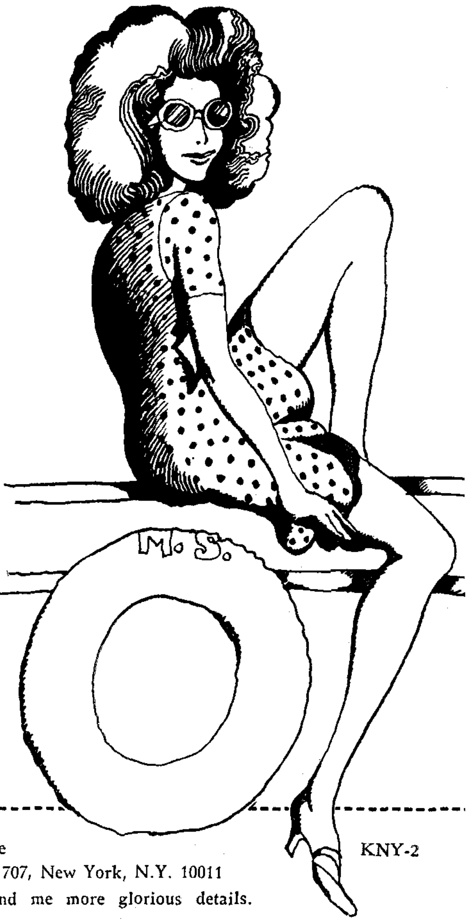
land ahoy: voilà la terre!
I think I have a little mal de mer: je pense que j'ai le mal de mer
Captain, I believe I spy a large white whale: Mon Capitaine, je crois que je vois un grand bélouga



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ey (1910-66), done in the last twelve years of the artist's life; through May 26. . . . ¶ A selection of a hundred oils, drawings, and watercolors by modern masters, from Seurat and Modigliani to Matisse, Picasso, and Mondrian, shown in tribute to Hilla von Rebay, the first director of the Museum; through May 26. . . . ¶ Sculptures—some of them kinetic, others using strobe lights and mirrors—and related drawings, by Harold Tovish; through June 30. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Eighty sculptures, including eight "objects" for ballet sets, by Isamu Noguchi, a veteran sculptor and theatrical, architectural, and industrial designer; through June 16. A good complement to this showing is his exhibition (ending Saturday) at Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. . . . ¶ Paintings by Hilaire Hiler (1898-1966), an American artist who was a well-known figure in Paris in the time of Hemingway, Pound, and Henry Miller; through June 9. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 11; Sundays, noon to 6. . . . ¶ Tuesday evenings, music fills the hall until 11 o'clock. On May 21, the purveyors will be the Modern Jazz Quartet.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Sixty-two works by Rodin, spanning his career and including studies for such major projects as "The Burghers of Calais," "The Gates of Hell," and "Balzac;" through Aug. 25. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"The World Beneath Our Feet . . . Minerals," a panoramic arrangement illustrating the variety of color, form, and composition of these elements. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—Fifteen centuries of Korean ceramics said to be among the best of this craft; through June 2. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—"Gardens in Chinese Art," an exhibit in a large variety of mediums, including paintings, handscrolls, carved lacquers, ivory screens, porcelains, and illustrated books, from the eighth century through the eighteenth; through May 26. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

COOPER UNION MUSEUM, Cooper Sq. at 7th St.—Seventy-two paintings and drawings by Frederic Edwin Church (1828-1900), a leading Hudson River School painter; through May 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—"Destruction Art" by a group of post-Dadaists, including Arman, Yves Klein, Tinguely, Ortiz, and de Saint-Phalle; through June 20. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—A small group of pastels, etchings, and paintings by James A. McNeill Whistler (1834-1903); through June 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

LIBRARY AND MUSEUM OF THE PERFORMING ARTS, Lincoln Center—Ballet and opera designs by Boris Anisfeldt, an eighty-eight-year-old artist who did many settings and costumes for Diaghilev's Russian Ballet; through June 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Drawings by Giuseppe Zocchi (1711-67) of the villas, bridges, and buildings of Florence and Tuscany (often accompanied by modern photographs), plus a sampling of autograph letters, manuscripts, and books related to Florence; through Saturday, May 18. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—A flock of decoys made by several carvers, along with wood fantasies (a peacock fountain, no less) whittled by John Scholl in the late nineteenth century; through July 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A display, entitled "Gershwin: George, the Music/Ira, the Words," of original compositions, paintings and drawings, letters and photographs, and all the trimmings; through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Forty years of paintings, sculptures, drawings, and graphics by members of the Sarah Lawrence art faculty, past and present, including such artists as David Smith, Theodore Roszak, Bradley Walker Tomlin, Oronzio Maldarelli, Peppino Mangravite, Ezio Martinelli, Concetta Scaravaglione; through June 2. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting the final concerts of the season—Thursday, May 16, at 8:30; Friday, May 17, at 2:15; and Saturday, May 18, at 8:30 (all with Sena Jurinac, soprano; Betty Allen, contralto; John Alexander, tenor; McHenry Boatwright, bass; and the Schola Cantorum of New York); and Thursday, May 23, at 8:30; Friday, May 24, at 2:15; and Saturday, May 25, at 8:30 (all with Eileen Farrell, soprano; James King, tenor; and Michael Langdon, bass).

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA—Siegfried Landau conducting the final concert of the season, with David Bar-Illan, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, May 18, at 8:30.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Leopold Stokowski directing the final performances of the season, with H. Sophie Sollberger, flute, and the Dessoff Choirs. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 19, at 3, and Monday, May 20, at 8:30.)

CANTATA SINGERS—Robert Hickok directing a program of English music. (Calvary Episcopal Church, Park Ave. S. at 21st St. Thursday, May 16, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 228-1870.)

MASTERWORK CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA—David Randolph directing a performance of Bach's Mass in B Minor, with Catherine Christensen, soprano; Lillian Mernik, contralto; James Schwabacher, tenor; Malcolm Smith, bass; and Michael May, organ. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 17, at 8.)

COLLEGIATE CHORALE—Abraham Kaplan directing, with Rita Shane, soprano, and Frances Lumpkin, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, May 24, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

MANHATTAN PERCUSSION ENSEMBLE—Paul Price conducting. (Hubbard Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 238 E. 105th St. Wednesday, May 22, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

THE BYRDS, TIM BUCKLEY, AND THE FOUNDATIONS—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, May 17-18, at 8 and 11:30.

MABEL MERCER AND BOBBY SHORT—Town Hall. Sunday, May 19, at 8:30.

DON HECKMAN'S ELECTRIC MUSIC MACHINE—With Sheila Jordan. (Steinway Hall, 111 W. 57th St. Friday, May 24, at 8. For tickets, call 246-4376.)

COUNTRY JOE AND THE FISH AND THE BLUE CHEER—Fillmore East. Saturday, May 25, at 8 and 11:30.

MISCELLANY

GERSHWIN ON BROADWAY—Skitch Henderson conducting an orchestra in a benefit concert. (Philharmonic Hall. Monday, May 20, at 8:30.)

COMPOSERS AND MUSICIANS FOR PEACE—Izler Solomon, Aaron Copland, Henry Lewis, Hugh Ross, and Elie Siegmeister conducting a benefit concert by a chamber orchestra and chorus, with Adele Addison, soprano; William Warfield, bass-baritone; and Herbert Beattie, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 24, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

BASEBALL—At **SHEA STADIUM:** Mets vs. Cincinnati, Thursday, May 16, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs.

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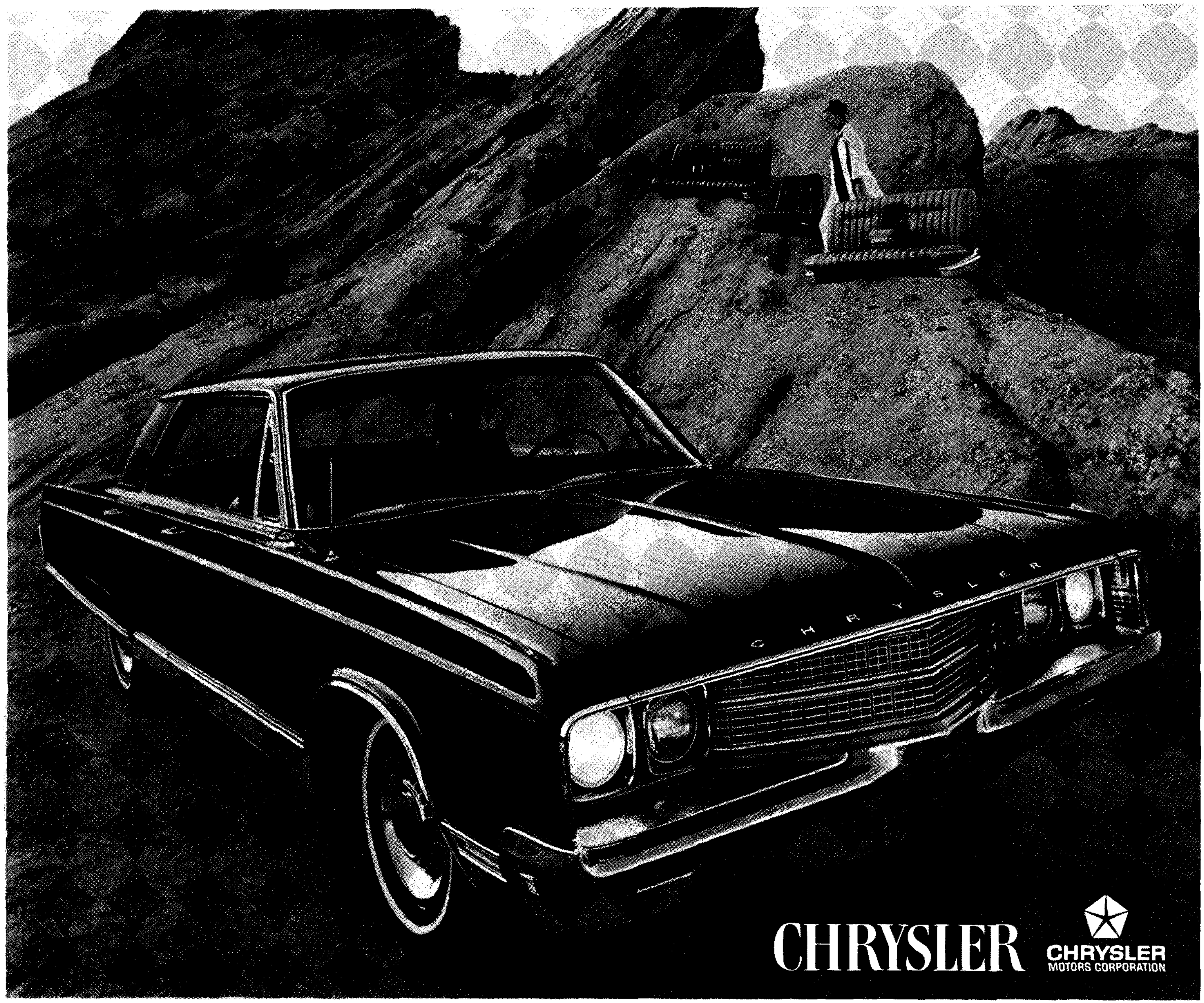

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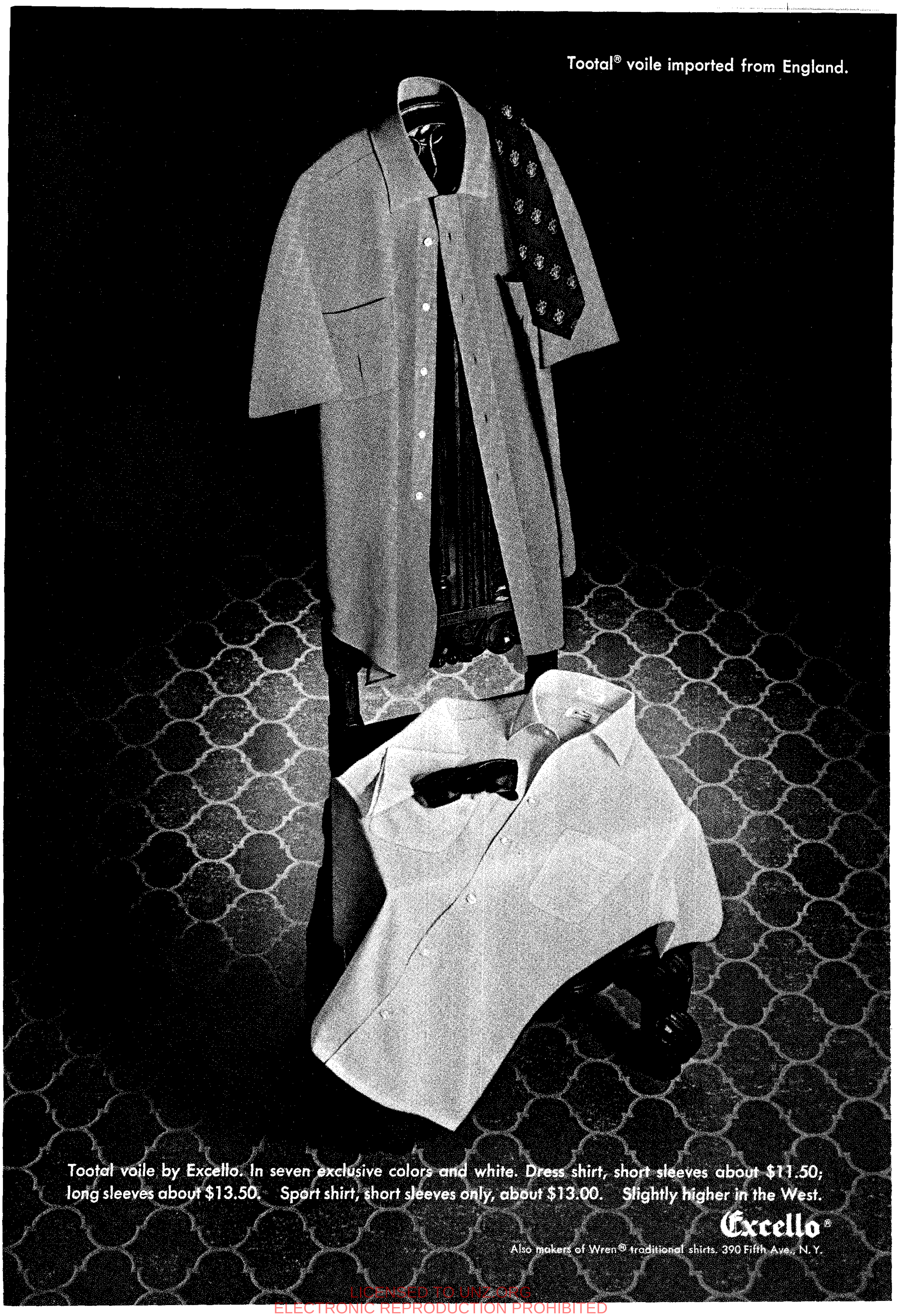
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Atlanta, Friday, May 17, at 8:05; Saturday, May 18, at 2:15; and Sunday, May 19, at 1:05 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Mets vs. Pittsburgh, Monday, May 20, at 8:05, and Tuesday, May 21, at 2:05. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Baltimore, Wednesday, May 22, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Chicago, Friday, May 24, at 8, and Saturday, May 25, at 2.

Boxing—Dick Tiger vs. Bob Foster, 15 rounds, for the World Light-Heavyweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden Center. Friday, May 24. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at about 10.)

Dog Show—Ladies Kennel Association of America. (Garden City. Saturday, May 18.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Daily at 1:30, through Saturday, May 18. The Top Flight Handicap, Saturday, May 18. . . . BELMONT: Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, May 20, through Saturday, June 29. The Carter Handicap, Monday, May 20, and the Acorn, Saturday, May 25. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 2; last day Thursday, May 30. . . . PIMLICO, Baltimore: The Preakness, Saturday, May 18.

Sports-Car Racing—At Bridgehampton Race Circuit, Bridgehampton: Saturday, May 18, at 2:15, and Sunday, May 19, at 2:55.

Professional Tennis—Billie Jean King, Ann Haydon Jones, Françoise Durr, Rosemary Casals, Lew Hoad, Alex Olmedo, Rod Laver, Ken Rosewall, Fred Stolle, Andres Gimeno, Pancho Gonzales, and Roy Emerson. (Madison Square Garden Center. Friday and Saturday, May 17-18, at 7:30.)

Track Meet—Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Outdoor Championships. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Saturday, May 18, at 11.)

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, May 23. . . . ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8, from Friday, May 24, through Tuesday, July 23. (A special train will leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43.) . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 16.

FOR CHILDREN

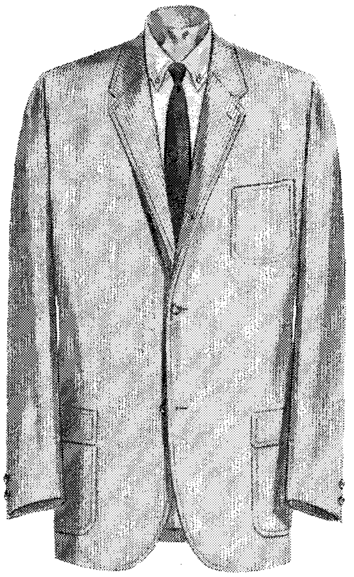
Opera—The Amato Opera Company presenting an abbreviated version of "Aida," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, May 18, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By BIL BAIRD'S MARIONETTES: "Winnie-the-Pooh." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Friday, May 17, at 3:30, and Saturday and Sunday, May 18-19, at 1 and 3:30.) . . . GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK: "Pecos Bill." (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3. For tickets, call MU 4-1230.) . . ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques" demonstrates the methods employed in pictorial art and includes examples of different mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "On the Wings of Icarus." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

Children's Zoos—In CENTRAL PARK: A pond shared by ducks and geese, Noah's Ark (with a colony of skunks inside), and a turreted castle are a few of the attractions in this tiny village, and the other inhabitants include monkeys, deer, and chickens. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.) . . . ¶ At the BRONX ZOO: Junior-size fauna—lambs, kids, mice, prairie dogs, and such—for junior-size zoologists. (Open daily,



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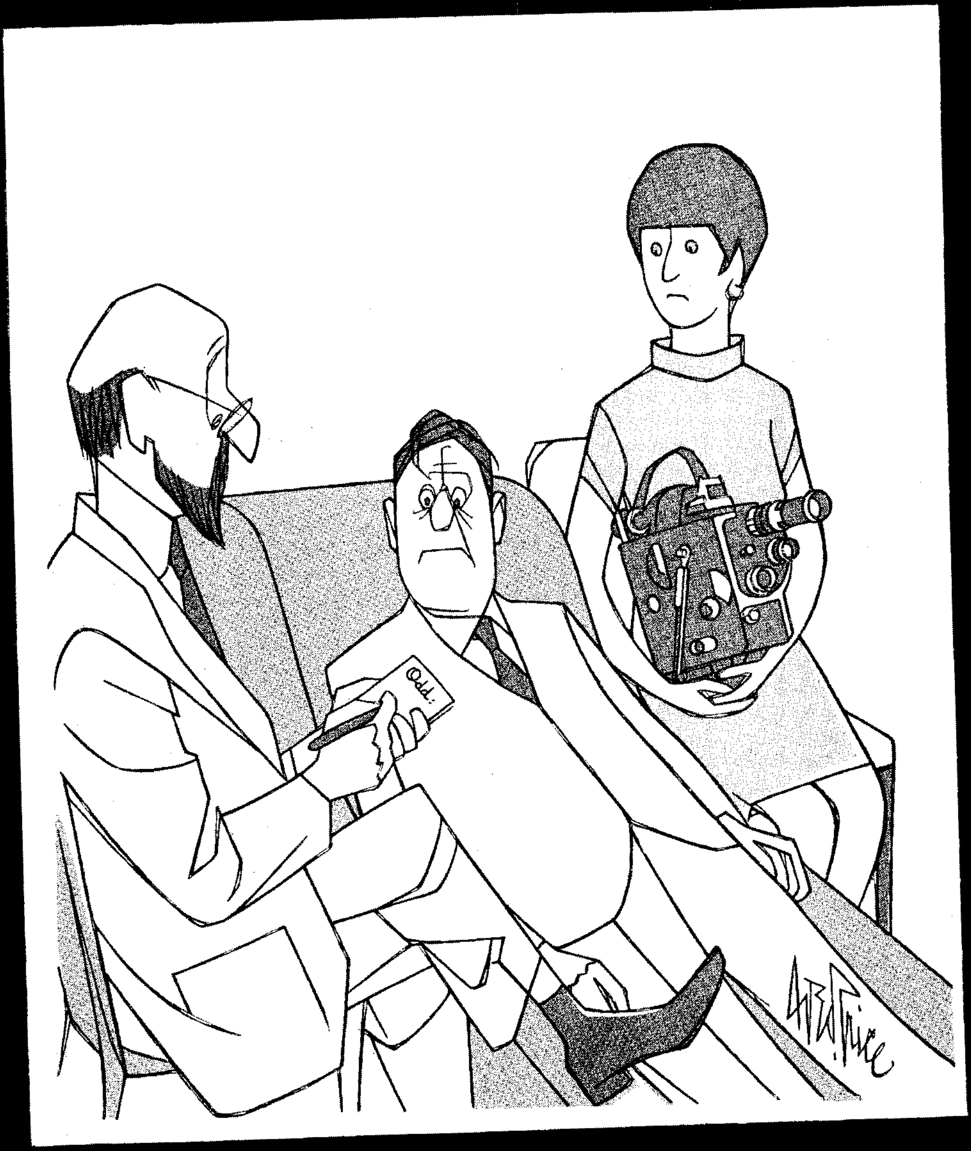

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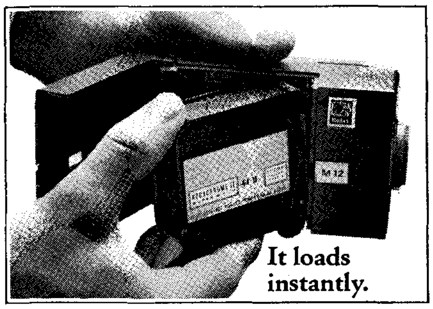

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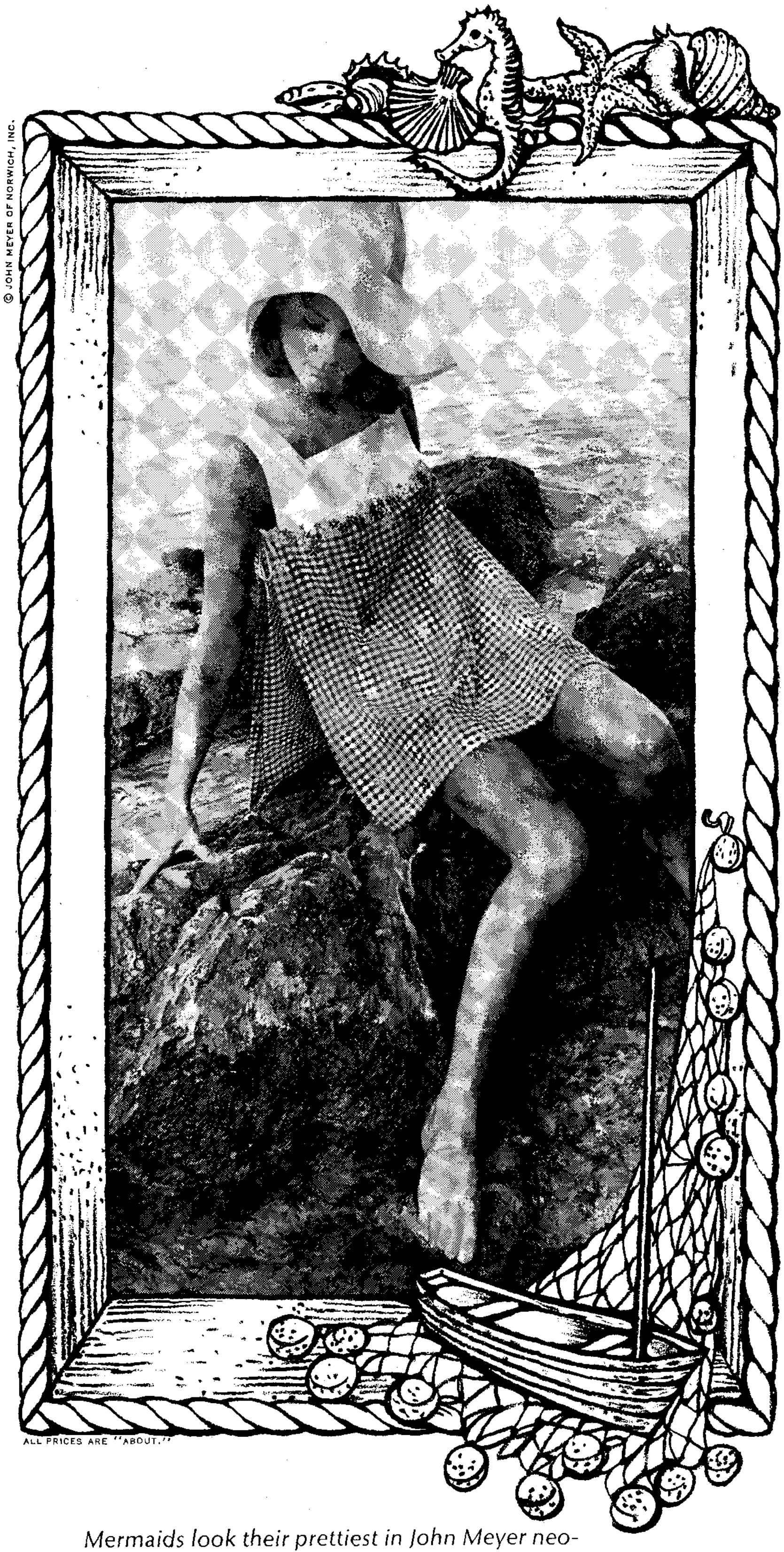

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

weather permitting, 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

Movies—"Thief of Baghdad," with Steve Reeves. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Saturday, May 18, at 1:30. Admission is free. Children under five not admitted.)

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to sessions of the Economic and Social Council, periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Elizabeth Bishop reading from her own works. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, May 21, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

Armed Forces Day Parade—Ten thousand representatives of the Armed Forces will march down Fifth Avenue, from 92nd Street to 62nd Street, starting at 2 on Saturday, May 18.

National Antiques Show—A romp through our grandmothers' closets. Among this year's exhibits will be early kitchen gadgets, seventeenth- and eighteenth-century pewter, and examples of Tiffany Studio bronzes. (Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. Saturday, May 18, through Saturday, May 25, from 1 to 11, and Sunday, May 26, from 1 to 7.)

Walking Tours—"The World of Edith Wharton and George Templeton Strong," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, May 19. Meets at the Little Church Around the Corner, 1 E. 29th St., at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, May 17, at 10:15: European books and manuscripts, belonging to several collectors. . . . ¶ Friday, May 17, at 1:45: Early American, English, and Continental silver; from the estate of Lansdell Christie and from other sources. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 18, at 10:30 and 1:45: English and Continental furniture and decorations, from various owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, May 21-22, at 10:30 and 1:45, and Thursday, May 23, at 10:30: Part II of the sale of items from the library of Charles E. Feinberg. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 22, at 7: American Colonial silver and gold coins, belonging to the estates of Dr. Thomas A. McGraw and Dr. Joseph Bernstein. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 23, at 10:30 and 1:45: European porcelains, from many collections. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 18.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—May 16 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Treasure of Sierra Madre" (1948), with Walter Huston and Humphrey Bogart. . . . ¶ May 17 at 2 and 5:30: "Intruder in the Dust" (1949), with Claude Jarman, Jr. . . . ¶ May 18 at 11:30: "The Phantom Chariot" (1920), a Swedish film; directed by, and with, Victor Sjöström. . . . ¶ May 18 at 3 and 5:30: "The Third Man" (1949), with Joseph Cotten and Alida Valli. . . . ¶ May 19 at 2 and 5:30: "Sunset Boulevard" (1950), with Gloria Swanson and William Holden. . . . ¶ May 20 at 2 and 5:30: "Rashomon" (1950), in Japanese, with Toshiro Mifune. . . . ¶ May 21 at 2 and 5:30: "The Lavender Hill Mob" (1951), with Alec Guinness and Stanley Holloway. . . . ¶ May 22 at 2 and 5:30: "The Girl Who Stayed at Home" (1919), with Richard Barthelmess. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

BOLLA CAN'T CONVINCE EVERYBODY THAT ITALIAN WINE GOES WITH COQ AU VIN.

Bolla knows that some people will never change their ways. That's what makes the world go round. But there are people who continually search out the new, and thereby enjoy life just a little bit more. You've simply got to have an open mind about most things—and this includes wine.

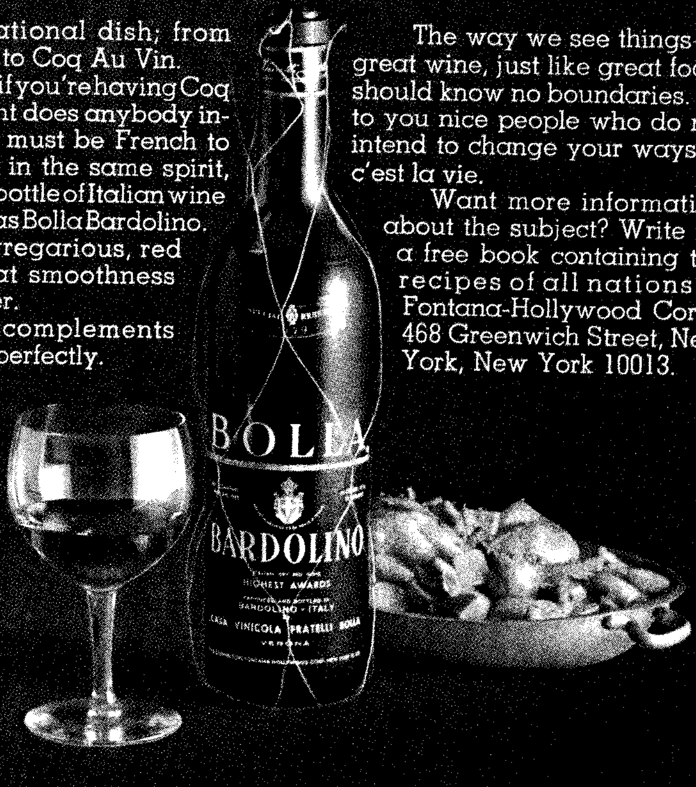
That's where Bolla comes in. We make some of the finest wines in the world—they happen to be Italian. But they can be enjoyed with any national dish; from Lamb Curry to Coq Au Vin.

Indeed, if you're having Coq Au Vin tonight does anybody insist that you must be French to enjoy it? So, in the same spirit, why not try a bottle of Italian wine with it? Such as Bolla Bardolino. It's a light, gregarious, red wine of great smoothness and character.

And it complements Coq Au Vin perfectly.

The way we see things—a great wine, just like great food, should know no boundaries. As to you nice people who do not intend to change your ways… c'est la vie.

Want more information about the subject? Write for a free book containing the recipes of all nations to Fontana-Hollywood Corp., 468 Greenwich Street, New York, New York 10013.



WE'RE NOT NEW.
YOU'RE NEW.

Here we are, swelling with pride over our inaugural flight from New York to Lisbon.

And what do we hear, mingled with the applause?

"Who wants to fly with beginners!"

"What do they know about running an airline?"

"Who's TAP?"

And such.

Let us quiet these grumblers right now.

We've been zooming around Europe, Africa and South America for a quarter century.

And we're quite ready for you Americans.

Consider. When we first began flying to Paris, we had to perfect our cuisine to please even the finicky French.

To celebrate our initial flight into Frankfurt, we stepped up our efficiency to a degree that impressed even the Frankfurters.

When we started flying to London, lo, these many years ago, our hostesses set out to melt the chilly reserve of the English. With success.

And so it went. With every new route, a new improvement.

Now we add New York to our list. Our 29th city on our 4th continent.

So you can understand that there's very little left to improve.

Except perhaps by adding a few shiny new jets to our fleet.

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You get us at our best.

See your travel agent. Or call us. In New York at 601 Fifth Avenue at 421-8500. And in Boston, Chicago, Los Angeles, Montreal, Newark and San Francisco.

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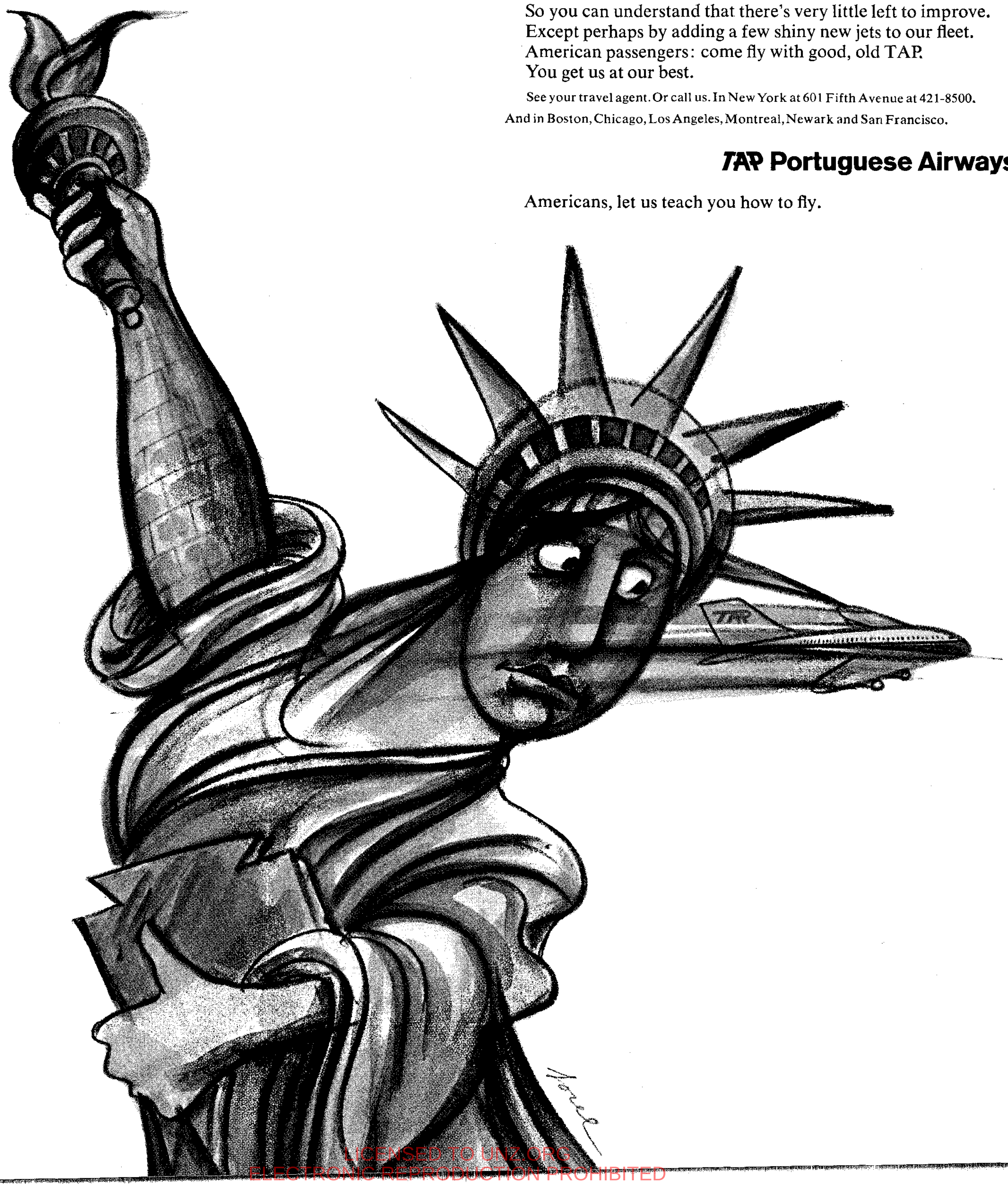
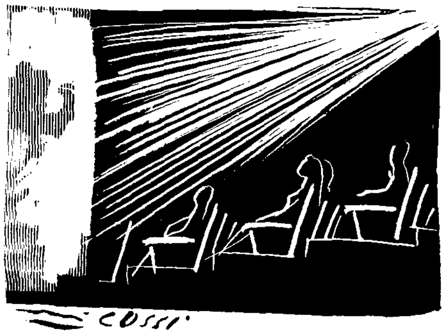
Americans, let us teach you how to fly.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED HERE



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				16	17	18
19	20	21	22			

The Battle of Algiers—An exceptionally fine account, in documentary form, of how the Algerians fought to secure their independence from France. Directed with great force and feeling by Gillo Pontecorvo. In French and Arabic. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through May 22.)

Belle de Jour—The most beautiful, generous, lightly self-mocking piece of pornography that can ever have been made by a great filmmaker. Luis Buñuel's view of a high-bred girl with sadomasochistic longings is compassionately comic and formally the work of a master. In French. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

Bonnie and Clyde—In Arthur Penn's highly intelligent film, the parts of the Depression's mythic bandits are played by Warren Beatty and Faye Dunaway. One of the themes of the movie is the urge in criminals and assassins to use violence as a way of recording themselves. The picture is perfectly cast and edited, and it becomes touching about the dragonfly lives of two kids with no sense of reality. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131. . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through May 21.)

Camelot—A very long and very dull musical, distinguished only by the presence of Vanessa Redgrave and Richard Harris. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Les Carabiniers—A Jean-Luc Godard picture about war and about the kinds of minds that believe the labels on things without looking at the goods. His two heroes, deliberately made to seem nearly subhuman, truly believe that they are doing well out of war. Godard's mock flippancy can be maddening, but he means it to be, and the picture is organized technically and intellectually with his own peculiar elegance. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; through May 21.)

Charlie Bubbles—Alienation again, this time as experienced by a rich, famous, and glum young writer played by Albert Finney, who also directed. The kind of monotonous, one-idea picture that gets high marks for integrity. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

Doctor Dolittle—If, as an adult, you *have* to go to this for the sake of your children or grandchildren, all is not lost—at one point, Rex Harrison, in the title role, sings a love song to a seal. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Elvira Madigan—A true tale of young love losing its way in nineteenth-century Scandinavia. The extraordinary beauty of the picture makes us forgive it its sadness. Written and directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

A Face of War—Eugene S. Jones' irreducible dissent from Vietnam, photographed during ninety-seven days of combat with a Marine platoon. A brave, modest, enraging picture that records precisely what this war feels like, not in a soldier's brain but on his nerve ends. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, TR 4-8445.)

Far from the Madding Crowd—Julie Christie, Alan Bates, Terence Stamp, and Peter Finch in a disastrous attempt to bring an aging literary classic to the screen. Directed by John Schlesinger and beautifully photographed by Nicholas Roeg. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652 . . . ¶ Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through May 21. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting May 22.)

The Fifth Horseman Is Fear—A Czech film of great baroque brilliance, about a Jewish doctor fighting to hang on to a core of honor in Prague under an anti-Semitic totalitarian regime. Directed and written by Zbynek Brynych. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

The Fox—Two lesbians (Sandy Dennis and Anne Heywood) on a chicken farm, and along comes a fox (Keir Dullea). It's enjoyable in a simple way, and if you haven't read the D. H. Lawrence novella you might think this was what it was about. Mark Rydell directed. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

The Graduate—Mike Nichols directed (and appears to have written much of) this energetic and often very funny account of a young man hurled into the sea of life and threatening to sink like a stone. With Dustin Hoffman, Anne Bancroft, and Katharine Ross. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Guess Who's Coming to Dinner—The ninth, and last, movie made by the famous team of Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy. Directed by Stanley Kramer. (Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Hour of the Wolf—Written and directed by Ingmar Bergman. A film that sees a poetic man's madness as an image for hacking a way out of a life gone sterile. Max von Sydow plays the obsessed painter, Liv Ullmann his sweet-spirited, rackingly responsive wife. The movie is marvellously acted and shot, from Bergman's own screenplay. In Swedish. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; through May 21.)

How I Won the War—A pitch-black comedy about the horror of war, and perhaps also about the horror of making a movie about the horror of war. Brilliantly directed by Richard Lester, with Michael Crawford as the star. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through May 21.)

In Cold Blood—Richard Brooks's exact and moving adaptation of Truman Capote's celebrated "non-fiction novel." (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through May 21.)

The Odd Couple—If you didn't see the Broadway version of Neil Simon's funny comedy about two men in mid-divorce driving each other balmy with a surrogate version of fussy marriage between them, Gene Saks' film is another chance, with no substantial change. Jack Lemmon is the wifely figure, Walter Matthau the male enraged by vacuum cleaning. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

Planet of the Apes—An entertaining and ingenious science-fiction fantasy. Charlton Heston is Adam as an American, and Kim Hunter is a delightful ape lady-doctor. Franklin Schaffner directed. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

The Producers—A farce about Broadway, with Zero Mostel, Gene Wilder, and Dick Shawn intermittently funny but in dire need of better material than writer-director Mel Brooks gives them. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

The Two of Us—An artlessly simple account of the friendship that develops between an anti-Semitic old peasant, played by Michel Simon, and a little Jewish boy during the Occupation of France. Directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

2001: A Space Odyssey—A vision of life in thirty-three years' time, directed and produced by Stanley Kubrick from his own screenplay with Arthur C. Clarke. Sometimes hideously funny and always troubling, for the men who have minutely progressed from apes turn out to be less equipped for life than their computers. The film is a true sci-fi myth—one of the first, and certainly the most poetic and far-reachingly intelligent. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

War and Peace—Don't let anyone put you off by saying that the Russians' version is old-fashioned. Thank goodness, instead, for a work of this historical intelligence, detail, affection, and freedom from the silly pursuit of newness. Sergei Bondarchuk directed, wrote the screenplay, and plays Pierre. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. The schedule of showings is complicated; our best advice is to phone the theatre.)

The Whisperers—Bryan Forbes' study of a lonely old woman in Manchester, played with nobility and pity by the great Edith Evans, who has done nothing finer since Ma Turner in the film of "Look Back in Anger." (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting May 22.)

REVIVALS

The African Queen (1952)—Down an African river with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717.)

Blow-Up (1966)—An account of the Mod, mad world of London, 1966, as seen by Michelangelo Antonioni. With Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717.)

Cartouche (1963)—A takeoff on romantic costume films. Jean-Paul Belmondo plays the leader of a band of thieves in eighteenth-century Paris. Directed by Philippe de Broca. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 16.)

Doctor Zhivago (1965)—A version of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, and many others; directed by David Lean. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting May 22.)

Dutchman (1967)—Shirley Knight and Al Freeman, Jr., in a movie version of LeRoi Jones' play about a kookie white girl and her Negro victim. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through May 22.)

The Endless Summer (1966)—A hang-ten documentary about surfing in various parts of the world. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum (1966)—Zero Mostel, Phil Silvers, and Jack Gilford rush pell-mell through this richly colored version of the Broadway original. Directed by Richard Lester. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through May 21.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

The Naked Night (1956)—Early Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson and other members of the Bergman repertory group. In Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 17-20.)

Persona (1967)—A story of the problem of identity. Directed by Ingmar Bergman and starring Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting May 22.)

Red Desert (1965)—Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Monica Vitti and Richard Harris. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 17-20.)

Ulysses (1967)—A sortie into the Joyce country. Directed by Joseph Strick. (Regency, B'way at 67th, SC 4-3700; through May 21.)

The War Game (1966)—A tract against the Third World War, directed by Peter Watkins. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through May 21.)

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THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"30 Is a Dangerous Age, Cynthia," Dudley Moore.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
"491" (in Swedish); and "The Penthouse," Suzy Kendall, Terence Morgan.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through May 21: **HOW I WON THE WAR**; and **A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM**, revival.
From May 22: **THE WHISPERERS**; and **PERSONA** (in Swedish), revival.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 21: **IN COLD BLOOD.**
From May 22: **FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through May 21: "I, a Lover," a Danish film.
From May 22 (tentative): "Yours, Mine and Ours," Lucille Ball, Henry Fonda.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through May 21: **HOUR OF THE WOLF** (in Swedish).
From May 22: "The Devil's Brigade," William Holden, Cliff Robertson.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"I'll Never Forget What's 'Isname," Orson Welles, Oliver Reed.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Private Navy of Sgt. O'Farrell," Bob Hope, Phyllis Diller.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE PRODUCERS.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Trans-Europ-Express" (in French), Jean-Louis Trintignant.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE FIFTH HORSEMAN IS FEAR, a Czechoslovakian film.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE GRADUATE.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Swimmer," Burt Lancaster.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
ELVIRA MADIGAN (in Swedish).

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
BLOW-UP, revival; and **THE AFRICAN QUEEN**, revival.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE TWO OF US (in French).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through May 21: **BONNIE AND CLYDE.**
From May 22: To be announced.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"No Way to Treat a Lady," Rod Steiger, Lee Remick.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
THE ENDLESS SUMMER, revival.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Therese and Isabelle" (in French), Essy Persson.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through May 21: "The Carpetbaggers," revival, George Peppard, Carroll Baker; and "Nevada Smith," revival, Steve McQueen.
From May 22: "A Minute to Pray, a Second to Die," Alex Cord, Arthur Kennedy.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
Through May 21: "Yours, Mine and Ours," Lucille Ball, Henry Fonda.
From May 22: "The Devil's Brigade," William Holden, Cliff Robertson.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (OR 4-3210)
Through May 21: **LES CARABINIERS** (in French).
From May 22: "No More Excuses," a Robert Downey film.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through May 21: **THE WAR GAME**, revival; and "Live for Life" (in French), Yves Montand, Candice Bergen.
From May 22: To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through May 21: **IN COLD BLOOD.**
From May 22: **FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.**

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Accattone!" (in Italian).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through May 21: **FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.**
From May 22: **DOCTOR ZHIVAGO**, revival.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
A FACE OF WAR.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through May 21: "The Carpetbaggers," revival, George Peppard, Carroll Baker; and "Nevada Smith," revival, Steve McQueen.
From May 22: "A Minute to Pray, a Second to Die," Alex Cord, Arthur Kennedy.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Blue," Terence Stamp, Joanna Pettet.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
DOCTOR DOLITTLE.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
WAR AND PEACE.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
CAMELOT.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
PLANET OF THE APES.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
THE ODD COUPLE.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
THE FOX.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
BELLE DE JOUR (in French).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
BONNIE AND CLYDE.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE GRADUATE.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"Benjamin" (in French), Michèle Morgan, Catherine Deneuve.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
A FACE OF WAR.

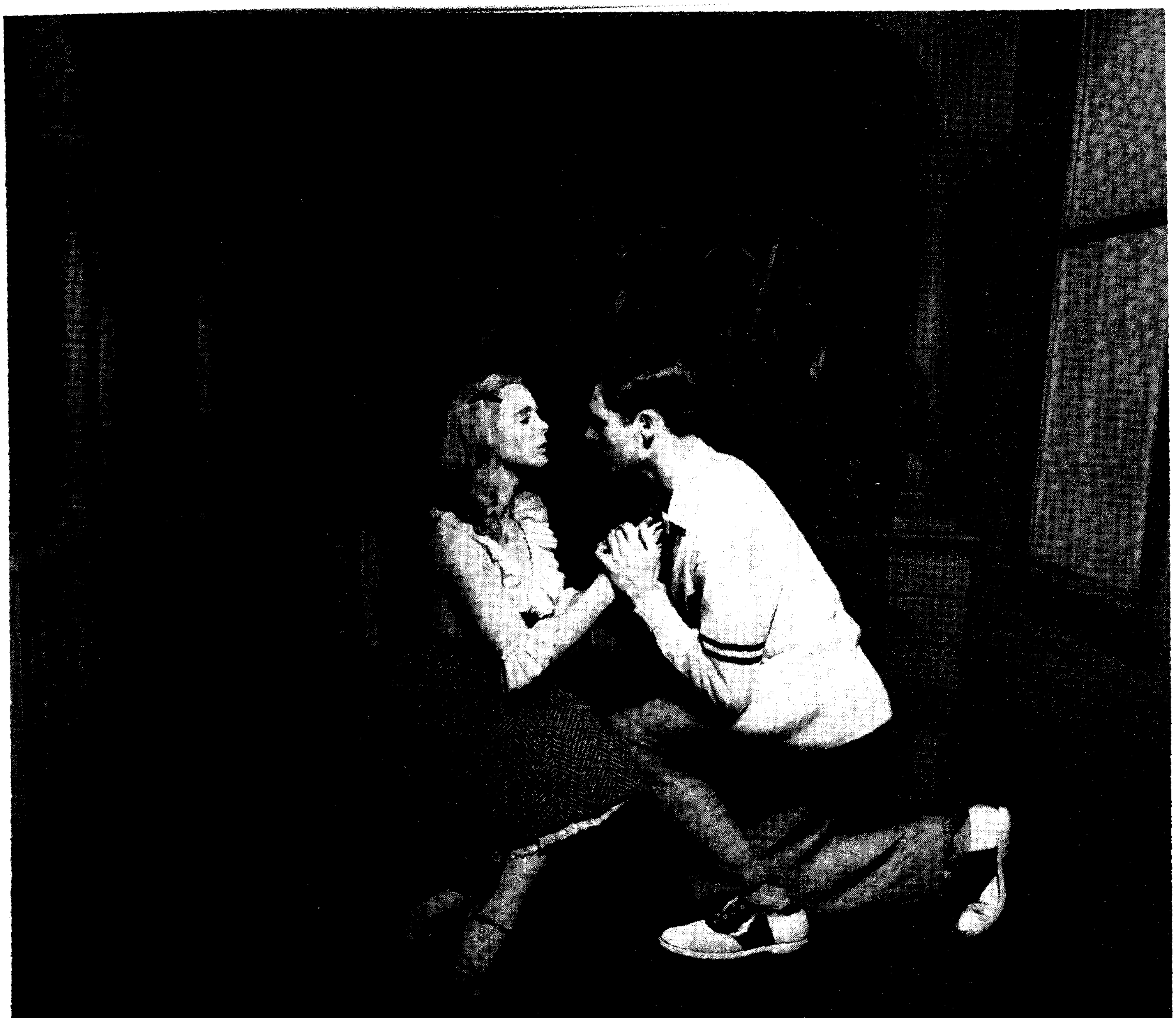
Regency, B'way at 67th. (SC 4-3700)
Through May 21: **ULYSSES**, revival.
From May 22: To be announced.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through May 22: **THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS** (in French and Arabic); and **DUTCHMAN**, revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through May 21: "The President's Analyst," James Coburn; and "The Penthouse," Suzy Kendall, Terence Morgan.
From May 22: "Yours, Mine and Ours," Lucille Ball, Henry Fonda.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
May 16: **CARTOUCHE** (in French), revival; and "Male Hunt" (in French), revival, Jean-Claude Brialy, Jean-Paul Belmondo.
May 17-20: **RED DESERT** (in Italian), revival; and **THE NAKED NIGHT** (in Swedish), revival.
From May 21: "Nothing but the Best," revival, Alan Bates, Denholm Elliott; and "Oscar Wilde," revival, Robert Morley, Ralph Richardson.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
CHARLIE BUBBLES.



Then, you promised her the sun, the moon, the stars.
Isn't it time you came across?

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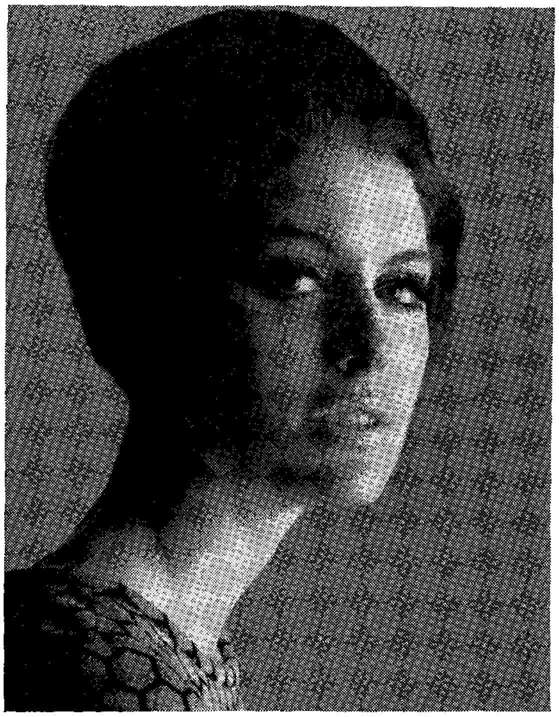
Would you trust this woman with a switchblade?



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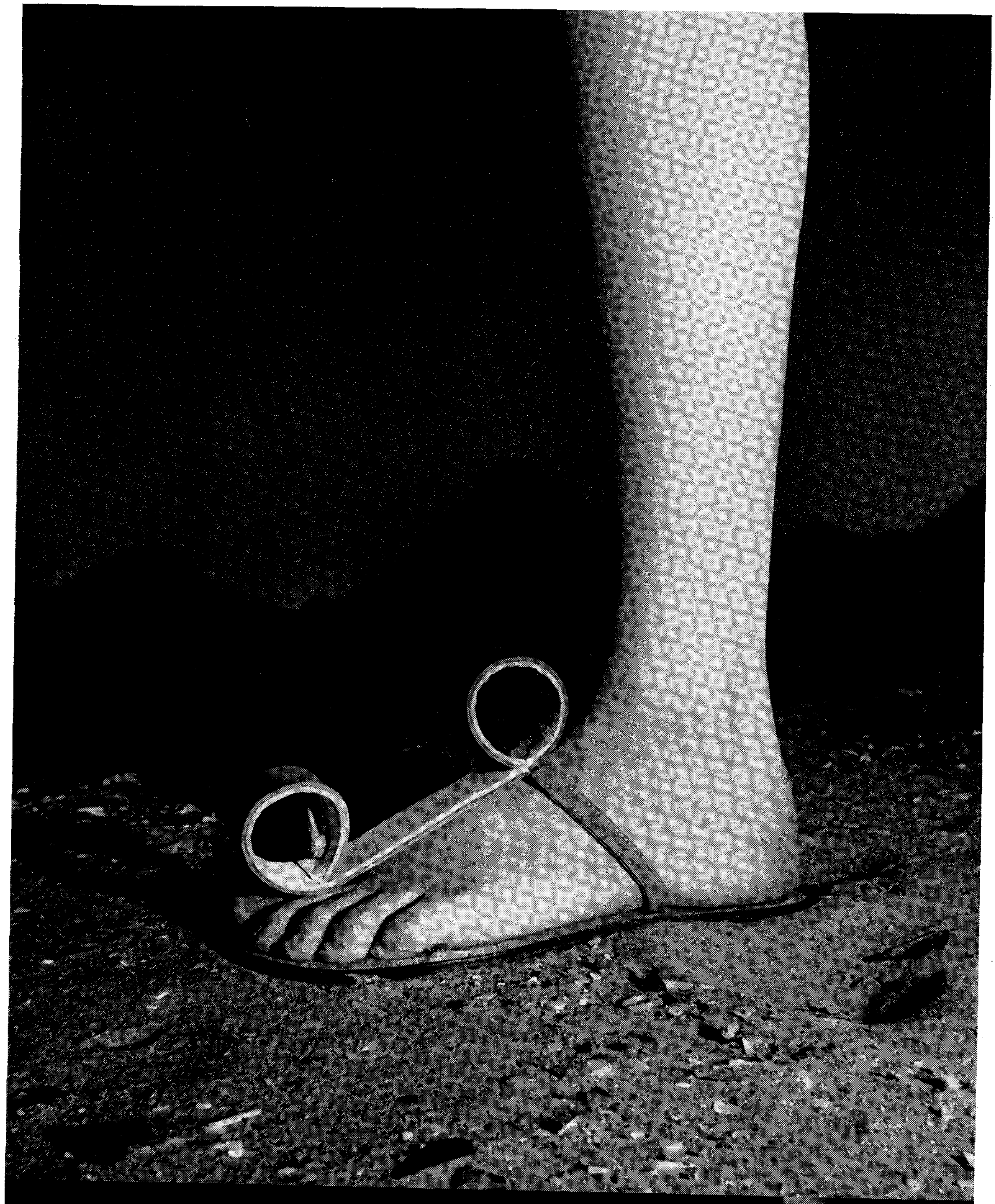
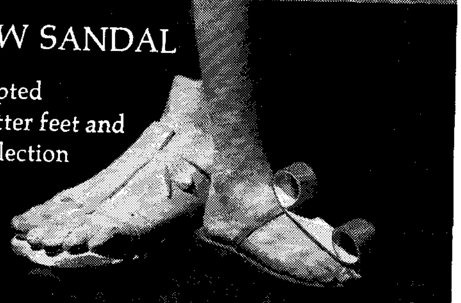


THE TOMORROW SANDAL

Tomorrow all sandals may look like this. They're sculpted to take on form and dimension. Instead of being flat statements, they flatter feet and legs. The "Tomorrow" sandal in tomorrow's colors, from a Bernardo collection by Eva Sonnino at: Lord & Taylor, New York; Marshall Field, Chicago; Neiman Marcus, Dallas, Fort Worth, Houston; Bullock's, San Fernando; or write 17 East 22 Street, New York, N.Y. 10010. BERNARDO



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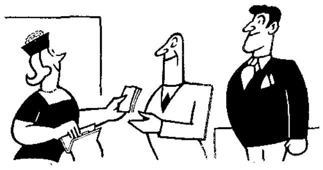
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A SCIENTIST out in California predicts that it will one day be possible to grow people from cuttings, like so many geraniums. With a single cell of tissue from the skin of an Einstein, he says, the world might bestow upon itself a genetically exact replica of the entire man. He implies, indeed, that the world will multiply its future Einsteins virtually ad libitum. We doubt it. Not that we question the eventual ability of science to bring off this grotesque stunt; we merely question the idea that the process will be devoted to the propagation of genius. The history of similar millennial predictions is not encouraging. The pioneer inventors of radio foresaw airways laden exclusively with great music and discussions of public affairs. This did not come to pass. Television, as we recall, was going to bring Euripides into every American living room, and generally usher in an era of universal high culture. This also failed to occur. The fate of those quondam dreamy previsions strongly hints at the future of this latest one. "It's new! It's sensational! At last, an amazing scientific breakthrough makes it possible for every woman in America to enjoy a clone of her own! Yes, *you* can be the owner of an actual living, breathing duplicate of such fabulous stars as Steve McQueen, Warren Beatty, Lawrence Welk, and a host of others. Not an imitation or a toy but an exact duplicate of the famous original, identical down to the last molecule. For this week only, purchasers will receive, absolutely free, a duplicate of television's famous Lassie, guaranteed to thrill your favorite girl or boy." To be sure, a few very rich families might gratify a whim for a custom-grown human simulacrum (thereby giving a new amplitude of meaning to the newspaper expression "scion of great wealth"), but such families are unlikely to indulge heavily in mathematical prodigies. The government, being a government, will forgo the nurture of Einsteins on behalf of a large investment in Wernher von Brauns. For their part, the great foundations—ever solicitous of the welfare of the arts—are likely to leave the propagation of mathematical genius to the haphazards of traditional methods as they rush to sponsor the vegetative replication of novelists and playwrights, and possibly a minimal sculptor or two.



Bus

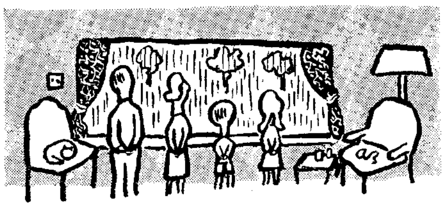
WE'VE been a passenger on countless buses over the years, but we'd never exchanged more than a few words with a bus driver until the other day, when we arranged to spend some hours with one. At eight o'clock on a recent weekday morning, we met Mr. James Doherty, a nice-looking Irishman in his forties, at the bus terminal at 146th Street and Lenox Avenue; four minutes later we set off with him on his first run of the day, on Route M-1, from 146th and Lenox to South Ferry. Mr. Doherty drove down Lenox Avenue to 139th Street, stopping every couple of blocks to pick up passengers, then turned and went down Fifth Avenue. There were a dozen or more passengers waiting at each of the first few stops, and by the time we reached 138th and Fifth, people were standing in the bus. Above Ninety-sixth Street, all the passengers were Negroes except one man, who carried a metal toolbox—apparently he was a repairman—and most of them were women and schoolgirls. One boy, perhaps fourteen years old, carried a transistor radio, which played popular songs and, occasionally, news. He carried no books, looked weary, and didn't seem to be schoolbound. The passengers either had the exact fare (twenty cents) ready and dropped it in the coin box (Mr. D. clicked each fare into the innards of the box, and the box ground the coins into separate slots and registered them) or handed Mr. D. a quarter (he started the morning with three dollars' worth of change) or showed him a pass. None of them asked where the bus was going; everybody seemed to know. Many people got out at 125th Street, and the bus was less crowded after that, although there were standees as far as Forty-ninth Street. At Ninety-sixth Street, Fifth Avenue looked more prosperous, traffic was heavier, and white people started to board the bus; no more Negroes got on until the bus turned down Park Avenue, at Fortieth Street. A man who got on at Eighty-sixth Street walked toward the back of the bus and stood clutching a pole with one hand, a copy of the *Times* in the other. At Seventy-ninth Street, he called from the back to the boy with the transistor, who was sitting up front, and asked him to turn it off. The boy didn't respond. The man then called, "Driver, would you ask him to turn off the radio?" Mr. Doherty didn't say anything. The boy asked, of no one in particular, "Who does he think he is?" None of the white passengers said a word—they just looked a little scared, as if they were wondering what would happen next—but a Negro woman sitting quite near the boy said to some other Negro women, "If he don't like the radio, he can get off." The man with the *Times* said loudly, in the general direction of the front of the bus, "He's annoying a lot of people." The boy looked defiant but said

nothing and didn't turn off the radio. The man didn't say anything more, either, but tried to read his paper. The boy and his radio disembarked at Fifty-seventh Street. "If he hadn't got off, I'd have turned the matter over to the dispatcher at Fifty-seventh," Mr. D. told us. "I haven't the authority to make anyone turn off a radio. I can request it, but I've found out from experience that the easiest way of getting over things is the best way. My mother used to say, '*Binn beal na coss*'—that's Gaelic for 'A closed mouth is sweet.' A lot of these people have had a lot of trouble all these years. You don't see many colored men on this bus, because more women in Harlem have jobs. If the men do have jobs, they go to work much earlier. The women mostly work in the kitchens on Fifth Avenue." The man who had objected to the transistor got out at Fifty-third Street.

At Fifty-first, a woman waiting at the bus stop asked Mr. Doherty if he went to Thirty-fourth and Fifth—his second question of the day. He told her to take a No. 2, 3, or 5 bus. "In this area, you get shoppers and tourists who don't know where you're going," Mr. D. said. "Answering questions is one of the hazards of this job." On Fortieth Street, he turned east and headed for Park Avenue. Some passengers boarded the bus at the stops on the way downtown, but more got off, and the bus slowly emptied. We took advantage of the lull to ask Mr. Doherty what some of the other hazards of the job were, and he mentioned rush-hour traffic, cabs (they are involved in more accidents with buses each year than private cars are), doctors' and diplomats' cars parked in bus stops, and construction cranes. Bus driving is not considered very healthful work—drivers claim that the sitting and jouncing, the drafts, and the traffic cause high blood pressure, ulcers, bursitis, and sundry other ailments—but Mr. Doherty is in good health. He came to New York from County Donegal, via London, in 1947 and has been a bus driver since 1948. "I've got a few scratches over the years, but I've never been in a major accident," he said. "Thank God, I've never knocked anybody down. I've driven various routes in the last twenty years. We pick runs several times a year, in order of seniority. My seniority is all right now, so I can choose pretty much what I want. I prefer days to nights, and I prefer going north-south to driving crosstown. Most of the fellows do. Crosstown, you're always stopping and starting, you're always in traffic, and it gets monotonous going back and forth twelve or fourteen times a day. Uptown-downtown, you've got fewer round trips and you can relax a little more."

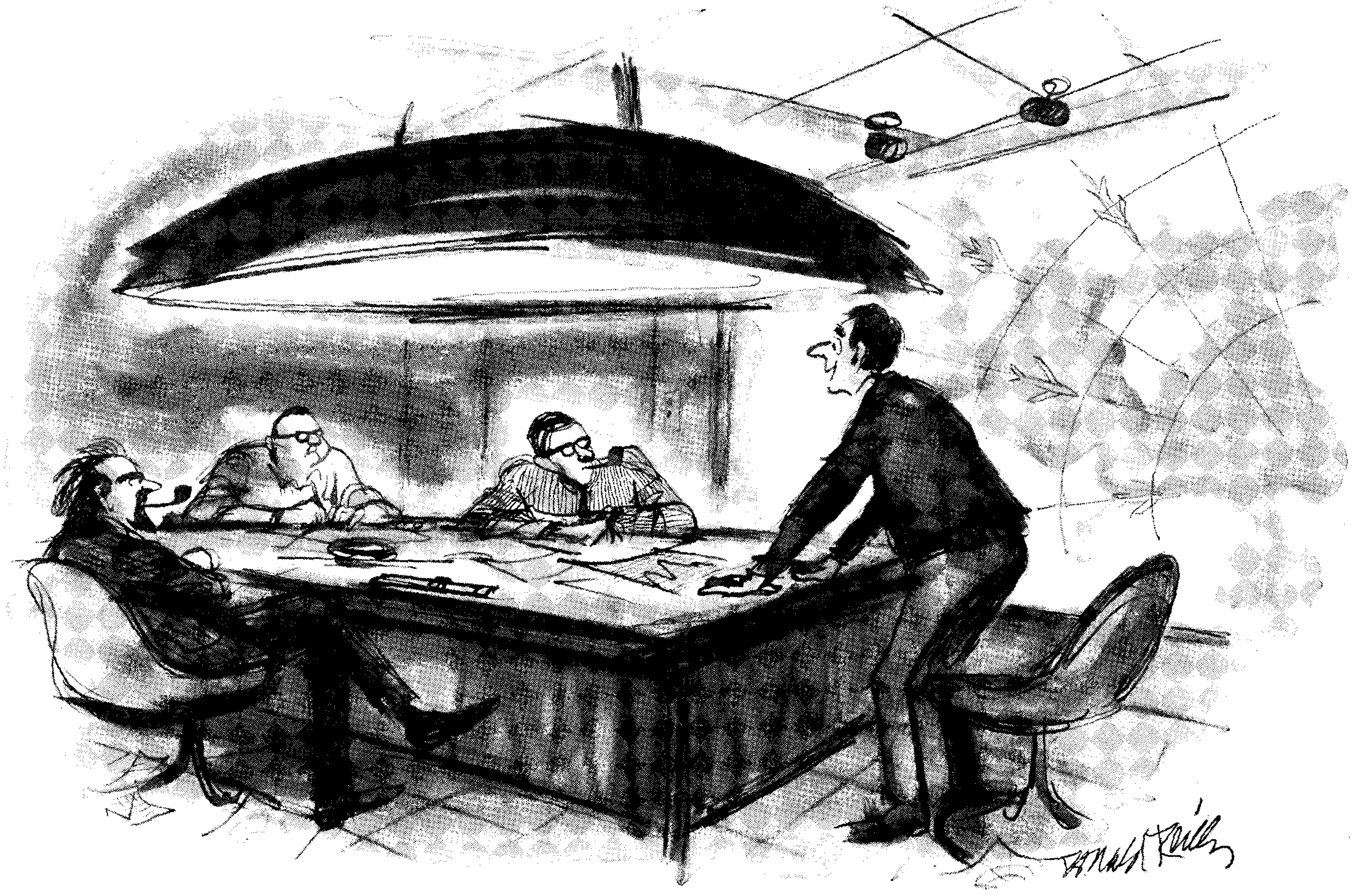
Mr. Doherty was due at South Ferry at nine-twenty-eight, but he pulled in there at nine-thirty-three, and so, as it happened, had no chance to relax. "We never get down here on schedule in the morning, because of the traffic," he said. "We're allowed to take a four-minute break when we get here. Some guys come in late and still take their four minutes for coffee, but I almost never do at this time of day, because there are always people waiting here for the bus. I know they have to go to work, and I don't like to see them late." Mr. D. left South Ferry at nine-thirty-four with fourteen passengers who had been waiting for him. There were never more than twenty people on the bus at one time as he made his way, in light traffic, through the business district to Thirty-ninth Street and then turned up Madison. On Madison, he ran into more traffic, more passengers, and more questions. One couple wanted to know where to get off for the Guggenheim Museum, and Mr. D. (who has never been there) told them. A pretty teen-ager in a stylish midicoat asked him to please tell her when she got to the stop for the Metropolitan Museum (which Mr. D. has visited). "Keep an eye out for your stop, in case I forget about you," he told her. "In my younger days, I wouldn't have." Mr. D. didn't forget her, and she thanked him as she gathered up her skirt and got carefully off at Eighty-second Street. " 'Thank you'—that's unusual for young people in New York," Mr. Doherty said when the midicoat was safely on the sidewalk. "It would be nice to see it return." One woman wished Mr. D. a nice day as she got off. He recognized her and some other passengers as regulars but knew none of them by name. Mr. Doherty hummed as he drove. He wasn't as talkative as some drivers we've ridden with, and he certainly wasn't as grumpy as others. Every now and then, he said, "Watch the door, please. Thank you." He waited for two or three people who were obviously running to catch the bus. He didn't reprimand anyone for using the front door as an exit, didn't object to making change for dollar bills, and didn't tell anyone to step to the rear of the bus.

We arrived at 146th Street and Lenox Avenue at eleven-five—seven minutes ahead of schedule. The weather was fair, so there had been a good load of passengers on the way uptown (Mr. D. told us that when it rains there are fewer people than usual during the mid-morning hours, because shoppers take cabs or stay home, but more people than usual during the rush hours, because no one walks), and traffic had not been a problem. Mr. Doherty studied his coin box, did some paperwork, and told us he'd collected $67.40 for that round trip. After lunch, he would make another M-1 round trip; traffic would be lighter in the early afternoon and he would be able to take a four-minute coffee break at South Ferry with a clear conscience. In the late afternoon, he would drive down to Fourth Avenue and Eighth Street, where, at 6:45 P.M., he would call it a day.



Views

At a time when artists are preoccupied with expressing themselves through abstract canvases, electronic Happenings, optical illusions, and comic-strip montages, the Morgan Library has chosen to go its own radical way with an exhibition of drawings by an eighteenth-century Florentine named Giuseppe Zocchi, who rendered the world around him exactly as he saw it. Zocchi was a *vedutista*, or depicter of views, and the eighteenth century was a time of viewmaking: Canaletto and Guardi were painting Venice; Piranesi was drawing Rome. Florence, however, had no first-rate *vedutista*, or so thought Zocchi's patron, a rich merchant named Andrea Gerini, and Gerini took steps to remedy the situation. He pulled Zocchi off his regular job, which was painting frescoes for the Gerini family palace, and set him to work drawing the streets, squares, churches, and palaces of Florence and the villas of the surrounding countryside. The drawings, done in pen, ink, and wash, were published as engravings in 1744 and were popular with travellers on the Grand Tour. On display at the Morgan are seventy-six of the drawings, together with photographs of the scenes as they appear now—or, rather, as they appeared last year, when Elaine Evans Dee, the as-



"Why don't we fellows get up a softball team and play other think tanks?"

• •

sistant curator of drawings and prints, took her camera and followed Zocchi's trail through the city and the Tuscan hills.

Shortly before the exhibition opened, we caught up with Mrs. Dee in the print room of the library, where she sat working at it at a large oak table, and we asked her why she had chosen Zocchi's work.

"Aside from the fact that the drawings are excellent in themselves, we want to remind the public that Florence still needs help," she said. "Many of the works of art damaged by the flood in 1966 have been restored, but much remains to be done, especially in the libraries. There are hundreds of thousands of books that must be repaired or replaced."

Mrs. Dee, who is a short, trim, affably reserved woman with a round face and short, wavy black hair touched with gray, drew our attention to a large brown leather volume with ornate gold trim, which was lying on the table before her. "We have the largest collection of Zocchi drawings in the United States," she went on. "Until now, they have remained bound in this single volume, which belonged to the late Mrs. J. P. Morgan. She was particularly interested in drawings and prints of architecture and flowers."

As Mrs. Dee sifted through photographs and drawings spread out on the table, we asked her to tell us about her trip.

"I'd never been to Florence before, so it was entirely fresh to me," she said. "At the same time, it was like going home, because I had steeped myself in Zocchi's work, and every time I turned a corner I'd see Zocchi views. Many of the buildings he drew remain today very much as he drew them." She laughed with pleasure, and the sound rang in the quiet room, whose walls were lined with books and cabinets containing prints. "I hired a car and drove into the hills. It was in October, and the vineyards were turning yellow. The whole countryside was a beautiful golden color. I was able to find almost all of the thirty-three villas Zocchi drew, and I can tell you who lives in them right now." Mrs. Dee carefully removed a drawing from the gold-trimmed volume and laid it before us, admonishing us not to touch it. "This is the Villa Montegufoni, south of Florence. It's owned by Sir Osbert Sitwell, and he calls it The Castle. I went inside, and his secretary showed me about. The servants were making wine in the cellar. I could smell the fumes. During the Second World War, quite a few paintings from the Uffizi and the Pitti were taken to this villa for safekeeping, and the lower part of the house was opened to fifty refugees whose homes had been destroyed."

We asked Mrs. Dee to tell us about Zocchi.

"He was born in Florence in 1711, and studied there and in Rome, Bologna, and Venice," she said. "Not much is known about his personal life, but his skill in portraying panoramas and festivals brought him important official commissions. He painted the Sienese festivities in honor of the Holy Roman Emperor Francis I and his son Leopold, who succeeded Francis as Grand Duke of Tuscany. While working in Siena, Zocchi was felled by an epidemic, and he died shortly after returning to Florence in 1767." She laid the drawing of Sir Osbert's villa aside, remarking, "I hope everyone who loves Florence will come to the exhibition. In addition to the drawings and photographs, we'll have manuscripts and books by Florentines and about Florence on view, from Lorenzo de' Medici and Savonarola to the Brownings and Longfellow."

Mrs. Dee put another drawing before us, again admonishing us not to touch it. "The Villa Palmieri, in Fiesole. Queen Victoria stayed there twice on trips to Florence. Boccaccio stayed there during the plague of 1348, and used it as a setting for the 'Decameron.'" Then, as if admonishing Zocchi himself, she added, "The choice of villas seems rather arbitrary. Famous Medici houses were completely overlooked."

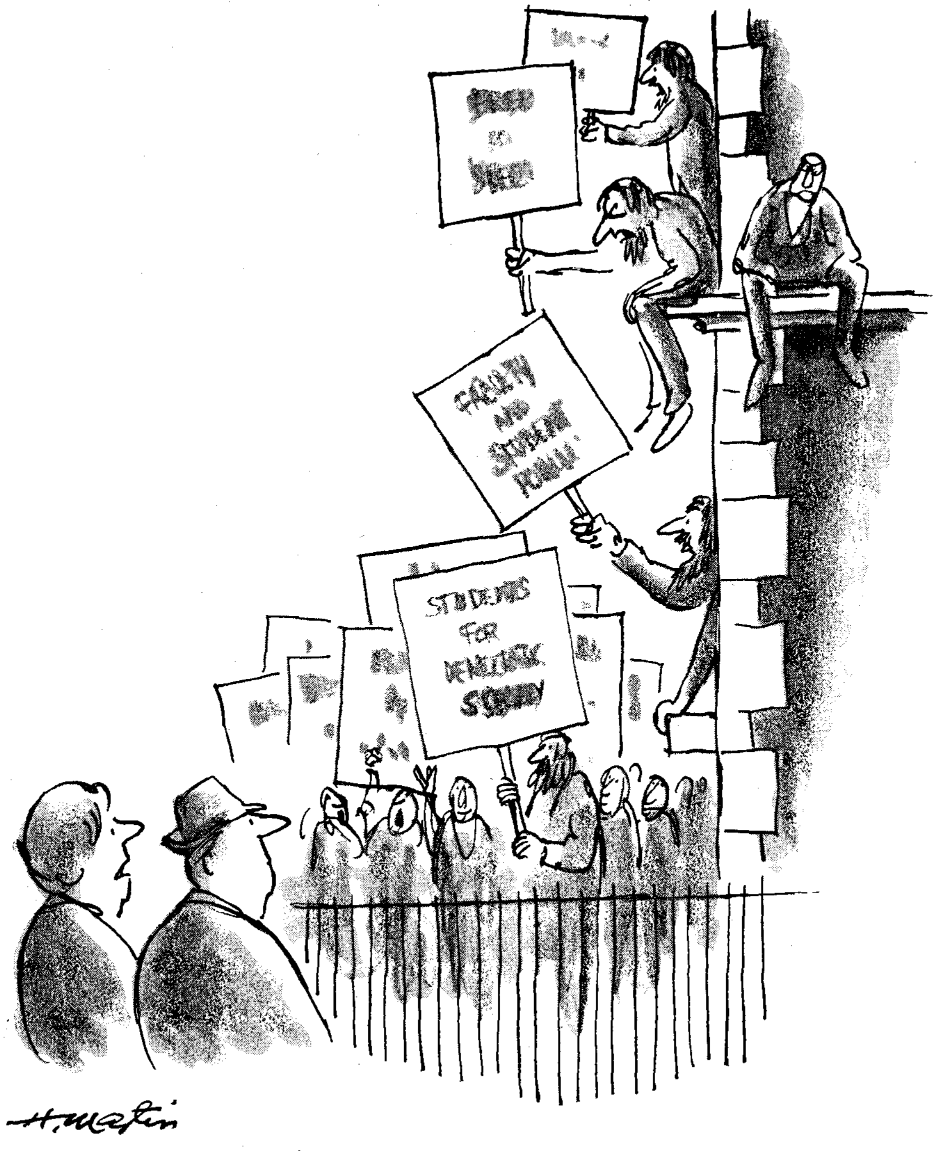
King Olav

FIVE o'clock. The red carpet—a very big and immaculate red carpet—was out at the Metropolitan Club, and Olav V, King of Norway, was the first person to walk in on it at the reception given for him last week by Mr. and Mrs. Julius Christian August Fleischer, the Consul-General of Norway and his wife. The King had just arrived here after a two-week tour of the United States, and he came in at a fast, brisk, stately pace, as though he were trying to get away from his entourage, which consisted of aides and Secret Service men. Once inside, the King stopped at a point on the red carpet midway between a Norwegian flag and an American flag, and stood there at the ready. Consul-General and Mrs. Fleischer moved up to flank him. And we, also at the ready, were urged forward by a lot of friendly people to be the first, as it happened, of four hundred and forty guests to shake hands with and be greeted by the King. He looked us right in the eye—one of those *really* interested looks—and gave our hand a shake with a firm, dry, kind, and most reassuring hand. It conveyed to us a sense of the niceness of all Norway. With only four hundred and thirty-nine other guests to greet, the King had the air of desiring nothing more on this earth than to get to know each one of them. He stood up straight, with the most dignified posture we've seen off a parade ground. He is sixty-four years old. His nose is aquiline, his eyes are blue, his teeth are big, and his hair, thinning and dark blond, is brushed straight back off his forehead. He was wearing a navy-blue double-breasted pin stripe. (It was English cloth, tailored in the Ferner Jacobsen clothing store, in Oslo, which is owned by the husband of his younger daughter, Princess Astrid. His other daughter, Princess Ragnhild, is married to Erling Lorentzen, a shipping man. His only son, Crown Prince Harald, is engaged to marry Sonja Haraldsen, daughter of another Oslo clothing-store owner.) The King was also wearing a white shirt, a black necktie with tiny geometric gray figures, and black shoes. In his lapel, he wore the ribbon of the Grand Cross of St. Olav. When he had shaken hands with fifty guests, some of whom gave him little bows or, if they were women, curtsies, we left this steady Majesty and headed for the canapés. Over some little cones of cheese-filled salami, we ran into a cheerful Norwegian who was kingly-looking in a modest way. He introduced himself as Abel Abrahamsen, president of Norsk, Inc., on East Fifty-seventh Street, and asked us if we had seen the seventy-five Norwegian flags flying on the light poles and flag poles along Fifth Avenue.

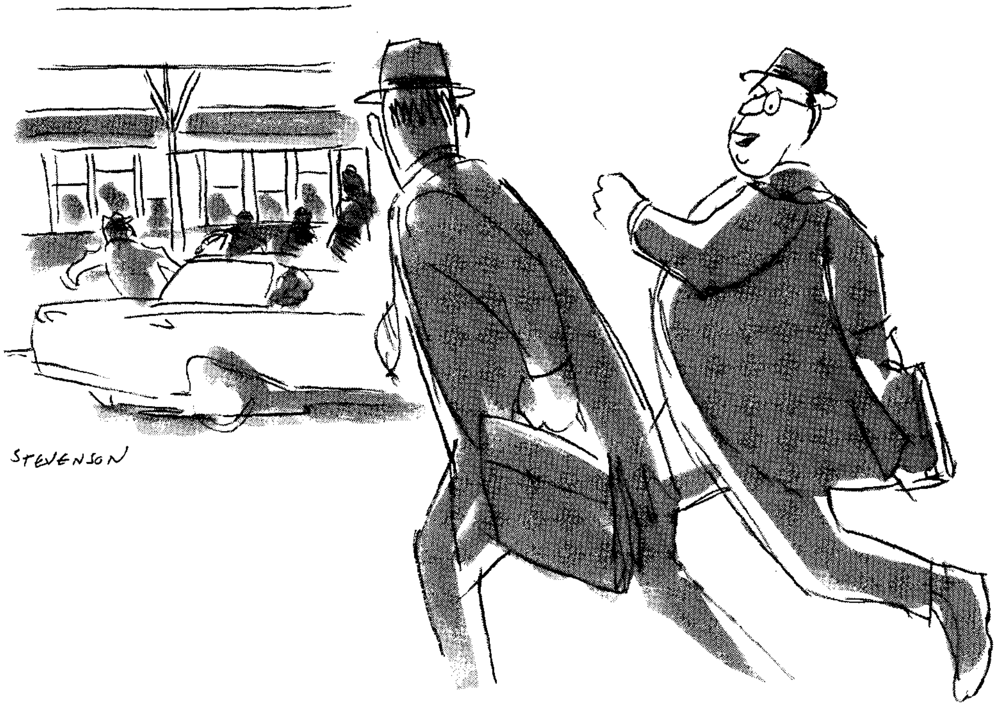
"Not yet," we said.

"Take a look," Mr. Abrahamsen said. "We were lucky to get them in time. Two weeks before the King arrived, I told our people, 'We must put up our flags. It will cost only two thousand dollars.' They said, 'Two thousand *dollars*? Is Abrahamsen crazy?' So I told them the Danes did it for *their* king when he visited here eight years ago. They then said, 'The *Danes* did it?' And they put up the money. By then, it was too late to get the flags from Norway, so the AAA American Flag Decorating Company made them. It will be very nice tonight when the King drives down Fifth Avenue on his way to the Waldorf and he sees the flags. I asked Consul-General Fleischer, who is a very, very kind man, to be sure to tell the King that there are more Norwegian flags on Fifth Avenue than on Karl Johansgate, the main street in Oslo."

The red carpet was getting pretty well stepped on now, by guests arriving in bunches, but we observed that His Majesty was holding firm on the line. Mr. Abrahamsen gave the crowd a look of approval. "We have never before had such a gathering of V.I.P.s of Norway," he told us. "When I saw the list of people travelling with the



"What ever happened to 'Rah! Rah! Rah! Sis! Boom! Bah!'?"



"To think that all these years I've been jogging without even knowing it!"

King, I nearly fainted, and I prayed the plane wouldn't fall down. Here's one of them. May I present Mr. Nils Frederik Aall, of our Norwegian industries?"

"How do you do?" we said as Mr. Aall gave us *his* hand, which, we must report, was pretty impressive, too.

"Here is the fellow you want," Mr. Aall, a healthy-looking giant wearing steel-rimmed spectacles, said, breezily clapping the back of another giant—handsome, not too young, blue-eyed—who was also obviously in tip-top shape. "May I introduce Reidar Kaarbø, president of the Norwegian Federation of Industries? I must move around."

"How do you do?" we said to Mr. Kaarbø, who gave us one more of those directly-in-the-eye cordial looks.

"Is there anything I can tell you?" Mr. Kaarbø asked.

"Well, why are all you industrialists and bankers travelling with the King?" we asked.

"Very simple," Mr. Kaarbø replied. "We are trying to promote trade between Norway and the United States. We want to sell you what we have to offer, and it would be nice if your country would sell us your products."

"What for?" we asked. "You've got this great little country—one of the few unspoiled countries left in the world. What do you want our things *for*?"

"Personally, I agree with you," Mr. Kaarbø said. "But I am afraid our people don't want to be fishermen forever. They want what they think is a better way of life, with the many things you have here. That is the way it is. Too bad." He gave a little sigh.

"Where do you live, Mr. Kaarbø?" we asked.

"In Bergen. It is a nice city. I like it there. But I was born in Trondenes. That is one hundred miles north of the Arctic Circle."

"And now you are here," Mr. Abrahamsen said, making a circle in the air over the heads of the crowd surrounding King Olav.

Mr. Kaarbø gave another little sigh.

We were approached by a somewhat smaller giant, who was introduced by Mr. Abrahamsen as Erwin A. Jonas, president of the Norwegian American Chamber of Commerce.

"I saw your flags," Mr. Jonas said to Mr. Abrahamsen. "Very nice. I understand you're speaking to the Norwegian Club on May 17th."

"Our Constitution Day," Mr. Abrahamsen said quickly to us.

"You're to have seven minutes," Mr. Jonas said. "Are you going to Mayor Lindsay's dinner for the King?"

"Too crowded," Mr. Abrahamsen said.

"I wish somebody who's going would please tell the Mayor to tell the King something," a distinguished-looking lady nearby said to Mr. Abrahamsen in a slow, measured cadence. "Please tell *somebody* to have the Mayor tell King Olav how Thorfinn Karlsefni's expedition came to New York nine hundred and sixty years ago, in the years 1008 to 1012. When Mr. Nixon was Vice-President, in 1959, he was the chief speaker at the celebration of Hudson's expedition. But Mr. Nixon did not mention that Thorfinn Karlsefni had come to Manhattan nine hundred and fifty years before."

"I will tell somebody," Mr. Abrahamsen said.

A chunky man with a ruddy complexion presented his card to us. We read, "William T. Conklin. Senator 21st District. Kings County."

"Just to say hello," State Senator Conklin said to us in clear, pure accents of Brooklyn. "I'm not a Norwegian, but I'm glad to say I've got a big Norwegian population in my district in Brooklyn. How do you like the King?"

"Very much," we said.

"Isn't he terrific?" Senator Conklin said. "And he's as normal as apple pie. That's an American expression."

There was a staticky rattle from a public-address system somewhere in the room, which by now seemed to have all four hundred and forty guests in it, with some of whom the King was still shaking hands. The static gave way to a voice asking for the attention of the ladies and gentlemen. The room became quiet. Then the voice began a speech. We could not see its owner.

"Your Majesty," the voice said. "Distinguished entourage. It's a rare and happy experience to welcome your notable and worthy Majesty." The voice went on to express more happiness at having the King in the Metropolitan Club. Then, identifying its owner as the president of the club, it said, "And I have one more small favor to ask of Your Majesty. I ask Your Majesty to accept honorary membership in this club and, when you visit our city, to consider this small corner of New York your home."

The voice subsided and was greeted by mild applause.

There were many giants standing in front of us by now, and we could no longer see King Olav. But over the p.-a. system, in a surprisingly light voice, the King said, "I am most grateful for this opportunity to accept honorary membership in the Metropolitan Club, and I am most pleased that so many of you have come here this afternoon and to have the opportunity to meet you and greet you. Thank you very much." The voice stopped. The p.-a. system was shut off. Again, the applause was mild, but all the giants we could see looked very happy and proud.

SOMETHING OF A MIRACLE

THE child's name was Andrew. He was four years old. He was standing, half on tiptoe, under the living-room table. Red baize lined the bottom side of the table drawer; Andrew loved the feel of it against his hair when he rocked on his toes, slowly backward and forward, in the darkening afternoon. He could hear, and was becoming used to, the new sound of the house: the crying of a baby, and the crying of his mother. Under the table, with the velvet tablecloth pulled well down, he was almost out of reach of the glow from the fire, its light and excessive warmth; he was almost out of the sound of the wild sea that smashed on the shingle bank behind the house and scattered little ends of spray along the windows. The biggest waves, though, sought him out. They shuddered the earth outside, and the floor shook momentarily. And the biggest flames of the fire, when they sprang up at a draft, showed him the baize was red still. He was out of the way of his grandmother, whose long black skirt he heard over the roughened tiles that led from the kitchen to the bedroom where his mother was, where he could not go.

When it was time for him to go to bed, it would not be his mother who would wash him and hold him on her knee and brush the little flecks of red baize from his hair. His father might, if he came back before bedtime—if he didn't go straight to his mother's bedroom and stay there a long while. The night before and the night before that, though, it was his grandmother who had pulled him from under the table and put him in bed, not talking to him, not letting him have a little play. He had not been washed, or had his hair brushed; when he woke up in the morning, he found three tufts of baize on his pillow, like red spiders. He pinched the tufts together and ran to show his mother, but when he stood on a stool to reach for the handle of the door his grandmother ran through the passage from the kitchen and lifted him down and took him back to his bed. "She doesn't want to see you now," Granny had said. "Your mummy is tired and sick and she doesn't want to see you."

Most of the day he had sat or stood up under the table, without any toys. He would not cry. He listened to the doors being opened, the feet that hurried from the living room and came back slowly. For a little while, at intervals, he fell asleep on his cushion, facing the wall.

The outhouse door slammed shut, then the kitchen door opened. It was his father back. His grandmother was lighting the gas; Andrew heard the match being struck, the hiss of the unlit jet, the tinkling of the chain against the globe. The room filled with light as he looked out from under the tablecloth and saw his father's legs and his muddy boots. The light was popping quietly.

His grandmother spoke. "We need a new mantle. Listen to it. Only half of this one left."

"What do we use to pay for one? How is she?"

"Got to have one. The doctor might want a good light. We might have to move her out here. Can't manage any longer with an oil lamp in there. Too dangerous. She might knock it over. She doesn't know what's going on."

"Doctor been?"

"Three times. The worst will be over after tonight, he says. She's been shouting. Doesn't know where she is. Been shouting like somebody mad. Can't sleep. She's getting worse. I've been running in and out all day. I'll have to stay with her tonight. You'll have to move my bed in."

"What is there to eat?"

"Nothing, except what we need for her. There's a bit of bread. Mrs. Brooks said she'd bring some soup, but she hasn't come. You'll have to go out and see what you can get, borrow a shilling or two. Get a mantle before you do anything else. Whether or not she comes out here, we'll have to have a bit of light. Still no jobs then?"

"I've walked all day. Nothing. Not even a promise. I got wind of a job over in Portslade. Charlie told me his brother was jacking in his job so he could go and fight in Spain. You know Charlie's brother Sam."

"I know him—stupid merchant he is. Don't you have no hank with him. Nor with any of his foulmouthed friends. Anarchists or something, aren't they? Bright clients."

"Well, anyway, Sam's got it into his head to catch the next boat out, so I padded it over to Portslade to see if I could get a start. Time I'd got there, though, somebody else had it. Took my tools with me, too. All of them. No use turning up on the site with just a hammer and a saw. Foreman wouldn't look at you. Have to have a full set. I'd walked most of the way back before old Eccles came by and gave me a lift in his van."

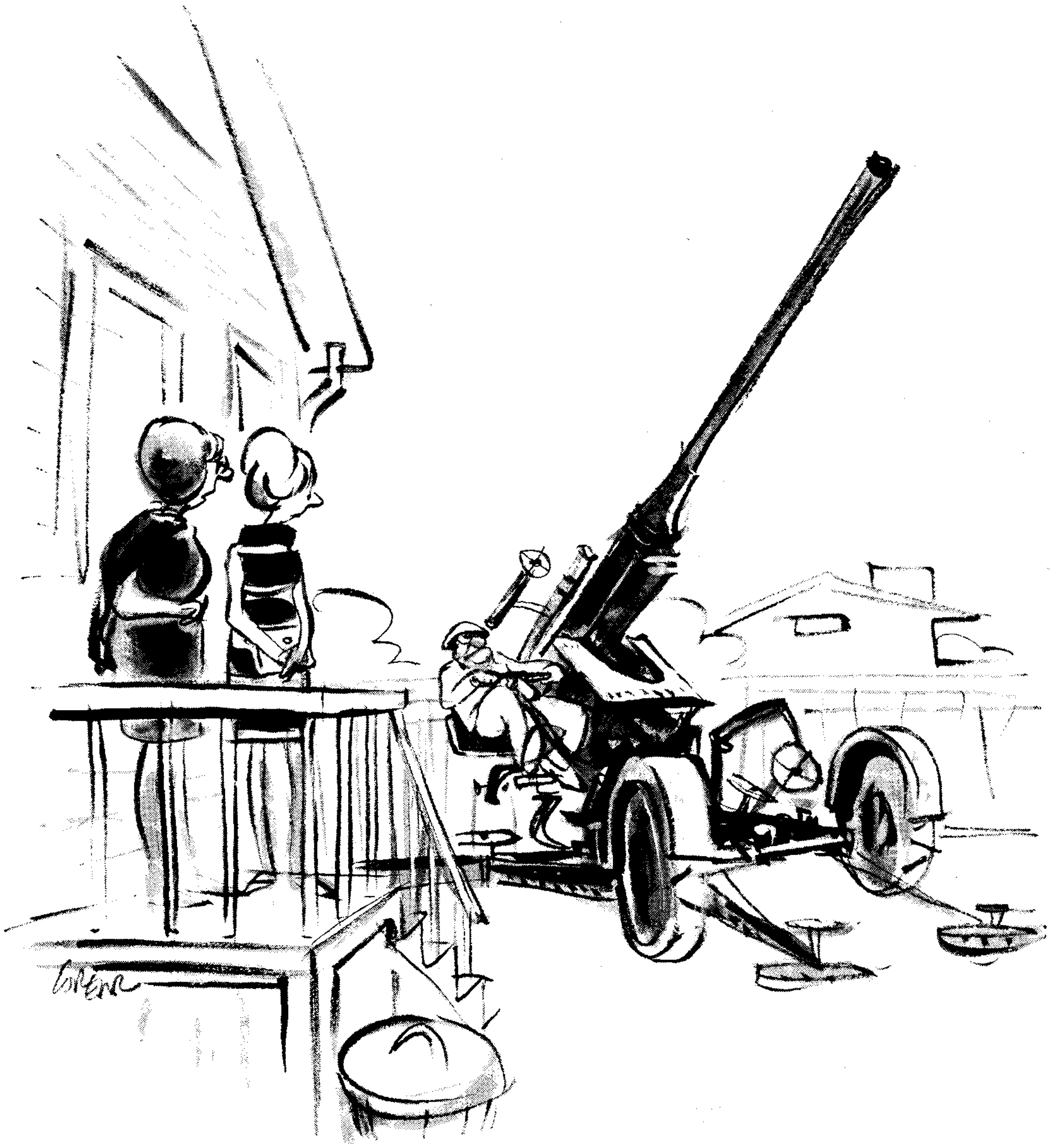
"It's a shame about you, I'm sure. You'll just have to try again tomorrow and the day after that, if need be."

"Still, I get my dole money tomorrow."

"We shan't get fat on that. You'll have to do something. Now, get that bed moved for me. Now you're home, I'll try and get a bit of sleep before the doctor comes. He said he'd come round when he's finished all his other calls tonight. Somewhen about nine o'clock it'll be. You'll have to see to young Andrew. He's had nothing to eat all day—nothing to speak of. Just sat under that table again. Tried to open his mother's door this morning, soon after you'd gone out. Just you tell him, so he understands. He's not to go anywhere near that door. The purple fever's a horrible thing. Your Auntie Agnes died of it. Keep him away. She mustn't be upset."

Andrew watched as his father brought a roll of bedclothes out of the kitchen, where his granny had been sleeping since she came to live in the house. He watched him take them down the dark passage and he heard his mother's door being opened, and he heard her breathing, whining. His father came back for the folding bed, and his granny went down the passage behind him, carrying her pillow and her nightgown.

Now that Granny had gone, he could come out. He sat on the sofa, on the edge of it so that his feet would touch the floor. His father came back into the room; he didn't speak but picked Andrew up and sat him across his lap and held him close. "Mummy poorly in there, Daddy," Andrew said. But his father was asleep. The gas was still popping and a little blue curl of the jet was fanned from the draft that made the kitchen door keep tapping against the latch. The fire collapsed in a heap of white ash. Andrew put his fingers to his father's lips and fell asleep.



"Walter has decided to handle sonic booms his own way."

• •

"GEORGE, George, for God's sake get yourself up. Andrew, come on, move. George! Can't you hear the doctor knocking? I can't go to the door looking like this. Rouse yourself, do. Keep the doctor in the kitchen while I get myself dressed. I don't know, falling asleep in here with the gas full on, going to waste. I thought you were going out to get a new mantle before the shops shut. I'll just bet Mrs. Brooks has been with the soup and couldn't make you hear. Oh, it is too bad of you, it really is. Look! You've let the fire go out. No, I'll see to that in a minute. Go and let the doctor in." Granny had been shaking his shoulder with one hand and straightening the tablecloth with the other as she spoke. Now she was out of the room again. "And put the kettle on!" she shouted from the passage.

The doctor had already let himself in when George reached the kitchen. He had been waiting behind the kitchen door, listening. He came into the living room and put his bag on the sofa next to Andrew. "Hello, young Andrew," he said. "Isn't it about time little boys like you were in bed?"

"We've been asleep on here, Doctor," George said. "I must have nodded off, I was that tired when I got in."

"Still looking for work?"

"Looking."

"I can see you're tired. And the old lady is, too, by the sound of it."

"She keeps on at us. I'm doing my best. How long does this go on for?"

"You can't tell with puerperal fever. I've known it go on for a long time, and get very much worse than this is. We might have to take her into hospital. Be prepared for that. On the other hand, this is only mild so far."

"She's been shouting, so the old lady says."

"Oh dear."

"I've not heard her shouting, though. She wasn't shouting when I came in. Just staring about. I don't think she's been shouting. It's just the old lady trying to put the wind up me, the old cat. She was with my Auntie Agnes when she died of it. That was years and years ago. That can't happen now, can it? Not in 1937? She'll be all right, won't she?"

"You mustn't worry yourself. Things are better than they used to be. I think she'll be over the worst of it tonight. I think the crisis is coming on. I warn you, it won't be very pleasant. Young Andrew would be better off out of it. Is there anywhere the two of you could spend the night? What about at your sister Alice's? Stay by him until he's asleep, then you could come back here, if you wanted to. Not that there's anything you could do. But be back by eight in the morning. I'd not move her before then, but if I decide to have her admitted into hospital I'd have to have you available to sign the forms."

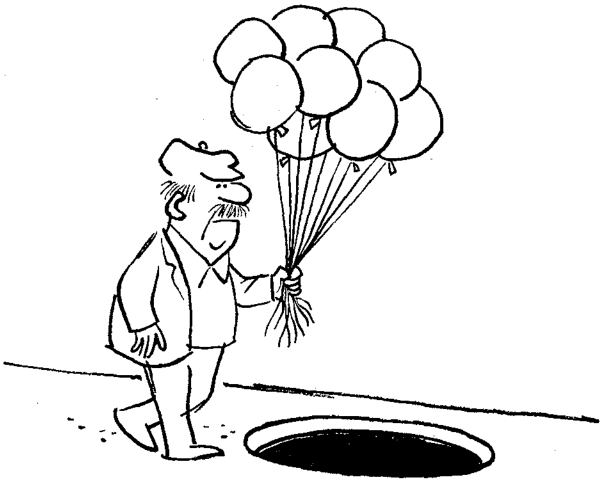
"How ever shall we pay hospital bills? Or yours, Doctor? I just don't know who to turn to. There's nothing in the house to eat until I get my dole tomorrow. They don't open till nine o'clock, anyway."

"It doesn't matter about the money. Not yet. But it does matter about having something to eat. Look after that boy. And yourself. And the old lady. You don't want to have any more invalids in the house, do you? Why don't you put out your line? A bit of fish would build you up. Give you something to do, too."

"I would, but it's been blowing up a gale all day. Won't be able to move for weed. Anyway, the fish don't come in close when the water's rough."

"I don't think it's so rough as it was. Listen, the wind has dropped."

Granny had come back and was rustling sticks and paper in the hearth. "I'd better have a look at her now, Mrs. Whitting," the doctor said. He



followed her. She was carrying one of the sticks.

ANDREW sat on the bench in his father's shed. By candlelight George found his hurricane lamp behind the box in which he kept his dead brother's tools. He filled the lamp with oil, lifted the glass dome to clean the wick, and then lit it from the candle. Thick black smoke poured upward at first, but when the dome clicked back in position and the wick was turned down half an inch the lamp burned clear and the smoke dispersed. George blew out the candle and gave it to Andrew to hold. A drop of the hot wax fell onto the boy's knee and made him flinch; he pushed it off with his fingernail and watched the white flecks fall down among the shavings. "Mind you don't tumble down, now," George said. "Here, you hold the bait box while I get the trotline down." He lifted down the oval basket in which he kept the hundred yards of thick cord, neatly coiled. There were hooks joined by silk snoods all along the cord—a hook for every yard. When the trotline had been laid in the basket, each hook in turn had been secured into a flat, round piece of cork just large enough to hold them all. The cork lay in the middle of the coils. At each end of the oval basket was a heavy piece of broken fire iron, to which the ends of the cord were attached.

"Daddy, will we go fishing tomorrow, when I get up?"

"We'll go now. Do you want to come with me?"

"It's dark. It's bedtime."

"Want to come and hold the lantern? Help Daddy?"

"Take my spade and dig."

"Not this time. You help Daddy when he digs with his big fork. Pick up the worms and put them in the box. Will you do that? Then we'll catch a fish for Mummy."

"Yes."

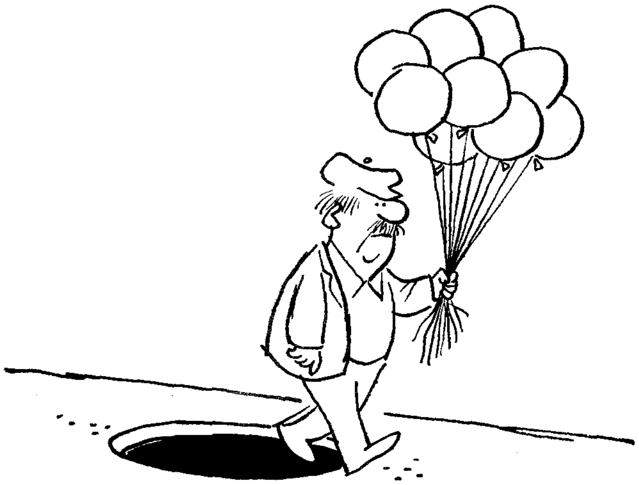
George lifted Andrew down and gave him the lamp to carry in one hand and the bait box in the other; outside the shed, he picked up the garden fork that he had put ready against the wall of the house and slung it over his shoulder. He held the trotline basket under his other arm. As they walked across the rough ground toward the shingle bank, the heavy irons shifted about in the basket, bumping awkwardly out of time with his footsteps against the ridge of his hipbone. When they had gone halfway, he stopped so that he could transfer the basket to his shoulder and trail the fork behind him. The tines rang and briefly hummed as they bounced over the larger boulders. High-water mark, when they reached it, was piled with seaweed so deep that Andrew could hardly step through it; he began to cry when he tripped and dropped the lamp, but his father picked it up so acrobatically on the toe of his boot that he began to laugh instead. They walked the last yards to the edge of the sand. There was a thin drift of rain beginning, enough to hiss on the glass of the lamp. The tide had begun to make, some time before; they could see the edge of the water, dark as it was beyond the reach of the lamp.

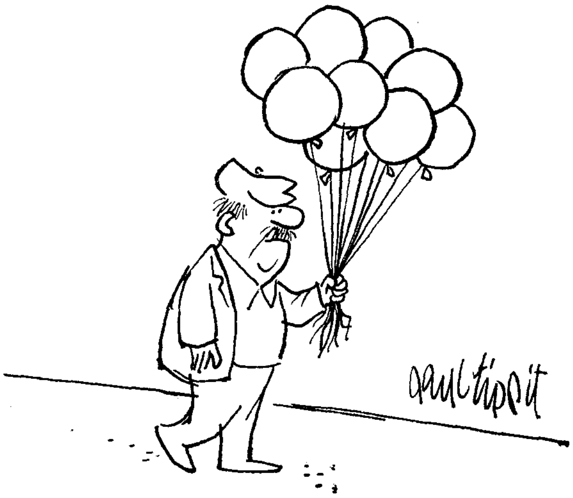
"We'll have to get a move on, Andrew. Keep your eyes skinned. Hold the lamp close to where I'm digging and be sure not to drop the box."

"Will Mummy come fishing with us next time?"

"If she's better. Hold the lamp still. Think about what you're doing." George had begun to dig very fast. The clammy sand gasped as the fork sank into it. A dozen or more times he drove the fork in, lifting the great, heavy slabs and tumbling them to break over his boot at the side of the trench he was making. There were no worms big enough to keep; the three or four that Andrew picked up would have broken on the shank of the hook. "It's no good this far up, Andrew," George said. "We'll have to try nearer the water's edge. Come *on*. We can't fool about. We've got to keep at it, and quick." Andrew threw down the little shell that he had been holding up to his ear. The sea sounded farther off than it was. They were soon in the wet patch left by a receding wave and had to run back a few yards before the next breaker caught up with them. George began to dig again, faster than before. This time he was facing the sea, poised to move as soon as the tide filled the trench; it was difficult to lift the sand. But worms began to fall from every third or fourth dig—long, plump lugworms and white, whiskered rag worms that could scuttle back under the surface if Andrew did not move quickly to pick them up. The waves threw up a whitebait or two. They bounced like little trick rubber toys toward the water.

As he worked, George felt an anger rising in him that all through the day he had kept well down. When he spoke to the foreman at Portslade, he had made himself speak quietly, with a sort of rough courtesy that would make him be remembered if ever another job should become vacant there, but he had wanted to strike the man who had turned him down, as if it had been *his* fault that he had walked twelve miles with a heavy tool bag. At home, he had wanted to strike his mother, who, sick with worry, had seemed to blame him for not finding work, for being exhausted, for having no money to buy a gas mantle. He let his anger out by savaging each spit of clinging





sand and mud, hurling it down. When a large stone stuck in the prongs, he kicked at it until it shook free, and then he picked it up and threw it with all his strength toward the incoming tide.

He thought of his wife, how she would be fighting against her fever. Fear took the place of his anger as he imagined the brutal waves of delirium crashing down to break over her. He knew what high fever was; his brother had died in his arms as he shouted unintelligible rubbish and then collapsed with his arms and legs rigid. The trench in front of him filled with water; he moved back another few yards to keep the sea away from what he was doing. In his fury of work, he almost forgot why he was digging. His son was silent, moving to the frantic rhythm of his digging and keeping the lamp along the trench beside the bait box. The man and the boy seemed linked by the light between them—a large boat towing a tender. George felt the strength going out of him. There were only a few yards of sand left to dig, and when he began to hear the fork grating against the fine beach that mixed with the sand near the start of the shingle bank, he felt beaten, broken. "Hang on, hang on," he had said to his brother when he was dying. "Hang on, hang on, you must beat it." The handle of the fork kept slipping in the sweat of his palm. His temples throbbed and the spittle thickened under his tongue. How will it be if she dies? How will it be if the sea won't hold back? Hang on—how would it be? "Andrew, now you must help me some more," he gasped. "We've got to lay the line out and bait up the hooks. If there's not enough worms, we'll have to make do. Hold the lamp close."

The line was soon laid out parallel to the bottom of the shingle bank, and the iron tags at each end sunk deep in the sand to anchor it. George straddled the line and, moving backward, baited the hooks. Holding the lamp at a tilt, Andrew saw the spurt of blood as each worm passed onto the barb and was worked up the shank. Whenever the wind stopped, he felt the small heat of the lamp on his chin. His feet were cold and wet, and his wrist ached with the weight of the lamp. The water had reached the line as the last few hooks were baited; the worms washed about in the gentle ebb and flow, slowly oozing in the froth. George gathered up the fistful of bait remaining after the last hook was covered, and tossed it into the water and washed his hands, rubbing them clean with fine beach. "That's it, we've done it," he said. "Come on, laddie, you've worked like a man. I'll take the lamp now."

He put the bait box in the basket, threaded the fork handle through the handle of the lamp, and started back up the bank. They reached the line of upturned boats above high-water mark, and George put down his load. He untied the tarpaulin cover from a dinghy and rolled it back until it fell from the stern end. Then he blew out the lamp and lifted the side of the boat. "Under you go," he said. Andrew crawled under the boat while his father propped up the side with the fork. Then, when he had unrolled the tarpaulin to make a cover for them, he lay beside his son and put his arm round him to tuck the ends of the sheet as far under the boy's body as they would reach.

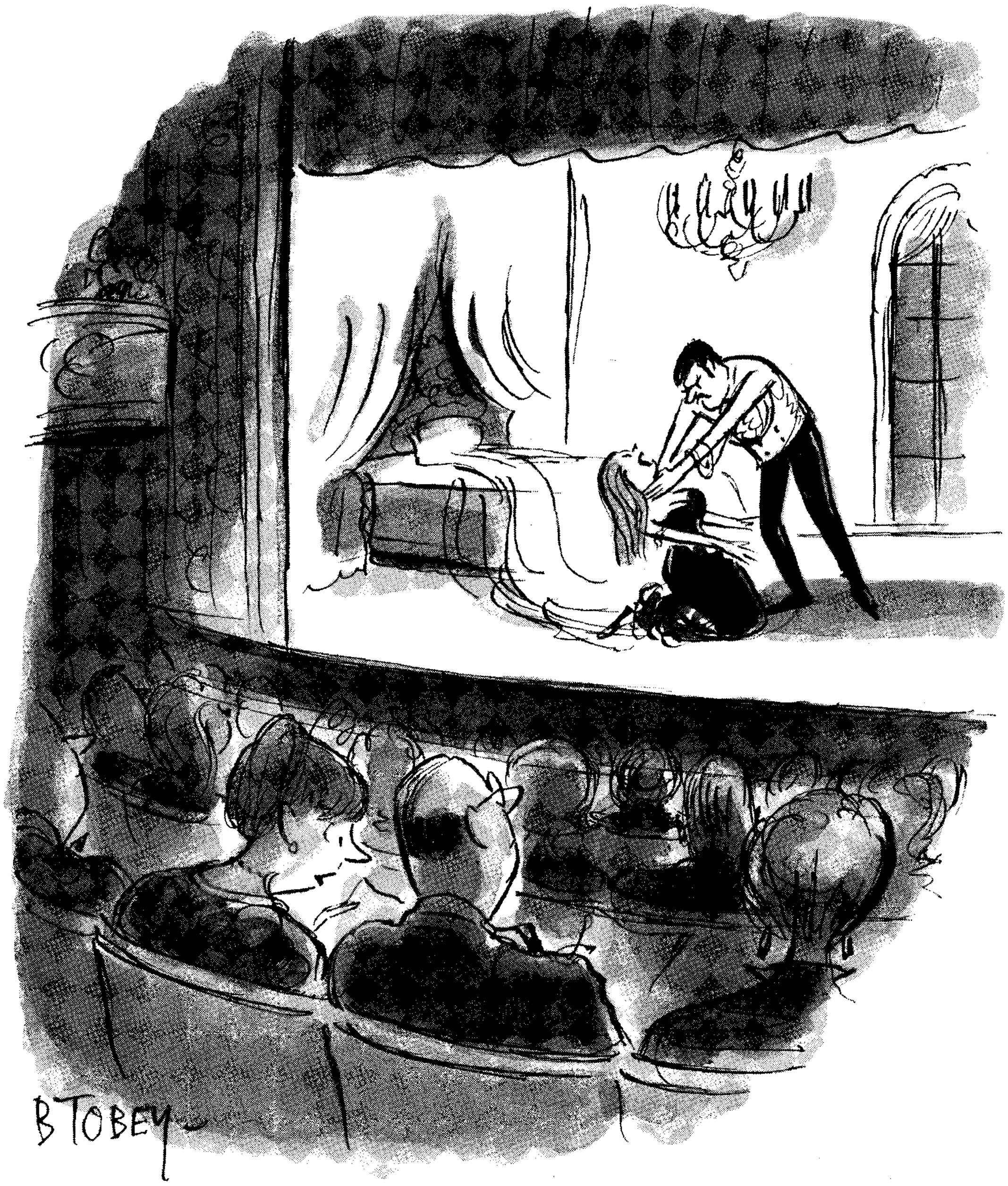
It was Andrew who woke first. He looked across the mound of his father's body and saw the stem of the boat next to the one they were lying under, and the ragged yellow poppies growing in the stones. There was bright sunshine, and not enough wind to move the broken petals. When the boy sat up, he pulled the tarpaulin down from George's face and shouted, "Daddy, Daddy, it's morning!"

George rolled from under the dinghy and stood up, stamping his feet and clapping his hands to make them warm. He looked toward the water and saw that the line was still covered, but only just. There were gulls in a tight flock, screaming a few feet above where it lay, sometimes diving low enough over the water to touch the still surface lightly.

George kicked off his shoes and took off his socks and rolled up the legs of his trousers. He waded into the water, feeling for the line with his toes. When he found it, he traced it along until he reached the end, then cut it as near as he could to the anchor iron. He wound the end of the line three times round his wrist and started to haul it inshore. With dismay, he saw the first few yards smothered with heavy, brown festoons of weed. He walked up the shingle until he hadn't the strength to pull any more from the sea, then went back down to take hold of the line again at the edge of the water; he did this four times. From end to end, it was covered entirely with weed. He looked at the night's useless harvest lying in the warm sun, steaming the whole tangled length of his line. If Andrew hadn't started to jump up and down on the thickest mass of it, he might have left all his tackle where it lay.

"Daddy, my shoe's come off and I can't find it."

"You silly boy. Keep still where you are. It can't be far away." He plunged his hand into the weed and found the shoe. As he lifted it out, he saw the side of a fish—a black bream. "Well, would you believe it, we've got one after all. Not very big, but there's



"They're husband and wife in real life, too."

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enough for your breakfast. Let's put your shoe back on, and then we'll see if there's any more."

There was nothing on the next hook, or the next. Then Andrew, who had moved farther along the line, called his father to take a flounder from a hook. There was another bream on the hook next to it, and a sole on the hook after that. George tore the fish from the hooks and left them on the stones. Time and again he parted the leathery streamers of bladder wrack to find fish: bass, plaice, and little skate, as well as bream and flounder. George worked with as much determination as when he had dug the night before—but now with excitement in the bright morning light, and the sea falling away, down the sands. There had never been such a catch; the most he'd ever had before from a hundred hooks was seventeen, and that was in the winter, when the codling teemed all along the coast. He counted them as they lay in their fading colors: fifty-three. He picked Andrew up and swung him round. It was incredible. They'd all eat themselves silly.

When the fish were strung through the gills along a piece of the line, George and Andrew walked home, leaving the tackle and fork and bait box behind. They went into the house, and George heaved the fish from over his shoulder into the kitchen sink. He made Andrew sit in the fireside chair in the living room while he looked in the bedroom where his wife was. The house was very quiet; George began to feel anxious again, remembering the quiet of the house the day after his brother died and how they had all slumped on their beds, not moving, not speaking. He opened the door a few inches and saw his mother fast asleep in the corner where he had put her bed. Then there was Edie, looking at him.

"Hello, George, is that you? Come in."

"Edie." She knew who he was. But she still looked frightening. Her hair was wet, stranded with sweat. He knelt by the bed and looked into her haggard face.

"George, you're not to excite her." It was his mother, getting out of bed. "The doctor says she's got to be kept quiet. Andrew, what're you doing in here?"

George turned and saw his son looking at the new baby in the cradle beside him. Andrew's eyes stared wildly as he smiled. There was blood and the glinting scales of fish on the sleeve of his coat, and his face and hands and legs were dirty. He looked away from the cradle and came toward his mother a few steps until his granny held him back.

"Andrew, you smell to high heaven. George, you should've kept him out. By God, what a night we had with her. She was tugging at the sheets, shouting at the doctor, punching me. I never thought she'd manage to hold on. It was like as if she was trying to lift something too heavy for her. Good job the doctor made you two go round to Alice's. If it hadn't been for that man's hard work, she'd never have come through. She hung on. Something of a miracle, if you ask me."

George stayed kneeling by the bed while his mother took Andrew out into the kitchen. "Is it ours? Can we keep it?" he heard the boy say.

—Ted Walker

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An increased program of year-round travel has been designed to appeal to practically every pocketbook and whim. There is a trip for everyone who has ever felt that unquenchable thirst to see the world. And, of course, that masculine pronoun is definitely meant to include members of the fair sex, too. —*News Bulletin of the American Association of Retired Persons.*

What masculine pronoun? Whim?

SCATTERED RETURNS: THREE DERIVATIVE POEMS

I. A CROWD FLOWED OVER BOYLSTON STREET, SO MANY

Old women thin as new moons—and as veiled
In lavender—step lively to the show
Windows of proper shops, stemming the flow
Of companies of broad-faced businessmen
Bound west to barter, and their color guard:
Curt-skirted clericals in parrot tones.
Teen armies send patrols: a rebel scout
Winds by upon his Honda, trailing curls
And staring down the hollow squares staked out
In thin gray trainees' uniforms before
The glass expanse of I.B.M.'s front door.
A matron and her mother matron strut
Between the lines in clothes of classic cut
And faces of timeless unloveliness
To shop at Peck & Peck and peck away
The shell of hours around another day
That stands between them and repose. A short,
Hoarse newsboy, sixty, curses two short, hoarse
Newsboys, both ten. Badge-bearing engineers,
Fresh out of sessions, earnestly converse
Over their settlement of the universe.
Executives bend barward on the stroke
Of noon (succeeded by an out-of-tune
Electric carillon), fixed on the first
Martini of the day, on the first joke
To break the ice of isolation, fear,
And blank routine in blinding sheets and floes.
Bums rifle baskets for the morning line;
Teachers lead straggling classes to the field;
Brokers define the poles of growth and yield
In their rich storefronts; and just then, one fine-
Faced man calls, "Edwards! You remember me.
Stetson. The freshman crew in '43."
"Of course. What's new?" "Same thing as ever. You?"
"Same thing. Your family?" "Fine. And yours?" "Just fine."
"One grandchild now." "That's great. Will you be at
The Twenty-fifth?" "The Twenty-fifth? Of course.
I wouldn't miss it. There's so much that's new
To talk about, so much under the bridge."
"That's true." "Must run." "Me, too." "So long." "See you."

II. COMING UP FOR AIR

The other day I drove through Binfield, Mass.,
And stopped—the first time since the year of drab,
Since 1944, when Mab and I
Made common cause against the town, her school,
The war (not ours), the weak, relenting rule
Of old fools over us. In Binfield then
There was no place to go after the Bowl
For sodas, after movies at the Bin
(Where Mrs. Miniver braved on and on),
Except the Common, open to the eye
Of the town cop and every passerby;
Except the long, entangling open fields
Beyond the single street's last light, where we
Flindered our reputations in the grass.

All that time vanished, I, a conservator
Now of real money and real property,
With a new generation to excise
And tax with my displeasure, to suppress
Under the fiat of my years' success,
Drove into Binfield, Mass., and stopped beyond
The new transistor plant, where a long row
Of women's clothing stores, all clapboarded
In white aluminum, all roofed in gray
Shingles of vinyl, stood across the way
From where the Perkins Block had tumbled down
To make space for the busy Town 'n' Gown
Motel, home of the charming Common Room.
Beyond the parking meters, row on row,
I saw new acroliths: the multiplied
Endowments of alumnae who had died
And been rebodied in the shape of Art
And Science, in the form of Freshman Halls,
Squat Cages, oblong Libraries, and gaunt
Administration Buildings. My poor Mab,
Wherever you may be, dead or alive,
I hope that you do not revisit this
Scene of our innocence, whose innocence
Has been so sedulously vandalized,
Defaced, deflowered by the likes of us.

III. GARE DU MIDI

South Station. Late, the N.E. States arrives
With no great hissing, but a diesel hum-
And-fume under the train shed. I return
To Boston after absence in New York,
Rearmed by my unanonymity.
Down there, beyond the hotel register,
My name was nominal; my printless hand,
Beyond its signature, could grasp but one
Lever of power: the bullying currency
Cached in my wallet. Three days nameless but
For sir (and I no knight) or Mister, three
Days impotent, unrecognized, and I
Became a fugitive from my unsought self.
The train was refuge; from the pricking plush
In the stale parlor car I got my first
Reintimation of existence, soon
Confirmed by my sweet seatmate, once a prince
Of bores among time salesmen, now a king
Who called me by my right and simple style,
Told dirty jokes for many a measured mile,
And quite restored me to myself, along
With a drab Radcliffe girl who knew I wrote
And whom I helped into her fur-trimmed coat
At Back Bay Station. Clutching my Peal case,
I disembark now one stop down the line
And walk out through the terminal, a place
Well named for its impending death, and staffed
By proper supernumeraries—two
Young drunken sailors, one whole porter who
Truckles one bag on his vast trolley, one
Sleep-sweeper, who, somnambulistical,
Cleans creepily down acres of the hall—
To Dewey Square, where I come face to face
With my place and my power where I belong,
Am known, hold down a job, command respect
For unclear reasons, order other lives,
Own action and invest it, shape, decide.
Unmet, unwelcomed, undeterred by pity,
I walk out briskly to infect my city.

—L. E. Sissman

THE EARLY SETTLER

LOOKING at her great-grandfather, it was hard for Nona to see why, old as he was, he should not live forever. What was perishable in him had dwindled. His hair was scanty, and his flesh had shrunk so that his bony wrists seemed to protrude from his skin like a schoolboy's from an outgrown coat. Around him, the surfaces of the furniture had disappeared under a homemade lichen of rugs, throws, doilies, and antimacassars, the slow growth of decades, among which he sat as solid as a crag—unimpaired, it seemed, in the more lasting elements of bone and spirit, for though there was a stick resting against his armchair, he held his great frame so erect that the stick seemed only another of the room's superfluous accumulations, and the look in his lashless tortoise eyes as he studied the tape recorder Nona had brought to the farm from Sydney was cheerful, inquisitive, and bright with intelligence.

His daughter Ann, Nona's great-aunt, stood behind him, looking older than he and aged further by the gloomy look she fixed on the tape recorder, as if suspecting it of strange habits and of needing to be fed.

"It's not mine, Grandpa," Nona said. "It belongs to Mr. Blount, the head librarian where I work."

"What do you mean to do with it, girl?"

When she heard her great-grandfather's faint, laboring voice, Nona was reminded that one of the perishable things that had dwindled in him was life itself. Trying to keep her awareness of his frailty from him, she said, "Well, Mr. Blount is interested in Australian history, and I was telling him some of your stories about the early days. He wants you to talk about them, into the microphone, so that I can record what you say." She heard herself speaking with the fierce sprightliness of a nurse.

The enterprise made her uneasy. She had objected to Harry Blount that recording the old man's memories, being too much like making a will, might frighten him with the thought of his death. That was a pretext, though she thought there was some truth in it. Her real objection was inadmissible—a selfish aversion to the effort of getting in touch with her great-grandfather on the far promontory where the aged stand. Mr. Blount had dismissed her pretext. "Nonsense," he had said. "The old gentleman will be delighted." What had finally decided her to come, though, was the thought that she should not withhold Mr. Blount's offer of a kind of immortality, even if it was an obscure immortality among the whining aboriginal music and the ballads sung by shearers in his collection of tapes—important to Australian history, no doubt, but dreaded by Harry's dinner guests.

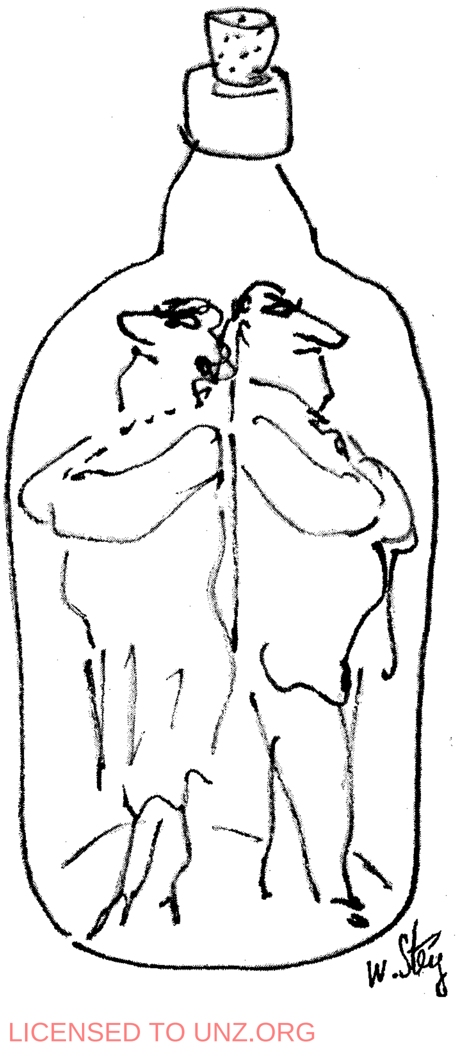
The old man seemed, indeed, to be pleased. "How do you work it, girl?" he said. "What do I have to do?"

Nona set the machine on a low table beside him and removed the lid. "Well, here's the microphone," she said, putting it into his hand. "All you do is hold it and talk into it. When you're ready, I press this button. I can stop it whenever you like."

Holding the microphone, he sat stiffly, looking shy and eager to please. "What do you want me to say?" he asked her.

"Begin by telling us when you were born, and where."

She pressed a button, and the reel began to turn. The old man took a deep breath and said, carefully and respectfully, to the microphone, "I was born on the sixteenth of February, 1871, in a farmhouse on the Dingo Creek in the north of New South Wales. When I was five years old, we left the Dingo and went to live on the Camden Haven River." He paused, looking at Nona for help.



"Do you remember living on the Dingo Creek?" she said.

Forgetting the machine, he said, laughing, "One thing I remember, for sure. A cow butted me off the fence. Well, not so much butted me as came up behind me and nudged me off with her forehead, so down I tumbled."

"That's marvellous, Grandpa!" The moment of physical sensation bobbing up so strongly in Time's unlighted waters made Nona laugh with pleasure.

Her laughter gratified him, and he smiled.

"Do you remember anything else about the Dingo?" she asked him.

The smile vanished and he shook his head. "Too long ago, girl," he said.

He was tired already. Nona switched off the machine and looked at her great-aunt for advice, but she could make nothing of the frown and the shrug the old woman gave. "I'll play it back now and make sure it's recording properly," she said.

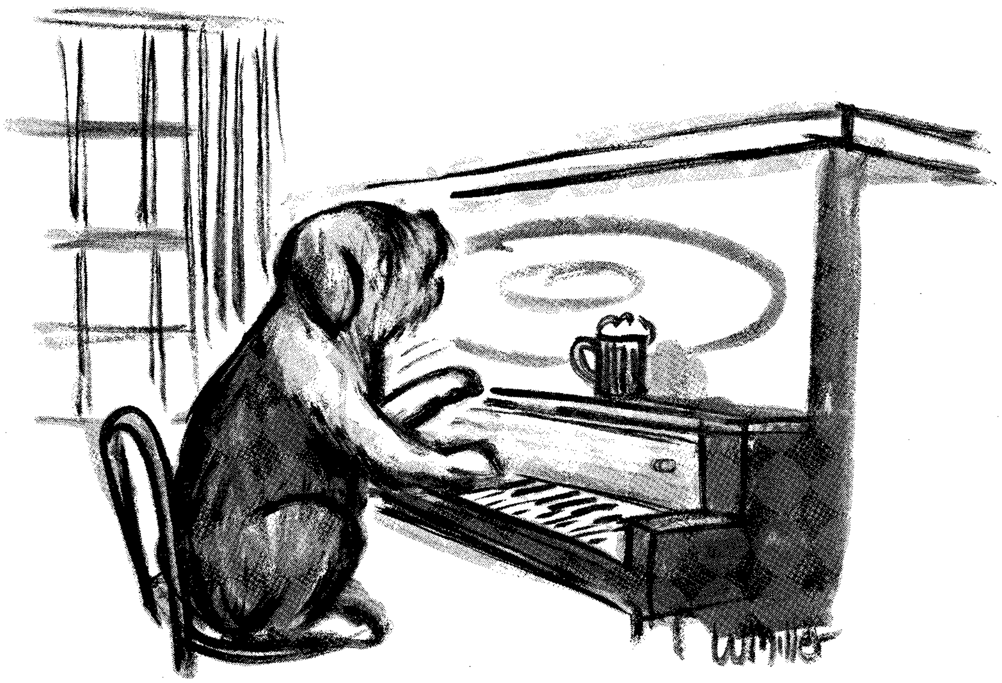
When the old voice rose from the machine—a straining whisper, the voice of a ghost—saying, "I was born on the sixteenth of February, 1871," she thought angrily, What a damned fool thing to do!

But Grandpa was leaning forward, enchanted. "Do you hear that, Ann?" he said to his daughter. "My own voice." With the delight one takes in a toy, he put his hand on the machine, repeating, "My own voice." He looked at Nona. "Are they very expensive, girl, these machines?" he asked her. "Are they beyond the reach of the ordinary person?"

Behind him, Great-Aunt Ann began a lively dumb show of disapproval. What nonsense, Nona thought. Why shouldn't he have one if it amused him? Old age should be a time of frivolity, like the great ball on the eve of Waterloo. Ignoring her great-aunt, she answered, "Oh, no. Dozens of people have them. Young people have little ones as toys, even—though, of course, they are expensive for toys."

He leaned back in his chair, smiled, and set the tips of his fingers together. "I shall buy one," he said.

After the unusual effort of making a decision, he rested for a moment, wearing a contented look, while behind him Ann shook her head, tightened her lips, and frowned. Then he looked toward the machine again with



“Oh, I love my master.
I am unhappy when my master is not here.
I am happy when my master is here . . .”

• •

silent admiration. “Girl,” he said at length, “I’d like to think first what I’m going to say. I see that thing turning, and I can’t collect my thoughts to keep up with it.”

“If you like, Grandpa,” Nona said. “But it’s better to talk as you always do and forget about the machine if you can.”

“Suppose I make a mistake.”

“It doesn’t matter if you do. I can wipe it out easily enough. If I wind it back and press the button, it wipes out whatever you’ve said.”

He did not speak for a minute. “And you’re going to wipe this out when your friend has heard it?” he said finally.

The pause had been so long, his tone was so casual, that Nona knew the answer to this was important, though she did not know what the answer ought to be. In doubt and confusion, she decided on the truth. “No, he means to keep it,” she said, aware as soon as she saw the old man’s expression change that she had made a mistake. It was of his death that he had been thinking, and of his voice surviving his death.

As the old man’s determined air faded into a look of doubt, Great-Aunt Ann said, “Tell about the convicts. You know the stories your father used to tell—about that Miss O’Brien on horseback, and the convicts on foot, driving them over to Port Macquarie to be flogged.”

Gently astonished, he said, “I don’t know anything like that.” He paused, and framed a statement intended to dispose of the subject. “There may have been convicts. I never saw any,” he said.

That could not be true, Nona decided, thinking of Port Macquarie, not twenty miles to the north—a penal settlement, with its convict-built church and, behind the church pews, the red brick floor where the convicts used to stand during the service. Transportation would have stopped, of course, years before Grandpa was born, but there would still be convicts alive to stand there when he was a boy. He was lying, calmly and with authority, as adults lie to children.

So much for Mr. Blount’s oral history, Nona thought. Among her acquaintances, it was the fashion to take a frivolous tone when speaking of the transportation of convicts from Britain. One usually quoted the lines

> True patriots all, for be it understood
> We left our country for our country’s good.

She knew one or two people, even, who could advance to the end of the first verse, responding:

> And none will doubt but that our emigration
> Has prov’d most useful to the British nation.

How much closer to the truth, she thought, was Grandpa’s lie, which made transportation seem real and terrible beyond words.

“I THINK I can remember the journey from the Dingo to the Camden Haven,” the old man said to Nona. “Don’t you turn that machine on, girl, till I’m ready. Give me a little time.” He held the microphone in his lap.

“All the time you like, Grandpa,” she said. “Only don’t tire yourself.”

“We went by bullock wagon, of course. Four days it took us.”

“Four days for fifty miles,” said Aunt Ann, shaking her head.

“There were no bridges. No people, either, between Port Macquarie and the Camden Haven. We had to go to the head of every river, to ford it. And my mother quarrelled with my father—the only quarrel I ever remember between them, and over such a little thing. She would not set the table without a tablecloth. He set up a table, driving forked sticks into the ground and laying planks across, and then she would have a tablecloth. Angry she was, at leaving her home on the Dingo, having to begin again. I can see her yet, in her long skirts, climbing up on the load and opening the bundle of linen. . . . But she came to like Camden Haven. When the supply ship came in, she would walk down to the landing with four dozen eggs in a bucket, with me behind her, too small to carry a bucket, carrying eggs in a billycan.”

“Fourpence a dozen for eggs,” said Aunt Ann.

“But they didn’t give cash. You had to take the price of eggs in goods the ship brought. Two little sailing ships that came up the river with supplies. One of them was called the Root Hog or Die—because of the little waves, girl. Those choppy little waves in the river. She had to put her head down into them like a hog rooting.”

“Tell us more about your mother,” Nona said. She put her hand discreetly on the tape recorder, trying to have it admitted again to the conversation.

This time, the old man looked at it with a reserve in which there was some coolness. “She was a very ordinary person,” he said, removing his mother to a private room of memory out of reach of the machine, and the warmth and animation that had been in his voice and his expression as he told his story drained suddenly away. Now, as he sat concentrating, searching his memory, it was clear that he was really tired. His eyes became dull and his face strained with anxiety.

"It doesn't matter, Grandpa," Nona said, beginning to be anxious herself, but he did not seem to hear her. At a sign from her great-aunt, she began quietly to close the tape recorder.

He looked round at it sharply, in such distress that she left it alone. "Give me a minute, girl," he said. Returning to his drifting thoughts, he sat absent-eyed with his hands clenched. Now and then his lips moved as if he were about to speak, but their movement sketched not the word but its silent flight, and he would shake his head, discouraged again.

He will make himself ill, Nona thought with dismay.

"It was something about the Dingo Creek you wanted?" he said.

Tired, too, from watching his struggle and wanting only to release him from the task he had set himself, Nona would have shaken her head but for the thought that if he must rack his brains so it had better be for something concrete. "That would be very nice," she said.

"Of all the people living on the Camden Haven then," he said carefully, "I am the only one left alive." Then he was silent, until at last he seemed to seize on an idea and hold it fast, leaning forward in excitement. But it escaped him, and he sank back in absolute dejection.

"Another day, Grandpa," Nona said. He relaxed. She had discovered the words that released him from his anxiety. "Another day," she repeated, relieved of her worst fear—that he would exhaust his little remnant of life *in the effort he was making.*

"Girl, I wouldn't know what to tell you about it," he said with painful resignation. "It was just life, just ordinary living. There's nothing to tell."

Aunt Ann broke in on him. "It's time for your rest," she said.

"What a foolish life I've lived," he said. "A life of constant, senseless striving. When I was sixty, I had four farms and not a thought in my mind but to own five. What could a man want with five farms?" He seemed to be asking the question of himself. "And when I was a young man, it was to own my own bullock team. That filled my thoughts. I spent my days in the bush, splitting timber, to get together the money for a team. You could always sell split lumber before the sawmills came; that was what the supply ships took back to Sydney. Then working with a team, and paying half my wages every month to buy it. . . . Till I was seventy, I never stopped to ask myself why I was doing all that."

"You just lie down and have your nap on the sofa," Ann said in the tone of one who had heard it all a thousand times. "Nona can go across and visit her cousins."

"No, you stay there, girl," he said to Nona. "I won't sleep long." He gave her the microphone, then grasped her hand to lift himself out of his chair, took his stick, and crossed the room to lie down. As Nona put a rug across his knees, he closed his eyes and drifted into sleep.

"Auntie," she whispered. "Have I overtired him? I didn't mean to."

"Goodness, no. He always talks himself to a standstill if there's anyone to listen."

Aunt Ann didn't know everything about her father, Nona thought. She watched the old man breathing quietly and thought, with relief, that he was not going to die today.

"You ought to go over to the other house now," Aunt Ann said.

"But he asked me to stay."

"You'll be wanting a cup of tea then."

"No, thanks. I'll wait and have something at the other house," Nona said. A stiff drink, she added silently. How tired she was!

She was glad she had stayed, for soon the old man stirred and said, "Nona."

"Yes, Grandpa?"

"Nona, I remember. I remember waking up and hearing people move outside in the dark, and seeing a lantern swinging. They were loading the wagons, the night before we left for the Camden Haven. So that was on the Dingo Creek. The eleventh of December, 1875."

He closed his eyes. She thought he was asleep, but he opened them again and said, "You bring that machine back, one day, and I'll tell you all about it." —AMY WITTING

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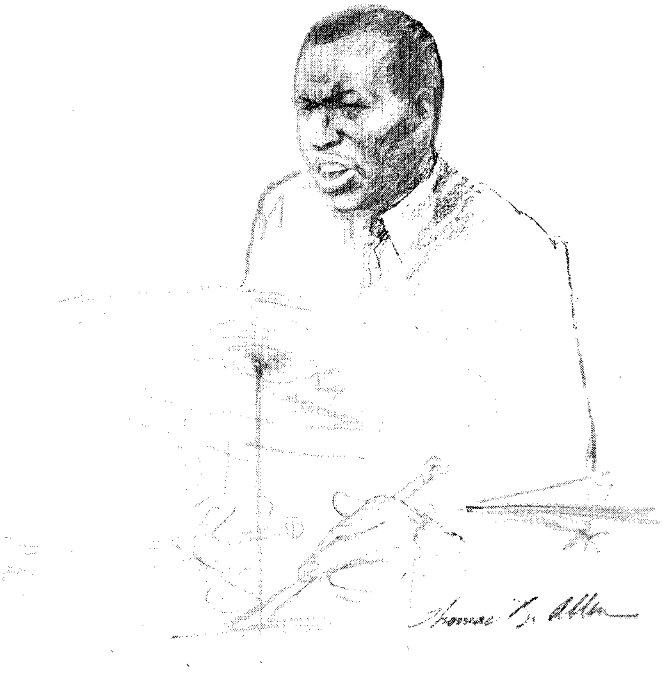
PROFILES

A WALK TO THE PARK

I WENT down to the Chelsea Hotel one afternoon a while ago to visit Elvin Jones, the unique and brilliant drummer, whose ferocity and originality and subtlety on his instrument have in the past six or so years changed the entire nature of jazz drumming and, to a degree, the nature of jazz itself. Jones is always a surprising performer, and often he is astonishing. During an immense number by the late John Coltrane's quintet at Philharmonic Hall several years ago, he developed such an ocean of accompanying sounds that he drowned the rest of the band, and not long after, at a celestial recording session with Earl Hines, Pee Wee Russell, Clark Terry, and half a dozen members of the Duke Ellington band, he turned about and demonstrated a Lord Chesterfield taste and aplomb. At the 1965 Newport Jazz Festival, in the middle of an afternoon devoted to drummers, he played a short, intense, almost slyly intricate solo that knocked the pins out from under a blue-chip platoon of colleagues that included Buddy Rich, Louis Bellson, Jo Jones, Art Blakey, and Roy Haynes, and next summer, at the Monterey Jazz Festival, he attempted to pull together a raggle-taggle pickup band led by Gil Evans and, failing, steamed off into his own labyrinthine patterns while the band limped behind. And for the past year or so he has led a small group at various New York clubs—Pookie's Pub (now defunct), Slugs', the Dom, and the Village Vanguard—with a freedom and explosive assurance that rank him with the greatest of drummers (Sidney Catlett, Jo Jones, Dave Tough, Chick Webb, and Buddy Rich) as well as with the handful of revolutionary jazz musicians (Louis Armstrong, Charlie Parker, Bud Powell, Ornette Coleman).

Jones met me in the hallway outside his first-floor room and ushered me in. The room was long and narrow and dark, and it was clearly a bachelor's nest. The bed hadn't been made, and on a small dining-room table were a box of Corn Flakes and a used cereal bowl with a spoon in it. The bed was flanked by night tables, on one of which was a Welch's Grape Juice jar full of water and on the other an overflowing ashtray and a copy of "The Voyage of the Space Beagle." The bureau was littered with aspirin and Band-Aids and a travelling clock, which had stopped. Wedged between a bass drum and a snare drum in a window alcove were a pair of shoes and a bow tie.



Elvin Jones

Jones rummaged around in a bureau drawer and pulled out what appeared to be a thick sheaf of hotel bills. "I'm the world's worst bookkeeper," he said, in a sturdy, rasping voice. "I've been living here for several months, and, man, the seventy-some dollars a week I pay is ex*pen*sive for me. And Pookie's Pub, where I'm at now, is not the highest-paying club in town. I make about scale, or about a hundred and fifty a week. This morning, I got a letter from my wife, who lives near the Haight-Ashbury district, in San Francisco—she's no hippie—and my kid, who is two, is sick again, which means more doctor bills. Everybody wants that bread all at once." He got down on his knees, pulled a box from under the bureau, and took out a copy of his newest album. He wrote something on the back of it and picked up one of the hotel bills. "Let me just lay this album on the man downstairs. Maybe it'll keep him quiet for two or three days." He opened the door and collided with a large chambermaid.

"How's your towels?" she asked. "There's always a 'No Disturb' sign on the door, so's I never can get in here."

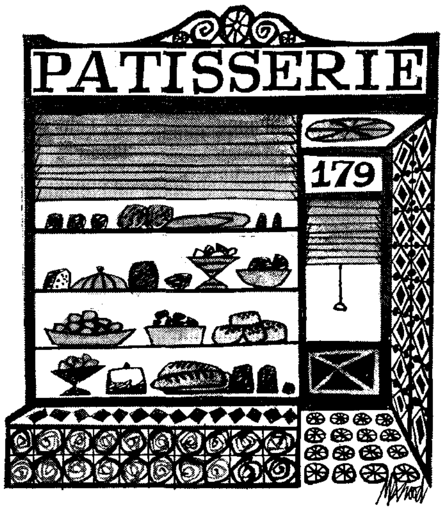
"I know it," Jones said, "but I forget it, and I'm not here that much to remember and take it off."

When he returned, the maid handed him some fresh towels. He put them on the table, then went into the kitchenette, got a bottle of Löwenbräu, and sat down on the bed. He picked up a package of French cigarettes and lit one. He was wearing a striped sports shirt, rumpled pipestem khaki pants, and unshined Italian shoes. He is an arresting-looking man. His head is large and his face is winged by his cheekbones. He has a generous mouth, a firm chin, and a broad smile, which is heightened by a missing canine tooth. His eyes flash. He is six feet tall and has wide shoulders and a Scarlett O'Hara waist, and he hasn't an ounce of fat on him. His hands are big, with long, thick fingers.

Jones puffed up a couple of pillows and stretched out on the bed. "There. The hecticism of the day is dying down. I've been uptown and back already. I don't get to bed until about four-thirty, but I wake up like a firecracker at ten-thirty. I guess that's what happens to you when you turn forty. But I take a nap around four or five in the afternoon and then I'm all right. Tomorrow morning, at nine-thirty, I have to go out to the Gretsch drum warehouse in Brooklyn and pick out some cymbals. I use K. Zildjians, which are made in Turkey. The last time I was out there, it took me a whole afternoon to find just one. I must have tested five hundred cymbals. My head was ringing for days." Jones waved his cigarette around. "I've been smoking these things since Duke Ellington, who was with a Norman Granz tour in Europe, sent for me. It was about a year and a half ago. I joined him in Frankfurt, and my stay with him lasted just a week and a half, through Nuremberg and Paris and Italy and Switzerland. I was new. It was difficult for the band to adapt to my style and I had to do everything in a big hurry, trying to adapt to them. Then the bass player started playing games with me by lowering and raising the tempos to make it look like I was unsteady, and finally I had to speak to him and he stopped. Hodges and Cat Anderson and Gonsalves and Mercer Ellington knew what was going on, but Duke didn't. And I guess I didn't connect with the anchormen, because they complained about my playing to Duke. I don't know whether Cootie, who kept giving me the fisheye, wanted me to call him Mr. Williams and shine his shoes or what. Also, Duke had a second drummer in the band and he was an egomaniac. So Duke and I talked at Orly Airport and I told him to send a telegram to Sam Woodyard and tell him to get himself over there, because he knew the whole book. I saw Duke later, after he'd found out what had been going on, and everything was fine—no sweat. He told me I could come back with the band any time I wanted. He's such a great man. Given more time under different circumstances—being left alone and all—it might have been a beautiful thing for me. After I left the band, I holed up in a hotel room and slept for three days. I didn't want the terrible headaches I'd had out on the Coast in my last days with Coltrane."

Jones swung his legs over the side of the bed and lit another cigarette. He held it cupped in his hands between his knees. His eyelids suddenly drooped, giving him a secret, almost drunken expression, and his voice became low and husky. "I joined John Coltrane in 1960. Of all the bands and all the people I've worked with, the six years with him were the most rewarding. It seemed that all my life was a preparation for that period. Right from the beginning to the last time we played together it was something pure. The most impressive thing was a feeling of steady, collective learning. Every night when we hit the bandstand—no matter if we'd come five hundred or a thousand miles—the weariness dropped from us. It was one of the most beautiful things a man can experience. If there is anything like perfect harmony in human relationships, that band was as close as you can come. You felt so close nobody ever wanted anything destructive to happen to anyone else. Coltrane was humble in the finest sense of that word. He was a man of deep thought. He would never say anything trivial. He was honest with people *and* with himself. He was religious. I think his grandfather was a Baptist minister. I'm a Baptist myself, but I quit going to church years ago. Yourself is the church.

"During my time with Coltrane, I could investigate my quest of how to play with other instruments. He left me absolutely alone. He must have felt the way I played, understood the validity of it. There was never any rhythmic or melodic or harmonic conflicts. At least, I never felt any, and you can spot those things coming a mile away. I was never conscious of the length of Coltrane's solos, which sometimes lasted forty minutes. I was in the position of being able to follow his melodic line through all the modes he would weave in and out of, through all the patterns and the endless variations on variations. It was like listening to a concerto. The only thing that mattered was the completion of the cycle that he was in. I'd get so excited listening to him that I had all I could do to contain myself. There was a basic life-force in Coltrane's solos, and when he came out of them you suddenly discovered you had learned a great deal. I didn't want to leave Coltrane, but the personnel had changed. He added another drummer, and I couldn't hear what I was doing any longer. There was too much going on, and it was getting ridiculous as far as I was concerned. I was getting into a whole area of frustration, and what I had to offer I felt I just couldn't contribute. I think Coltrane was upset, and I know in those last weeks I had a constant migraine headache."



Jones lifted his head and opened his eyes and cleared his throat. "When I heard about him being dead, I didn't believe it. Billy Greene, my piano player, called me early in the morning and told me. Later on, I called Bob Thiele, who recorded Coltrane, and he confirmed it. You know how you react when someone close and dear passes away—that bad feeling comes on you.

"But I've been very fortunate in the variety and number of great musicians I've worked with. When I started out in Detroit, in 1949, there were a lot of clubs and a lot of musicians working—Barry Harris, Billy Mitchell,

ANOTHER KIND OF BURNING

The south wind's molded by a spine of hill—
tree-dense, Appalachian—that from miles of woods
brings the scent of another kind of burning,
the fume of life, hair-thin, wrist-thick,
that last season's and the one before's and before that's
leaves resurrect,

and all the creeks composed of decomposings
comb the hillsides, shape roads. Three meet
where Back Creek crosses under a low
highway bridge. Among those who died here
was a boy

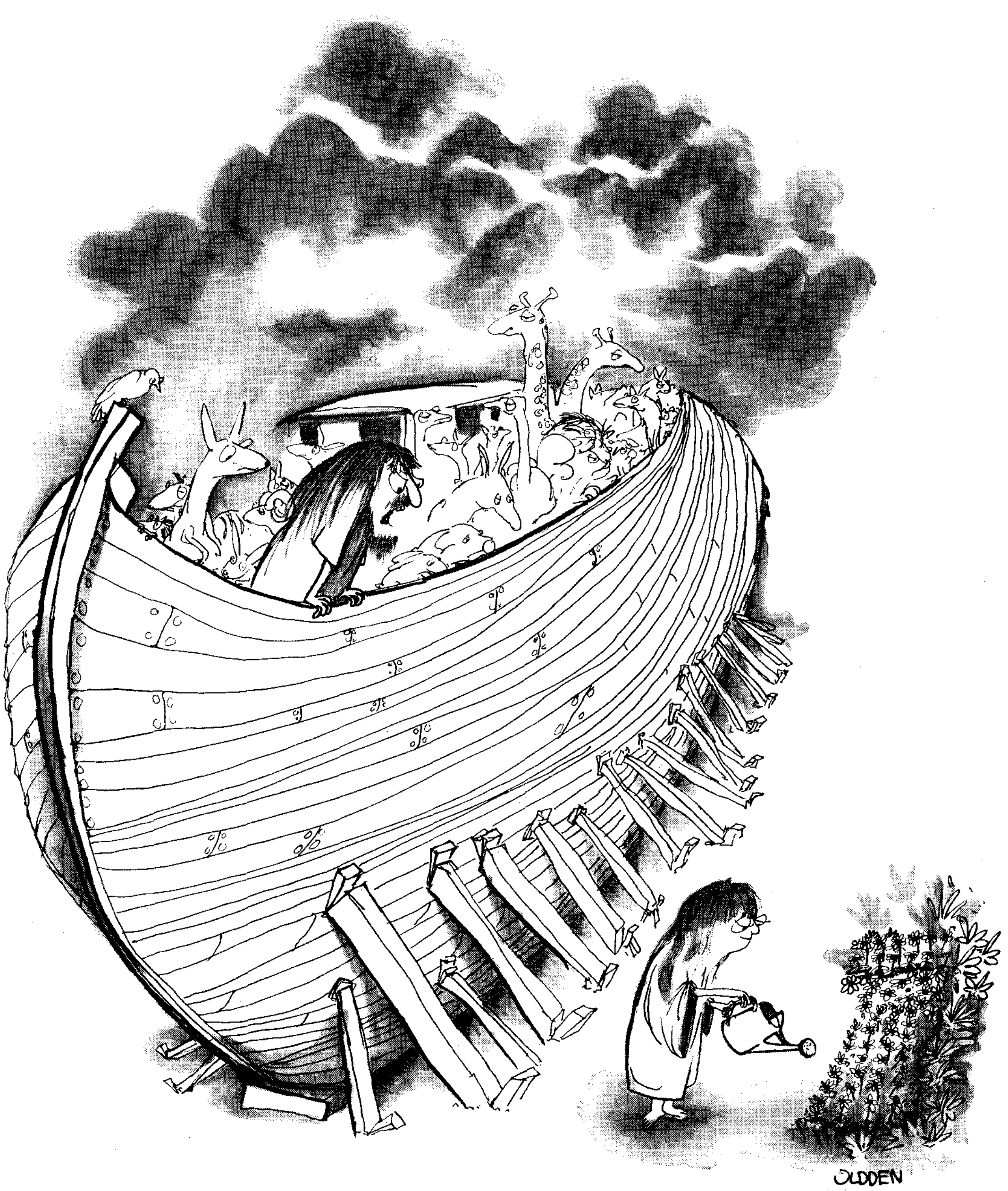
already caught by the same Heraclitean flux:
a father at sixteen in his mother-in-law's house,
driven out by women, driving too fast,
met at this crossroads
by the triple goddess.

The tracks of burning on the macadam's
what's left—that and
the wrist-thin, unbroken neck
of an infant now fatherless
in fact.

—Ruth Fox

• •

Paul Chambers, Kenny Burrell, Tommy Flanagan, Milt Jackson, and Doug Watkins. It was a revelation to me, because Pontiac, my home, was like out in the country. I got my first professional gig through Art Mardigan, the drummer, with a five-piece group in a bar on Grand River Street, and everything was fine until Christmas Eve, when it was time to get paid, and I looked out the window and it was snowing like hell and there was the piano player, who was also the leader, running down the street with all the money. So I went back to Pontiac and took a job in a little roadhouse that had a floor show with a Sophie Tucker-type singer. She didn't have *any* music in her, but she was the owner's sweetheart, and when she told him *I* didn't have any music in me I got fired. Then Billy Mitchell called me from Detroit and wanted me to come into the Blue Bird with him. It was a small place owned by three sisters and a brother, and it had delicious food. I stayed about three years. Tommy Flanagan came in on piano, and Thad, my brother, who'd been on the road or in the Army since 1939, came in on trumpet. Pepper Adams, the baritone saxophonist, sat in, and so did Sonny Stitt and Miles Davis and Wardell Gray. Then Thad went with Count Basie, and six months later I went into the Rouge Lounge. I also played a lot of concerts and all the after-hours places where you could jam. I don't know any other city like Detroit was then. It got behind its musicians and supported them. At the Rouge Lounge, I was working with Kenny Burrell backing Carmen McRae, and one afternoon Ed Sarkesian, who ran the place, got a call from New York from Benny Goodman, who was putting together a big band and wanted me to come and audition. Sarkesian was a great Goodman fan, and when I came to work that night he was ecstatic. His face was lit up like a Christmas tree. He told me about Goodman and then he asked me did I need any money, did I need any clothes, did I need anything at all, and I took off for New York the next day—right in the middle of the week. The audition was at the old Nola Studios, on Broadway and Fifty-second Street, and I walked in and the whole band was there. The only person I knew was my brother Hank, on piano. Budd Johnson was in the band, and I think Buck Clayton, but I didn't know them then. Benny wasn't there. They got out the music for 'Sing, Sing, Sing,' and if there's one number I've *never* liked that's it, and anyway they wanted all this heavy four-four time on the bass drum. We started, and I just didn't belong in it. Nothing came out right. Then, in the middle of the next number, the bass player had to leave, and I began noticing the guys in the band looking at their watches. When the audition ended, the manager gave me a nice pep talk and Benny called me later and thanked me for coming and gave me a lot of encouragement. But I didn't get the job. I did get a gig, though, in a quartet with Charlie Mingus and Teddy Charles and J. R. Monterose, the tenor player. There was never a dull moment with Mingus. Eccentric as he seems, it's mostly a put-on. He's really an almost shy man and he tries to be boisterous to cover it up. Half the time he's frightened of one thing or another, like a little boy. But when he stops talking and starts playing, the virtuoso, the genius, comes shining out. That's a different Mingus. We made a short tour to Newport and Toronto and Washington, but Mingus and Teddy Charles argued all the time, and so Mingus had one of his crazy ideas: I'll fire you, he told me, and then I'll quit, and we'll go to Cleveland and play with Bud Powell. We did. When Mingus left the



"*Woman, are you mad?*"

• •

"You don't fool me, Miss Corlis. You're a real person under that pretty face."

• •

group, Tommy Potter joined, and we stayed with Bud for a year and a half."

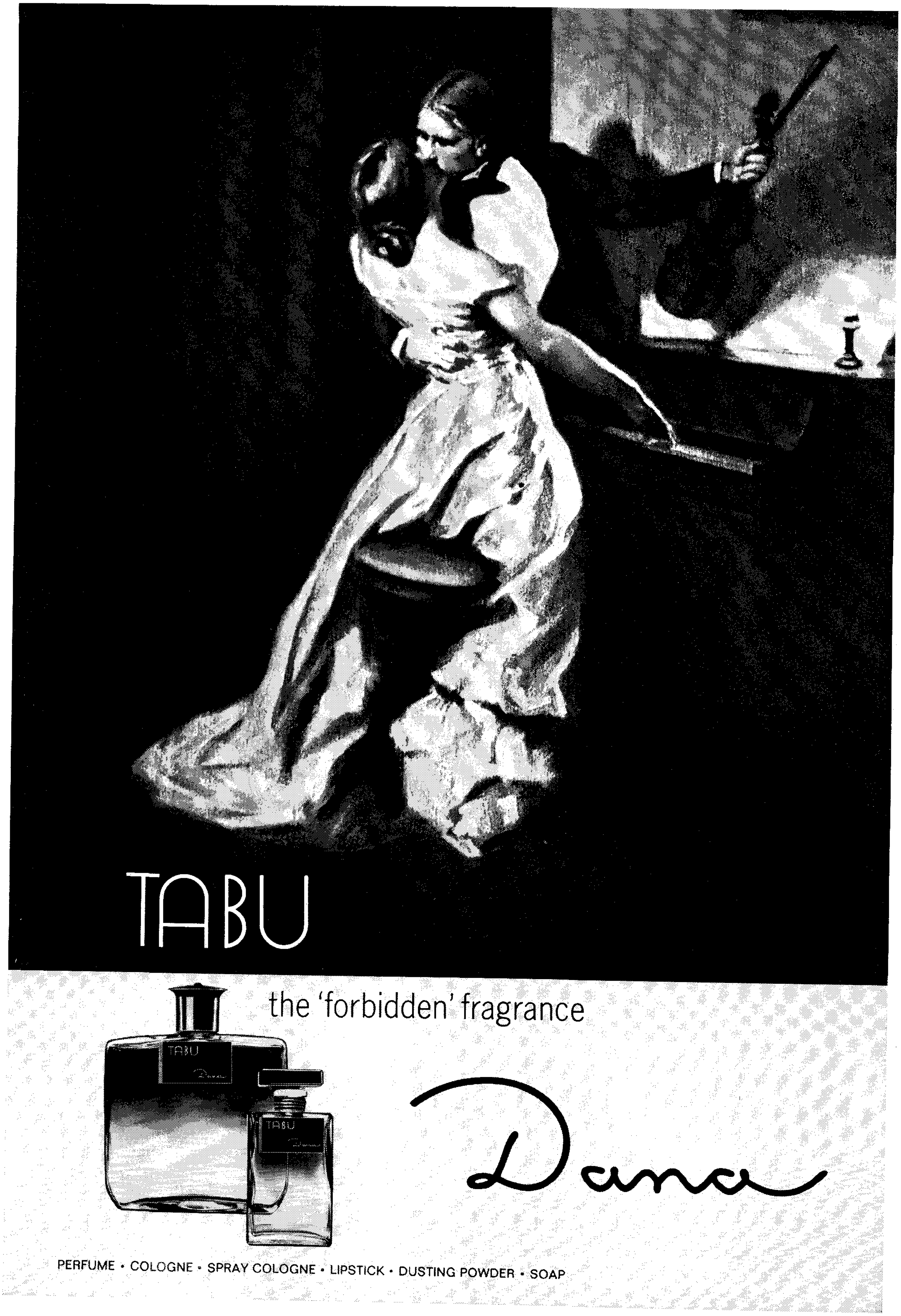
Jones sat up and said, "I'm hungry. Let me order a couple of sandwiches and some more beer." He telephoned and then got up and walked around the room.

"Bud was very shaky, very sick," he went on. "He was almost completely withdrawn, but we got along fine. It ended up that I became the leader and was consulted about setting up and various routines. And during the day I'd visit with him and take him to the movies or on long walks. He would open up and be very rational. His thing by then was alcoholism, and all he needed was a couple of drinks and he'd go berserk. I rationed him to two bottles of beer a day and he was all right. But every once in a while he'd get away from me—like once, when some people poured some wine into him and he was found the next morning in an alley in his underwear with even his shirt and tie stolen. Then, one night at Birdland, during an intermission, he took off and I didn't see him again for two years. Before he died, a couple of years ago, he came by an apartment I had on Sixteenth Street on my birthday and brought me an autographed picture of himself as a present. He was the most mistreated man I ever knew—by managers and bookers and club owners and police. Somebody told me that Cootie Williams believes Powell's troubles started when he was in Cootie's band in the forties and they were playing a gig in Philadelphia. Powell got drunk or something and was picked up by the police, and they beat him up so badly—mostly around the head, probably causing brain damage—that his mother had to come down from New York to get him. And he couldn't have been more than nineteen. Man, he never had a chance.

"After that, I worked with Tyree Glenn, and then with Sweets Edison. Sweets is a real cat, in the true meaning of the word. As slick as grease. Hip. And what a trumpet player, what a beautiful tone—a tone as pure as mountain water. There's no trumpet player living can play a ballad like Harry Edison. It was funny travelling with him. We had a contract to play a jazz festival in this resort at French Lick, Indiana, in I think it was October of 1959, and so all five of us—Jimmy Forrest, Tommy Potter, and Tommy Flanagan were also in the group—squeezed into this station wagon, and because there wasn't any room inside I tied my drums on top and we drove eight hundred miles non-stop through rain and hail—the drums out in it all—and when we get there we get the greeting 'Where have you been? You were supposed to play *yesterday*.' "

Jones laughed in a loose, swinging way. The sandwiches and beer arrived, and he spread his sandwich out beside him on the bed and put his beer on the floor. I asked him if he had ever had any trouble with drugs.

He looked hesitant. "I've had my turn," he said softly, and took a swallow of beer. "I guess it got started in 1949, after I came out of the Army and began going to Detroit. I developed a secret desire to see what everybody was enjoying so much. I wanted to be one of the crowd, to be hip, down, part of that image. Also, there are times when you just don't want to think of certain things. You want to escape from being a liberal or a conservative or a Democrat or a Republican or a Negro or anything else. You just want to live. And later I'd get in trouble when I wasn't working. I'd suffer from despondency and boredom and general depression. Slowly, you learn the delusions about what you think you are under drugs and what you really are. Whenever I was under the influence it would make me play terrible. It would make me sluggish and slow me down. It destroyed what could have been great performances. I've been drastically embarrassed by being high on the job. It was embarrassing to me and my associates. It seemed that I had let myself and my friends down—the people who depended on me. Oh, I wouldn't be hostile, but I'd sit there and go to sleep in people's faces when they talked to me or walk around in a kind of part oblivion. When drugs really get hold of you, you move into a whole different world—an area where you associate with nobody but other users. You're taking drugs and they're taking drugs and that's your relation-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the 'forbidden' fragrance
TABU
Dana
TABU
Dana
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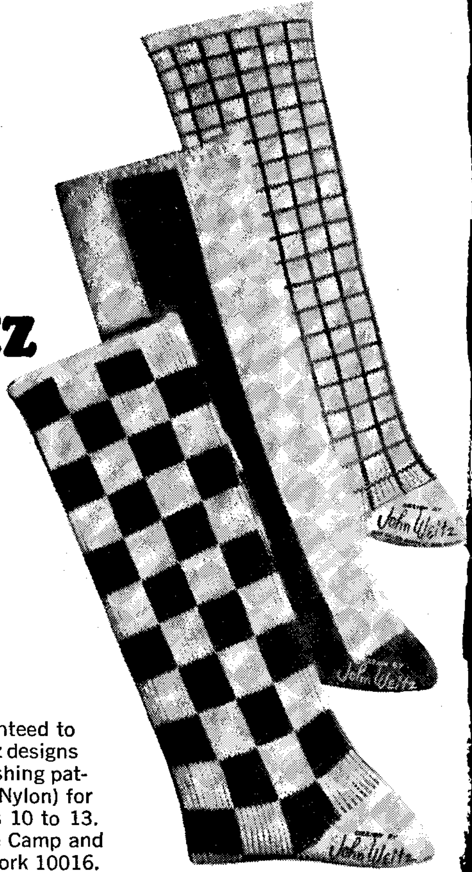

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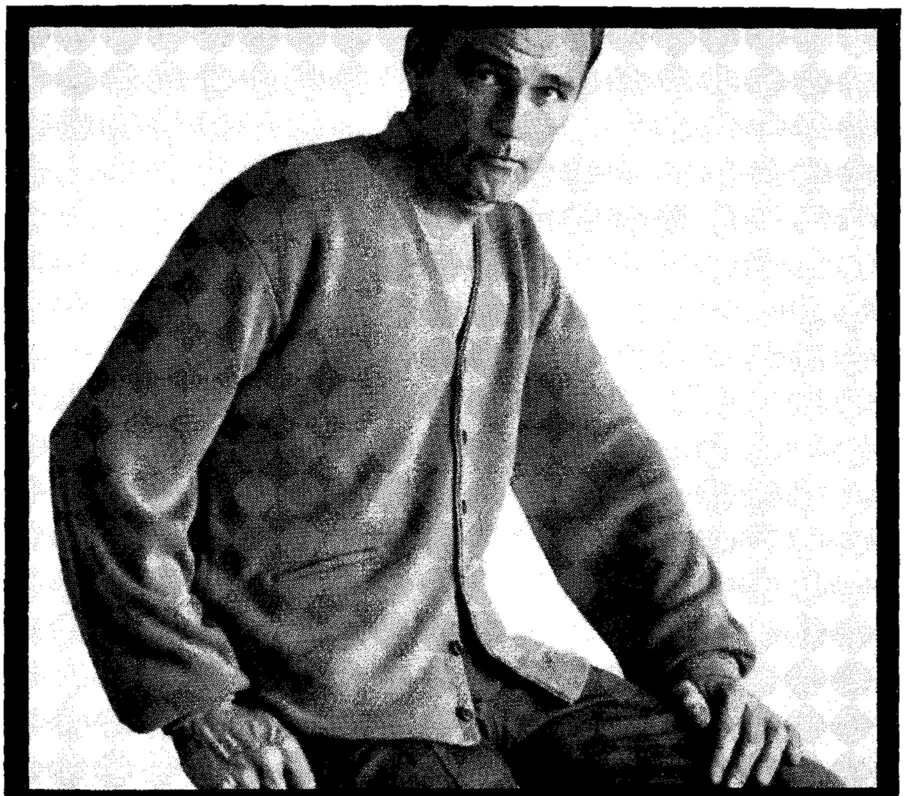

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ship, and you begin to think of them as friends, until you find out they're boosters or thieves or pimps or whatever. You suddenly discover you're involved in criminal activity, that you're about to get involved with the legal branch of the government, which happened to me in Detroit and happened to me again in New York in 1959. I'd been walking around the city all day and I had this little bag of heroin in my watch pocket. I'd been sniffing on it off and on. I'm all dressed up and I go to a hotel on Forty-ninth Street to visit a friend who'd played with Lionel Hampton, and I forget all about that little bag in my pocket. I get in the lobby and this guy sticks a gun in my back and tells me to come upstairs. It was a cop. When I get to my friend's room, there are other cops, and they've got him stripped and up against the wall and they're going over his clothes like a vacuum cleaner. I think they found some benzies—nothing worse than that. Then they started patting me down and they find the bag, and that's it. Man, I felt queer—like I was suspended in the air in that room, watching all this happening down below to two cats I never saw before."

Jones crumpled his sandwich wrapper and put it in the ashtray on one of the bedside tables. "They sent me to Rikers Island for six months. That was depressing, being locked up, and particularly being locked up with all those repeaters. Those guys have worked out this life where they go out in the streets for six months or so and hustle or push and then they get busted and are sent back to Rikers Island, probably to the same job they had before, and after they've eaten three meals a day and gotten their health back and their terms are up they go back to the streets until they get busted again. But what was worst about it was the rats. I have a great fear of rodents. These guys would take food and candy and stuff into their cells, and at night—there wasn't much light—the rats would come and I'd stay up half the night watching and trying to keep them away from me. So that was the last time for me. I've been clean ever since, and I intend to stay that way. I'm not going to abuse myself, I'm not going to get in that groove. I was never on the stuff more than six or seven months altogether in all those years, and in a way I'm glad it happened. I learned from it. I also learned that I could never get a cabaret card to work clubs in New York. I filled out all the forms I don't

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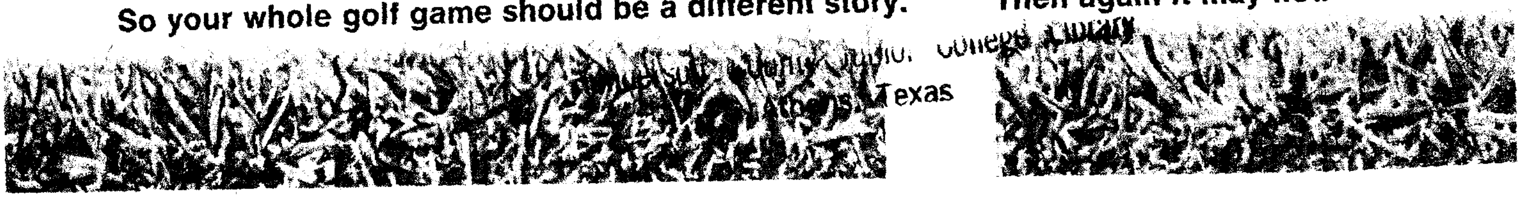

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know how many times and nothing, no card. So what I finally did was go down there and apply under the name of Ray Jones—Ray is my middle name—and I got one. Of course, now they've wiped out the cabaret-card law, which is the best news I've heard in years."

AROUND eight that evening, I picked Jones up at the Chelsea after his nap, and we took a cab down to Sayat Nova, an Armenian restaurant on Charles Street. He looked refreshed. He had changed into dark pipestem pants, a clean tan button-down shirt without a tie, and a vest-like cardigan sweater. "I wish my wife would come on East," he said, "but she hates New York. She won't live here. She came from North Dakota and she's smart—college-educated—and sensitive and calm. I get lonely." Jones laughed. "One thing—I was never lonely when I was a kid. I was the youngest of ten children, and I was a twin, an identical twin. But when my brother and me were eight or nine months old we got the whooping cough, and he died. His name was Elvin *Roy*. I can remember the little wooden box sitting on a table in the parlor. I have been challenged on this but have proved it by pointing out the exact spot where the coffin was, so it wasn't just that I was told about it later. My oldest sister and the oldest of all the children, Olivvia, drowned when she was twelve. There was a lake down at the end of our street and she was skating and fell through the ice. The kids she was with got frightened and ran home and nobody told my mother until late that night, and they went and found her under the ice. She was very talented. She was already composing music and, even at her age, giving piano lessons. My brother Hank was born next, and there was Melinda and Anna Mae and Thad. Right above me was Edith and Paul and Tom. Edith still has our house in Pontiac, and she has four children. It's a big old place with three stories and eighteen rooms.

"My father came from Vicksburg, Mississippi, and he died in 1949. He was about six feet four and very lean. He was a lumber inspector for General Motors and a deacon of the Baptist church, as well as a bass in the choir. I'm told I resemble him more than any of the other boys in the family. To me he was a very fine man. His example was in his living. The way he lived—he was as straight as could be—made you want to be like

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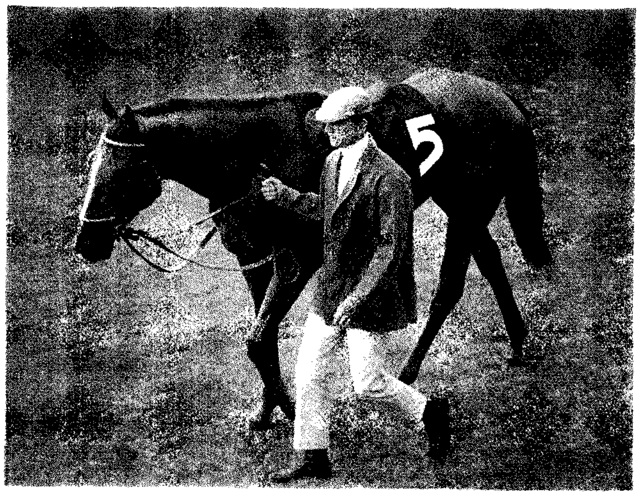

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him. He loved to bake. He was up at four every morning and he'd go down to the kitchen and start our breakfast and sometimes pack our lunches. He'd pour coffee into this enormous cup, and when I came down he'd let me drink the spilled coffee in the saucer. Twice a week he'd make a big three-layer cake and put some of my mother's jelly—mulberry or blackberry or strawberry—between the layers. And he'd bake bread and gingerbread. My brother Tom and I would take a piece of gingerbread and make it into a hard ball and I'd put it in my pocket and when we went out we'd pretend it was chewing tobacco. I'd break off a piece and ask Tom, 'Here, you want a plug?' or 'You want a chew?' He'd stick it in his cheek and bulge it out and we'd break up. My mother was a big warm woman and the greatest lady in the world. She gave me every kind of encouragement. She'd tell you to make up your mind at what you wanted to do and then just *do* it. When I finally decided I wanted to be a musician, that was it to her. But she tried to make you into a man before anything else, so that you learned how to take care of yourself, you learned how to survive. That was especially valuable to me in the beginning as a musician. She died of a heart attack in 1951. She had a weak heart but she never let on and she'd never go to doctors."

AT Sayat Nova, Jones ordered a beer and egg-lemon soup and shish kebab. "I never learned any prejudices at home," he said. "In fact, I never knew anything about that until the Army. Our schools were unsegregated, and my father and mother taught us you met people as individuals, that you judge a man as a man. They both came from Mississippi, so they must have had good reason to think differently, but they didn't pass any of it down to us. I grew up in the Depression, and I guess we were lucky, because my father always worked. There was plenty of food even though I never saw any *money*. We weren't allowed to go to the movies, because it cost ten cents. And instead of toys from a store I'd go into the woods near our house and make a slingshot or a bow and arrow.

"I quit school after the tenth grade and went to work at General Motors in the truck-and-coach division, unloading boxcars and stacking assembled motors. I already knew how to do everything in the dry-cleaning line. I had gone to work in my uncle's dry-cleaning shop when I was six or sev-

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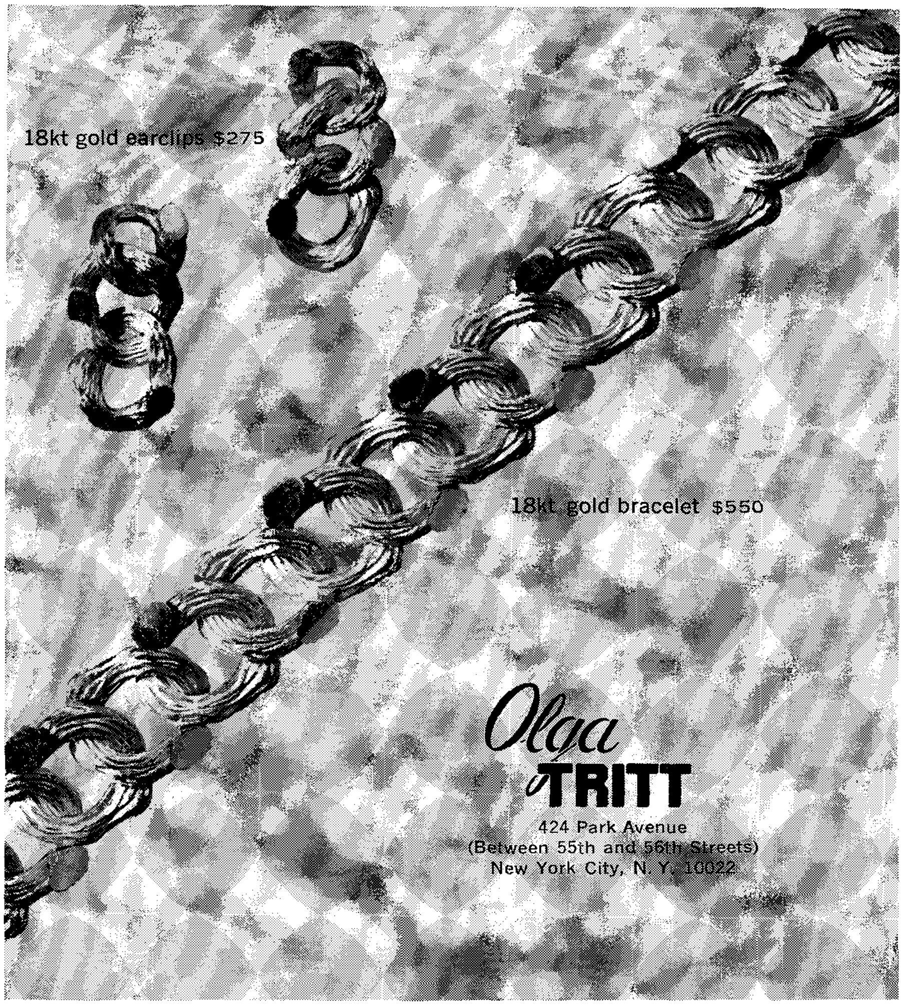
en. School didn't give me what I wanted. The only interests I had there were music and recreation—sports. I was on the track team, and I set records that still stand. I could high-jump six feet, and I ran the four-forty and could do the hundred-yard dash in nine-five. It would take me nine *minutes* now.

"I started playing drums in junior high. I got a practice pad and sticks and a Paul Yoder method book. When I first looked at those notes it seemed so complicated. I didn't have the least idea of note evaluation. I asked a kid I went to school with about it. He took private lessons for fifty cents and I thought he must be rich. He taught me about whole notes and half notes and quarter notes, and suddenly it dawned on me. I walked around all the time counting—a-one, a-two, a-three, a-four. I went through the whole book and I learned all twenty-six rudiments. I learned that book upside down and back and forth. I was moved from the junior-high marching band up to the high-school band, and in a week I was in the first chair. If anybody really influenced me on drums it was the band director, Fred N. Weist. He made me to realize that the drum is not something to bang on, that it is not a round disc to be pounded. He told me you can hear incoherent sounds in a traffic jam and that music should go far beyond the reproduction of traffic jams. We had quite a collection of records at home, and I'd try and play along with them. It was very unsatisfactory, but I learned how valuable it is to keep time, that that is the drummer's primary function."

Jones spooned up some soup and doused the bowl with pepper. "I listened to all the drummers I could, on records and in person. I'd hear Buddy Rich, say, do something on a record and I'd wonder if he was doing that snare-drum pattern with one hand or two, and finally I'd get a chance to *see* him, with Tommy Dorsey, and I discovered he was using two hands. I saw Jo Jones with Basie, and on records I heard Chick Webb. He takes a little solo at the beginning of 'Liza,' which was made, I believe, around 1938, and it's so melodic and clean and modern it's unbelievable. It could have been recorded last week. I heard Sid Catlett on 'Salt Peanuts' with Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker, and he was flowing and flawless. And I listened to Dave Tough and Max Roach and Kenny Clarke and Tiny Kahn. I began to develop my theories on drums. I figured that a lot of things drum-



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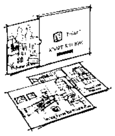

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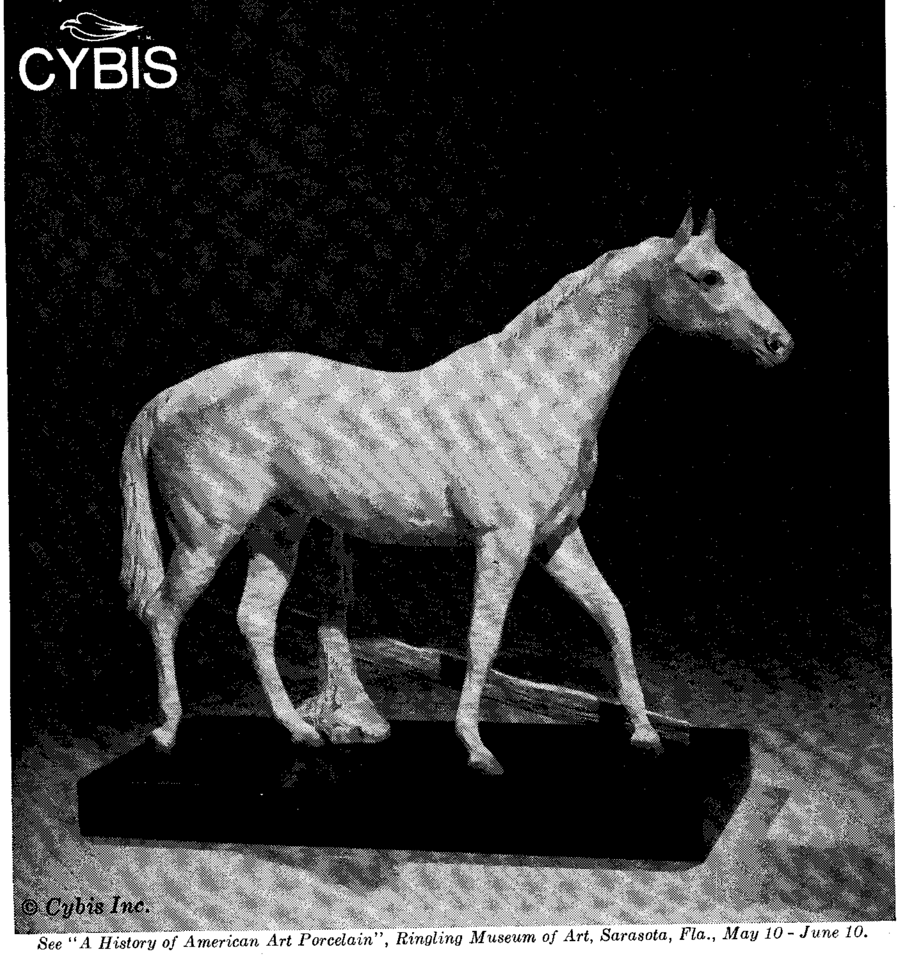

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mers were doing with two hands could be done with one—like accents with just the left hand on the snare, so you wouldn't have to take your right hand off the ride cymbal. And it didn't seem to me that the four-four beat on the bass drum was necessary. What was needed was a *flow* of rhythm all over the set. I never learned any tricks, anything flashy—like juggling sticks or throwing them in the air. That kind of thing stops me inside. After all, Artur Rubinstein doesn't play runs on the piano with his chin."

Jones doused his shish kebab with pepper and ordered another beer. "Of course, I learned from my brothers Hank and Thad. When Hank came home in the forties from being on the road with Jazz at the Philharmonic, I'd ask him a lot of questions. He'd tell me different things to listen for in a performance, or he'd tell me to get my wire brushes and play along with him. You don't realize how much you are learning at times like that until much later, when it hits you like post-hypnotic suggestion. I didn't see much of Thad until he joined our band in Detroit. Both Hank and Thad are C.B.S. staff musicians now, and they live in New Jersey. We don't see each other that much, but we're close, particularly in times of crisis, when there seems to be a kind of telepathy between us. To me, they're both perfect. I don't know anything bad about them. Hank is the greatest pianist in the world and Thad is the greatest trumpet player. Hank has stubby fingers and hands, but they spread out like wings when he plays. He doesn't feel right if he doesn't practice three or four hours a day. I can understand that. He wants to have that response when he needs it.

"Around 1946, when I was nineteen, I took off for Boston with my brother Tom and a friend. I worked in a dry cleaner's there, and then I went down to Newark, New Jersey, by myself and enlisted in the Army. They sent me to eight weeks of music school at Fort Lee, Virginia, after basic training, and then I was sent to Columbus, Ohio. Part of the time I travelled all over the country with a Special Services show called 'Operation Happiness,' but I was a stagehand rather than a drummer. I went along just to watch. And I began to play at dances on the post and I gained confidence. I never got that many compliments and I never got that much criticism. The men I played with liked me enough not to repudiate my shortcomings. They wouldn't do anything deliberately to hurt me. You

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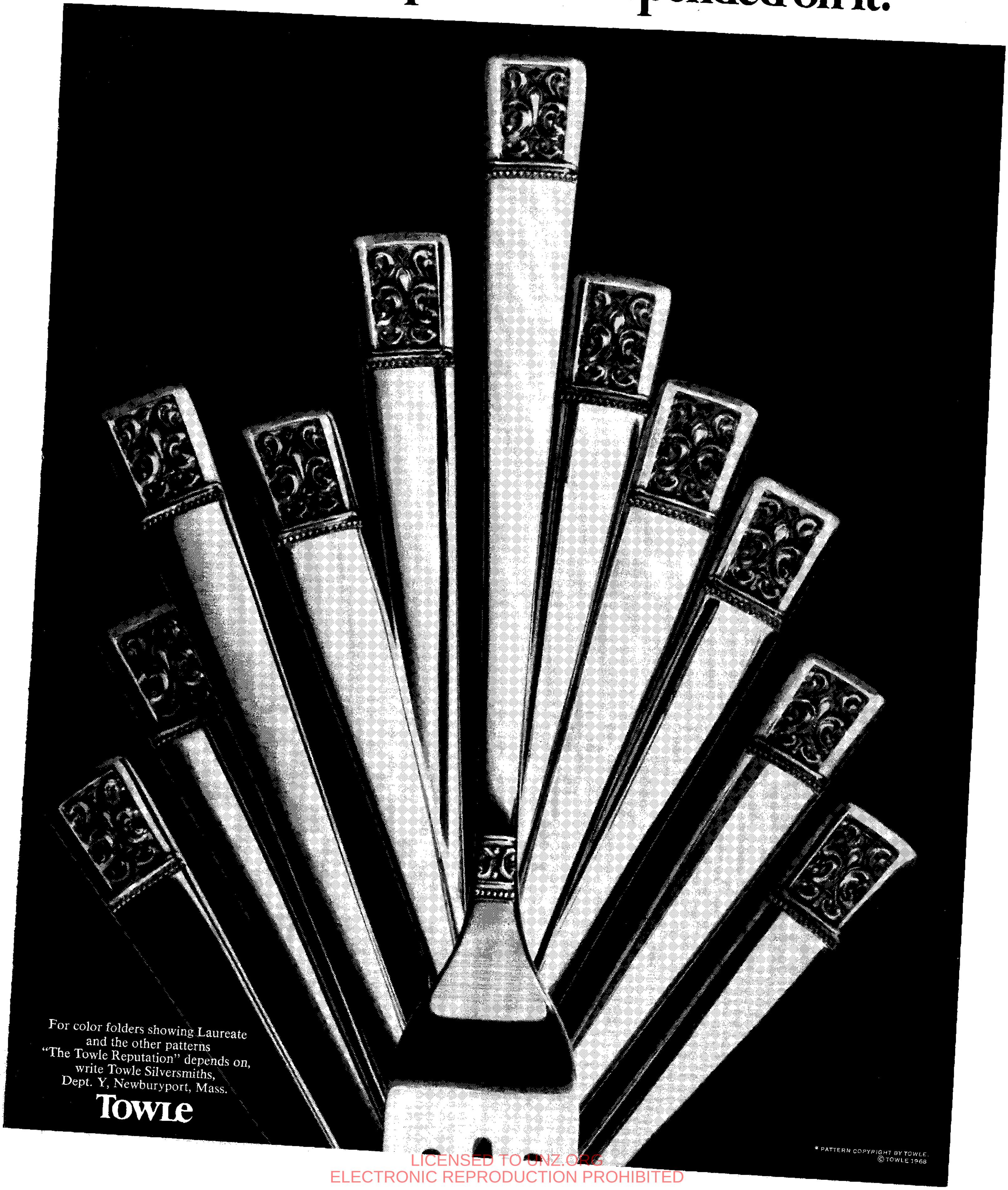

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give kindness to human beings, you allow them to grow."

Jones took a sip of Armenian coffee, and I looked at my watch. It was going on ten. "We'd better get down to Pookie's," he said. "The owner is nervous, and he gets upset if I'm not on the stand by ten. Maybe he's nervous because he just got married. Before I got married, six years ago, I asked my wife—we'd been pretty close—if she would change afterwards. 'Oh, no. Oh, no.' Man, the words 'I pronounce you man and wife' were still ringing around the room when she started telling me to do this, do that." He laughed, and went up the stairs from the restaurant two at a time. We found a cab on Charles Street.

"My drums are my life," Jones said, resting his head against the back of the seat. "Sometimes what happens to you during the day affects your ability and shows up in your work. But once you get to your set, you can obliterate all the troubles, which seem to fall off your shoulders. If you aren't happy before, you are when you play. Playing is a matter of spontaneity *and* thought, of constant control. Take a solo. When I start, I keep the structure and melody and content of the tune in my mind and work up abstractions or obbligatos on it. I count the choruses as I go along, and sometimes I'm able to decide in advance what the pattern of a whole chorus will be, but more often five or six patterns will flash simultaneously across my mind, which gives me a choice, especially if I get hung up, and I've had some granddaddies of hangups. If you don't panic, you can switch to another pattern. I can see forms and shapes in my mind when I solo, just as a painter can see forms and shapes when he starts a painting. And I can see different colors. My cymbals will be one color and my snare another color and my tomtoms each a different color. I mix these colors up, making constant movement. Drums suggest movement, a conscious, constant shifting of sounds and levels of sound. My drumming can shade from a whisper to a thunder. I'm not conscious of the length of my solos, which I've been told have run up to half an hour. When you develop a certain pattern, you stay with it until it's finished. It's just like you start out in the evening to walk to Central Park and back. Well, there are a lot of directions you can take—one set of streets going up, then in a certain entrance and out another entrance and back on a different set of streets. You come back and maybe take a hot bath and have some dinner

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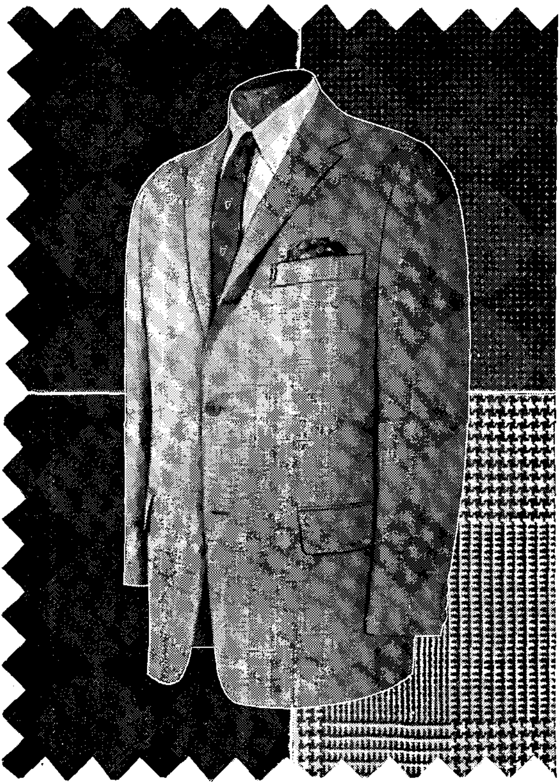

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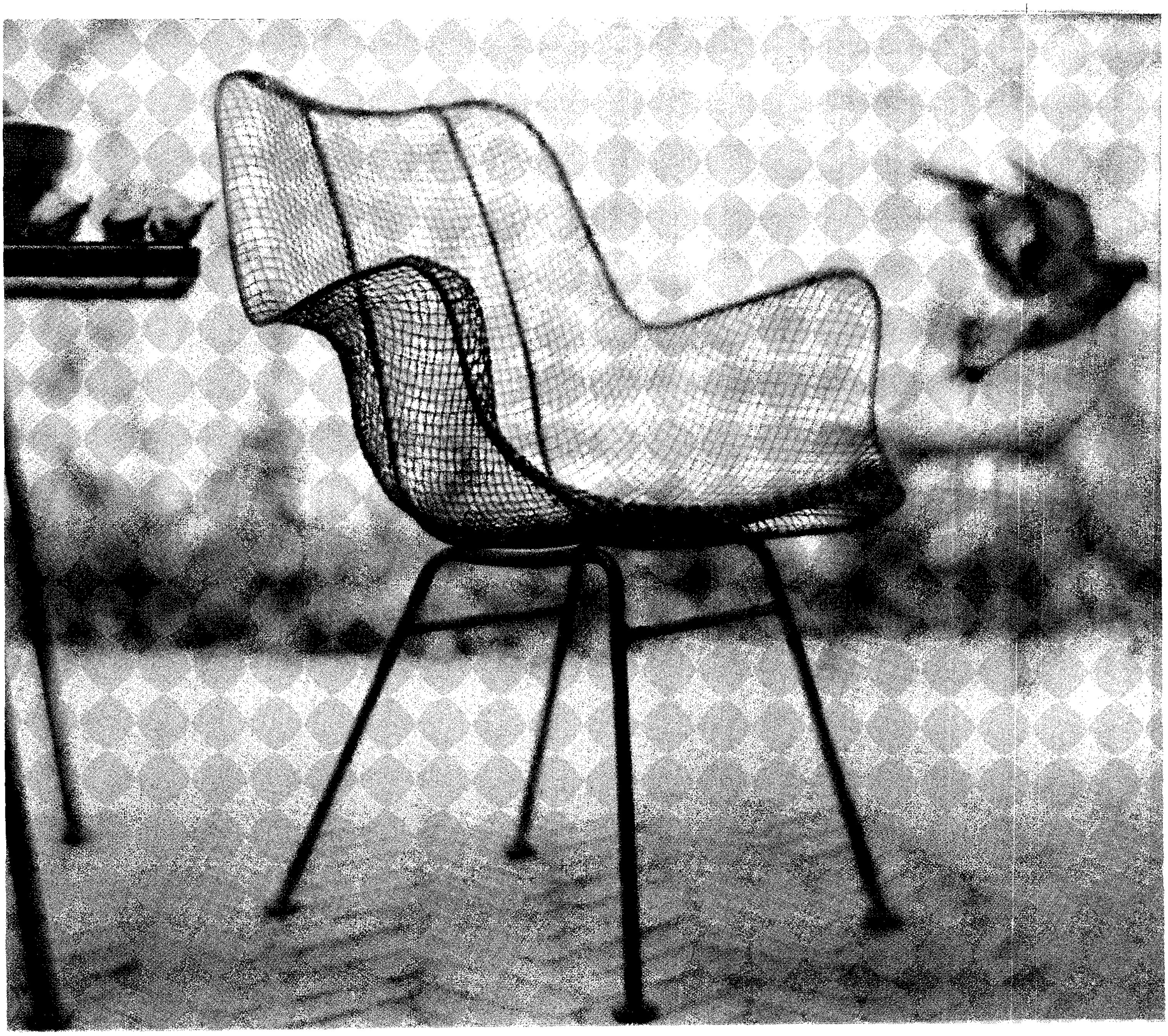

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and read and go to bed. You haven't been somewhere to lose yourself, but to go and come back and finish your walk."

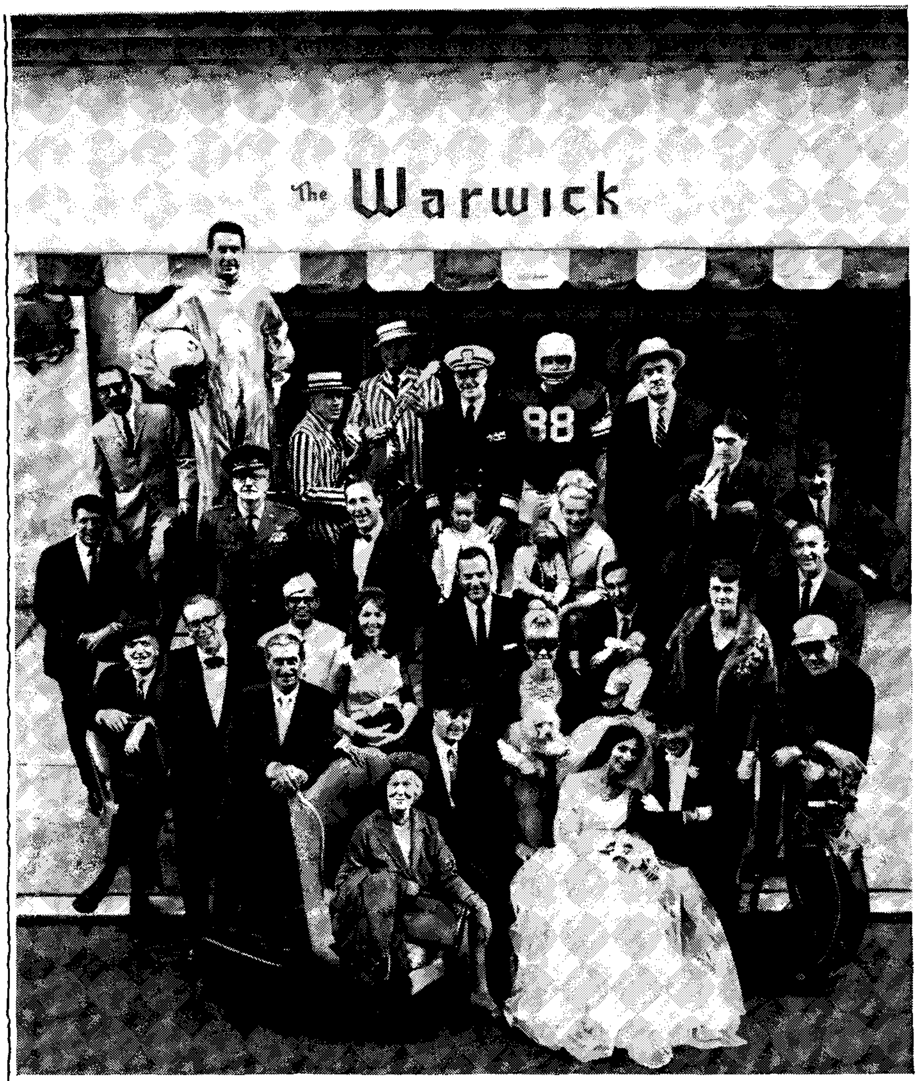
POOKIE'S PUB was on the northeast corner of Hudson and Dominick Streets, a block north of the Holland Tunnel and a block south of the Half Note, a bar and spaghetti palace with jazz.

Jones groaned as he got out of the cab, for the owner of Pookie's Pub was striding back and forth in front of it. He buttonholed Jones and talked intensely into his ear. I could hear the words "time" and "late" and "people inside." Jones said softly, "Now, man, cool it. Don't bug me. When I *get* here, I *work*." The owner charged through the door, and Jones raised his eyebrows and laughed. We followed the owner in.

Pookie's was long and narrow and dusty-looking. A bar was on the left and banquettes were on the right, with closely packed tables between. At the rear, between the end of the bar and the men's room, was a tiny, jerry-built bandstand, two feet above the floor. Jones headed for the stand, and the rest of his quartet—Billy Greene, Joe Farrell (tenor saxophone), and Wilbur Ware (bass)—got up from a table and followed.

Jones' drums were strictly functional. They included an eighteen-inch bass drum, two tomtoms, a snare drum, two ride cymbals, and a high-hat. He hung his sweater on a hook by the upright piano, sat down, and tapped his way around the set with his fingers. He tightened his snares and his bass drumhead and picked up a pair of sticks. Then he looked at Farrell, said something, counted off, and the group went into a medium-tempo blues.

Jones and Sidney Catlett are probably the most sensitive and daring accompanists jazz has ever known. Catlett depended for his lift and push on a steady four-four beat on the bass drum, a light one-two-three beat on the ride cymbal, and a series of simple, ingeniously placed left-hand accents on the snare drum. His accompanying was statuesque and precise. Jones is a wild man in comparison. It's as though he had taken the methods of Catlett and his students (Max Roach, Art Blakey, Philly Joe Jones), put them in a bag, shaken it violently, and poured the blend into his own unique mold. The center of Jones' beat, which is as commanding as Catlett's, shifts continually. Sometimes it is in his constantly changing ride-cymbal strokes and sometimes



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Just how good are common stocks?
–or–
How does a return of 9.3% sound to you?

Whether or not you own common stock, you may be in for a surprise before you finish these pages. The reason: some just-released figures about buying common stocks on the New York Stock Exchange.

The figures are to appear in the next issue of the *Journal of Business,* published by the University of Chicago Press. They're the latest findings from the Center for Research in Security Prices, which has been spinning its computer tapes for almost a decade in the most exhaustive analysis of the stock market in history.

The forthcoming report measures how common stocks as a whole have performed on the New York Stock Exchange over a period of 40 years. Thus, it establishes a bench mark for evaluating the success or failure of any investment program.

What about the odds for profit?

An earlier study from the Center (see box, right) analyzed *probabilities* of making money in the market. It startled the investment world by reporting that a hypothetical investor, choosing single stocks *at random* from the Big Board list, and choosing purchase and selling dates *at random* in the period from 1926 to 1960, would probably have made money *three out of every four times. Doubled his money half the time!*

The new study focuses on overall stock market *performance,* in terms of rates of return on investment, beginning and ending in any year from 1926 to 1965. Not the performance of any selected group of stocks, but of all the common stocks ever listed on the New York Stock Exchange during that period. Good times and bad, war and peace, bull markets and bear.

Read the highlights. Then clip coupon for a copy of the full report.

For the results of the new study to be meaningful, you've got to start with a few ground rules.

The new study: guidelines

There were 1,856 common stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange at one time or another during the 40 years studied.

The Center put on computer tape the prices for every one of those stocks at every month-end over the forty years, *adjusting* the prices to reflect splits, spin-offs, stock dividends, rights, mergers and consolidations, so the prices would be strictly comparable throughout the whole period. All cash dividends went on the tape, too.

Then the question was posed: What if you had put an equal sum of money in *each* of the stocks at the beginning of each of those 40 years, and reinvested all the dividends?

If you did—what would your holdings be worth at the end of every succeeding year? Just how much would you have made or lost?

Some highlights

1. If you had bought the stocks in January, 1926, and held on through December, 1965, your average rate of return would have equaled 9.3% per year, compounded annually. That's after counting round-lot commissions on your purchases, but not considering taxes on dividends or on your final capital gain. Just for the record, $1,000 compounded annually at 9.3% amounts to $35,000 in 40 years!

2. For the postwar period, the 20 years from December of 1945 to December of 1965, you would have done even better – 12.6% per year, compounded annually.

3. Out of the total of 820 possible time periods covering every combination of years from 1926 through 1965, you would have had a *loss* in only 72 periods. And, naturally, most of these losses occurred in the Depression years. The three *longest* negative periods, measuring from year-end to year-end: the 14 years from 1927 to 1941, the 14 years from 1928 to 1942, and the 12 years from 1929 to 1941.

4. In the postwar period, you would have shown a profit in 95% of all the 210 possible year-to-year periods. There was no interval of more than four years in which you would have earned a rate of return of less than 7%, no ten-year period in which you would have earned less than 11%.

5. From December, 1960, to December, 1965 – despite a loss in the year 1962—you would have earned an average rate of return equal to 15.9% per year, compounded annually.

"All of that sounds just great, but I can't invest an equal amount of money in all the stocks on the Exchange. What do your figures mean to me?"

Good question. The answer is found in the study itself: An investor who selected stocks at random would, on the average, have had the same results in terms of final wealth as the hypothetical investor we have been talking about here.

Nobody can promise you a thing when it comes to the stock market, of course. Certainly, past performance provides no guarantee of the future. And, as a practical matter, most individual investors cannot economically reinvest their dividends. But the record of history – particularly a record as carefully compiled as this one – should not be dismissed.

"What about the tax bite?"

We've quoted the rates of return in a form that lets you compare them with rates of return from other investment media – savings banks that pay compounded interest, for example. In

Highlights of Previous Study on Stock Market Probabilities

This study, published in 1965, sought to determine a hypothetical investor's chances of making a profit by choosing stocks at random during the 35-year period from 1926 to 1960.

In other words, how you probably would have done if you exercised no judgment. If you had merely fired darts at the stock pages of your newspaper to choose your stocks—and at calendars to determine when you bought and when you sold.

At the Center for Research in Security Prices, Prof. Lawrence Fisher figured how you would have made out if you had bought every stock on the New York Stock Exchange at the end of every month from January, 1926, to December, 1960, reinvested dividends—and then sold the stock in each and every succeeding month.

Take General Motors, for example. Dr. Fisher assumed that you bought GM in January of 1926 and sold in February, bought in January and sold in March, bought in January and sold...in every month right up through December of 1960—a total of 419 combinations. Then the researchers went back and assumed you bought GM in February of 1926—and sold in March, sold in April, sold in May, and so on through December, 1960.

For GM—or any other common stock listed for the whole period—that meant 87,990 possible combinations of monthly purchases and sales throughout the 35 years. For *all* the common stocks on the New York Stock Exchange during all or any part of that period, it meant 56,557,538 possible transactions!

Conclusions

If you had been our hypothetical investor, here is what you might have expected on average if you had bought single stocks by purely random selection:

- You would have made a profit on *78 percent* of your transactions. Odds of better than three to one. Of course, you would have lost 22 percent of the time.
- Your median rate of return would have been 9.8% per year, compounded annually.
- On more than half of your transactions, you would have at least *doubled* your money.
- Over two thirds of the time, your rate of return would have exceeded 5% per year, compounded annually.
- Almost one fifth of the time, your rate of return would have been 20% per year, compounded annually.
- Losses of 20 percent per year occurred only about eight times in a hundred; losses of more than 50 percent less than two times in a hundred.

other words, they are the rates that would have applied before taxes.

But Lawrence Fisher and James H. Lorie—the professors who conducted this research job—are very patient and meticulous men. Their study also shows exactly how you might have made out *after* Federal taxes, in each of the 820 possible periods. First, assuming you had filed a joint return on a taxable income equal to $10,000 in 1960, then, assuming you had an income equal to $50,000 in 1960, and comparable incomes in other years.

The results for each category of investor are also shown *with* reinvestment of dividends, *without* reinvestment, even ignoring dividends! All told, there are *eighteen* separate tables. (Clip coupon for your free copy.)

Over the full 40-year period—*after paying commissions and Federal taxes* (and counting dividends but *not* reinvesting them)—our $10,000-a-year man would still have realized an average rate of return equal to 6.9% per year, compounded annually. On the same basis, our $50,000-a-year man would have realized 6.1%. The comparable returns for the postwar years: 10.4% and 8.5%.

"Are you trying to tell me that you can't lose buying common stocks?"

By no means. People have lost their shirts in the market, and everybody knows it. In the single year of 1962, the average rate of return was negative—minus 13.3%. During the Great Depression of the early thirties, and during the recession of 1937-38, losses on common stock were frequent. But you can't ignore the study's conclusion that you could have made money in 91% of all the 820 possible year-to-year holding periods from 1926 to 1965, ex taxes.

"How does the rate of return on stocks stack up against other ways I might have invested my money?"

Another good question. Four years ago, a preliminary study concerning rates of return in the stock market, 1926 to 1960, disclosed that common stocks yielded rates of return substantially higher than alternative investment media for which comparable data were available.

Specifically, Fisher and Lorie pointed out that savings in commercial banks, mutual savings banks, and savings and loan associations yielded less than 4% for most of this period. Yields on mortgage loans and bonds of all kinds were generally lower than those available on common stocks.

"What has Merrill Lynch got to do with all of this?"

Well, Merrill Lynch has supported this project—over many years. So have several major research foundations, because they think the project puts facts and figures where only guesses existed previously. No one is more appreciative of that than the banks, insurance companies and other large institutional investors who are now also supporting the work of the Center for Research in Security Prices.

Merrill Lynch wants its customers to know as much as we can tell them about the risks and rewards of investing *before* they put their money into the stock market. That's why, for a great many years, our motto has been: *Investigate—then invest.*

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Findings of the Center for Research in Security Prices

Please send me, without charge or obligation, a reprint of the *Journal of Business* article, "Rates of Return on Common Stocks, 1926-1965."

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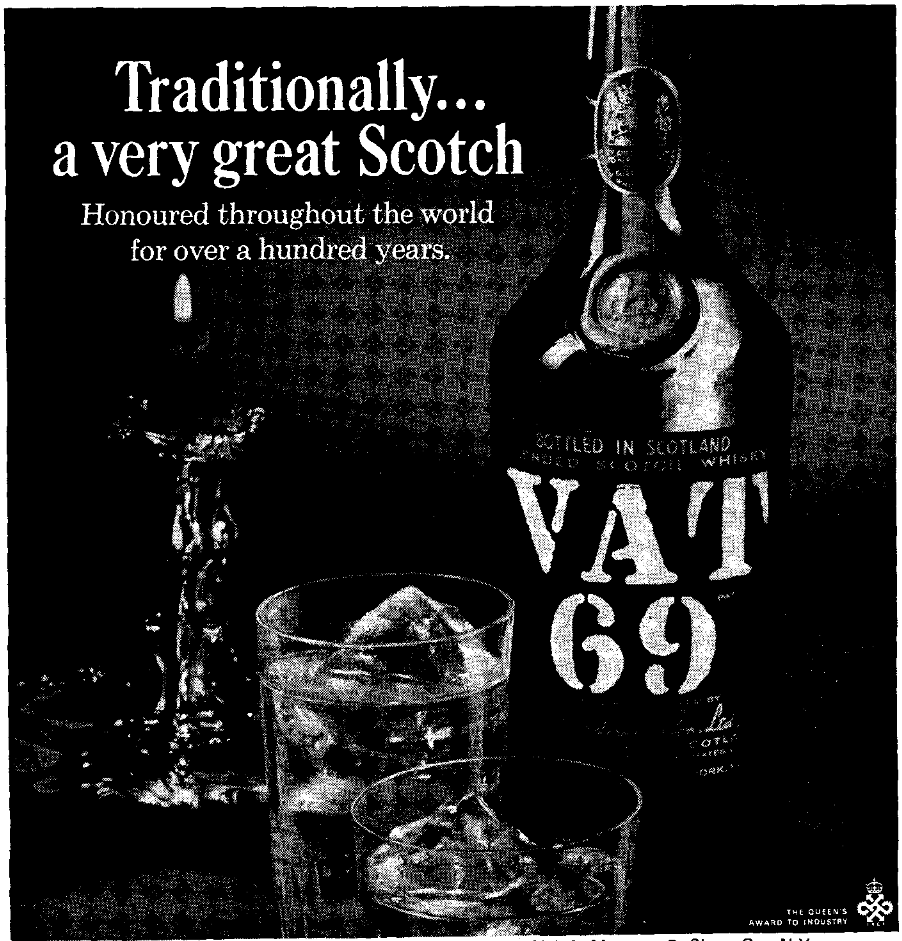

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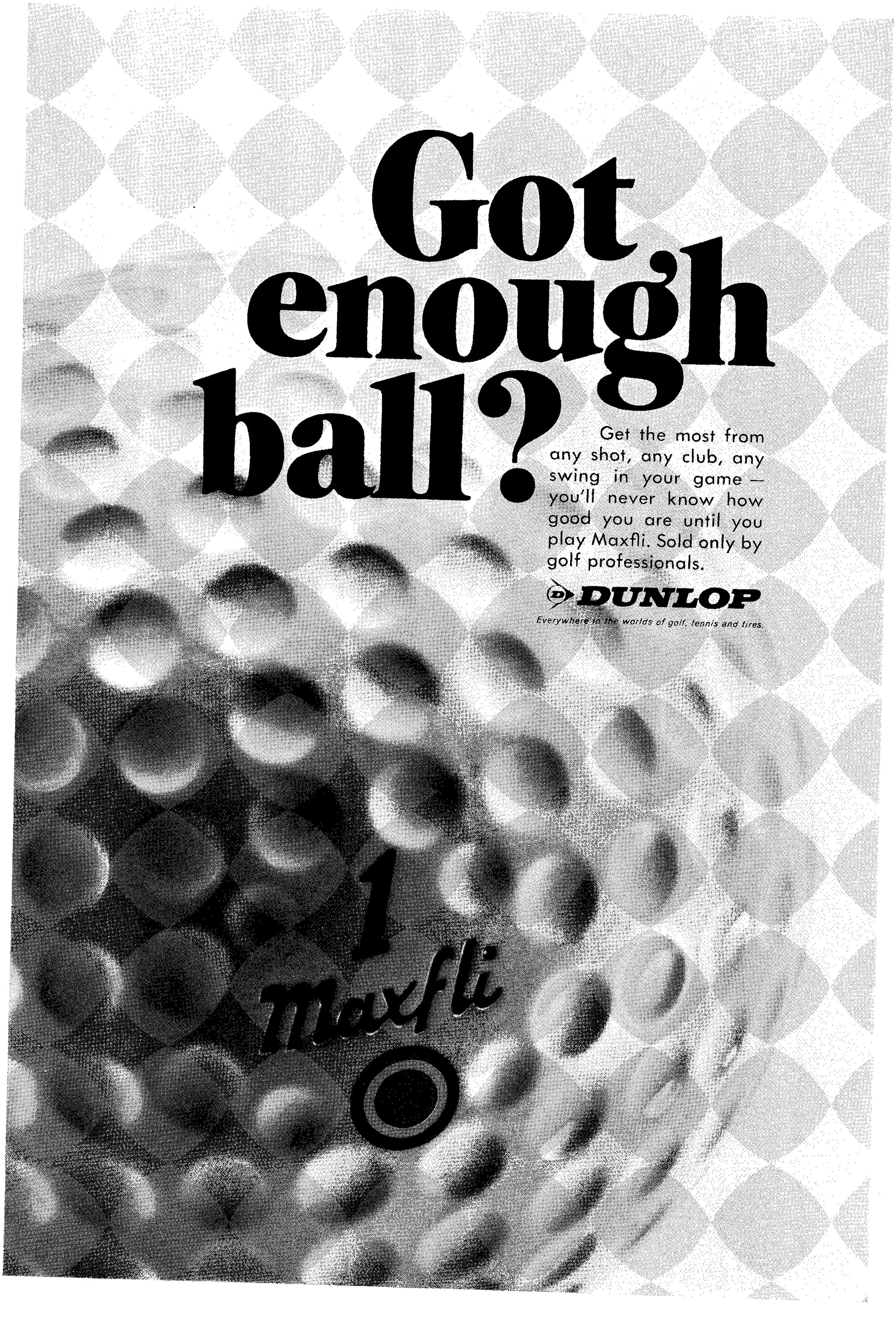
he softens these and bears down heavily on his high-hat on the afterbeat. Sometimes swift, wholly unpredictable bass-drum accents come to the fore and sometimes the emphasis shifts to left-hand accents on the snare, which range from clear single strokes to chattering loose rolls. Jones' hands and feet all seem to have their own minds, yet the total effect is of an unbroken flow that both supports and weaves itself around the soloists.

Farrell started quietly on the blues and Jones set up light *tic-tic tic-tic-tic tic tic-i-tic tic-tic* strokes on a ride cymbal, while his left hand played five behind-the-beat strokes on the snare, followed by softer irregular strokes and a shaking roll. The high-hat jiggled unevenly up and down and the bass drum was quiet. Farrell grew more heated, and Jones began throwing in cymbal splashes, bass-drum accents, and complex, charging left-hand figures. His volume rose steadily, though it never eclipsed Farrell, and suddenly one realized that Jones' quadruple-jointed rhythmic engine was in high gear. Pookie's was rocking. At the end of Farrell's solo, Jones abruptly dropped his volume to some sliding cymbal strokes, which shimmered below the opening of the piano solo. Jones scuttled and rattled behind the piano. His snare-drum accents were light and loose, and the center of his efforts fell on the ride cymbal, on which he would run softly ahead of the beat, fall exaggeratedly behind, then catch up and ride the beat before shooting ahead again. During Ware's solo, Jones whispered along on the high-hat, dropped occasional bass-drum beats, and made Ware's tone sound fat and assured. Farrell returned, exchanged some four-bar breaks with Jones, and the number ended with a shuddering rimshot.

Jones' face was as elusive as his motions—a boxer's assortment of jabs and feints and duckings, supported by steadily dancing feet. At first, it looked tight and secret; his eyes were shut and a dead cigarette was clamped in his mouth. Then he opened his eyes, which appeared sightless, and nodded at Farrell and Ware. Smiling widely, he closed his eyes in a pained way and turned his face toward the wall. A slow version of "On the Trail," from Ferde Grofé's "Grand Canyon Suite," came next, and it was converted into an intense marching blues. The set closed with a delicate reading of "Autumn Leaves." Jones put on his sweater and jumped down from the bandstand, ordered a beer, talked to a couple of



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admirers, and came over to my table. He was mopping his head with a limp handkerchief, and his shirt was so wet it was transparent. "Wait a minute," he said. "Big Jim's at the bar and I just want to check in with him. I don't know what he *does*, but he's always got plenty of bread and he supports the musicians, follows them around to all the clubs. He makes you feel good." At the bar, he pounded the back of a chunky, well-dressed man sitting with a platinum blonde. The man jumped off his stool and started shadowboxing. Jones put up his hands and the two men weaved and bobbed down the bar and out onto the sidewalk, boxing back and forth in front of the door for several minutes, then slapped each other and laughed. A jukebox went on and Billie Holiday started singing. The owner said in an intense way, "Do you know who that is? Do you know what that is? That's Billie Holiday singing 'My Yiddishe Mama.' Tony Scott, the clarinettist, taped it at a party not long before she died and put it on a record and gave it to me. You won't find that selection on any other jukebox in the world." He darted away, and Jones sat down at the table. "Oh, my. I dig Big Jim." He took a long swallow of beer. "I think this will be one of those rare nights that seems like they're over before they begin, with everybody in the group *listening*, everybody in the group *hearing*. I want to build my group into topnotch quality. I want it to make a significant contribution. I'm not interested in flash-in-the-pan activity, and I think the men I have with me feel the same. It takes a lot of the agony out of things. Occupying your time for yea amount of dollars just doesn't work. Jazz is infectious. There's no way to avoid it. If you're going to play music—any kind of music—you can't avoid it. It just naturally takes over. This is my first group and I like being a leader, but then I guess I've been sort of a leader in most of the groups I've worked in. A drummer should conduct."

The owner appeared and touched Jones' shoulder, and he made a face. "All right, man, all right," he said. He turned to me. "Man wants some music, we'll oblige him."

The first number, built around Jones' wire brushes, was a fast version of "Softly, As in a Morning Sunrise." Farrell soloed on flute and Greene and Ware followed. Jones handles brushes the way a great chef handles a wire whisk, with fast, circular, loose-wristed motions. He began almost inaudibly, with polishing, sliding, ticking sounds

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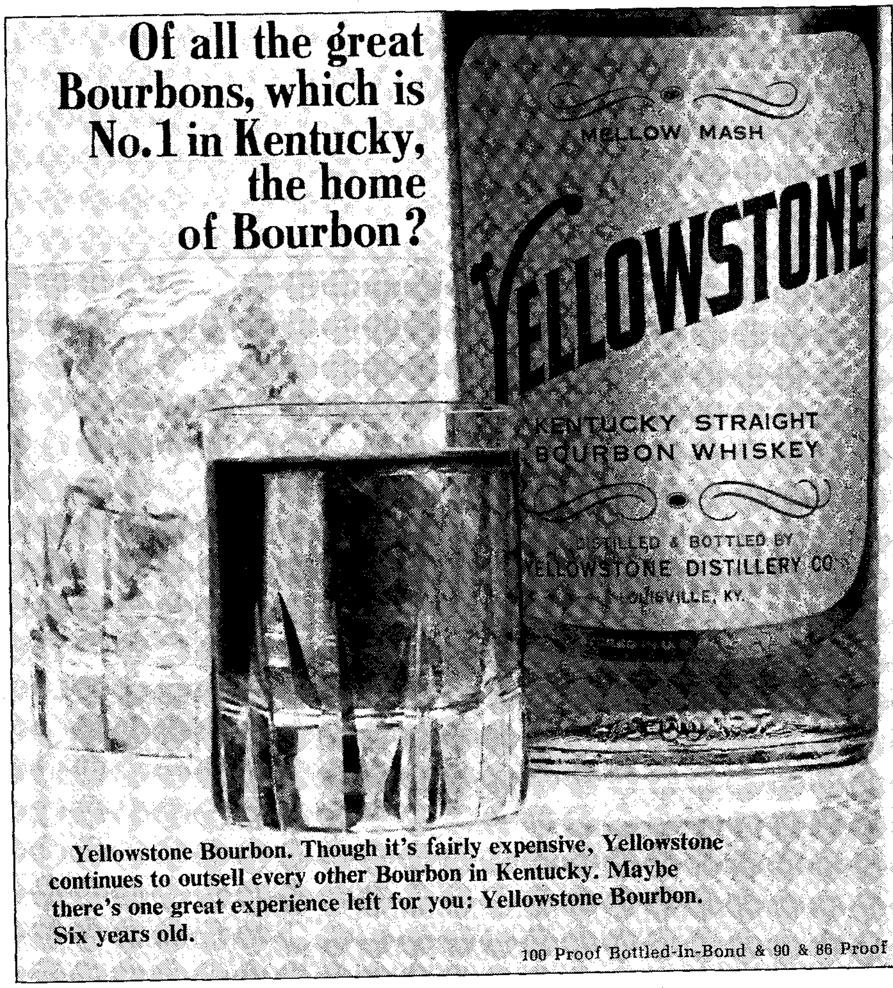

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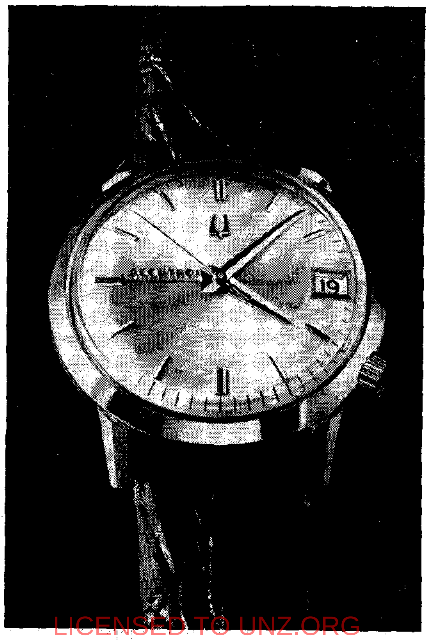

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on the snare, broken by silvery cymbal strokes. Slowly he rent this gentle flow with bass-drum beats and with jagged, irregular wire-brush strokes on the snare and the big tomtom. These were multiplied and intensified until it sounded as though he were using sticks, and the solo ended. It was a short, perfectly designed warmup. The group went into "Night in Tunisia." It started in a high, intense fashion, and by the time Farrell had finished a ten-minute solo Jones had switched to sticks and Pookie's was ballooning with sound. Then Jones took off. He began with heavy rimshots on the snare, which split notes and split them again, then broke into swaying, grandiose strokes on his ride cymbals, accompanied by lightning triplets and off-beat single notes on the bass drum. Switching patterns, he moved his right hand between his big and small tomtoms in a faster and faster arc while his left hand roared through geometrical snare-drum figures and his high-hat rattled and shivered in the wind. He switched patterns again and settled down on his snare with sharp, flat strokes, spaced regularly and then irregularly. He varied this scheme incessantly, gradually bringing in bass-drum beats and big tomtom booms. Cymbals exploded like flushed birds. Jones had passed beyond a mere drum solo. He was playing with earsplitting loudness, and what he was doing had become an enormous rolling ball of abstract sound, divorced from music, from reality, from flesh and bone. It trampled traditional order and replaced it with an unknown order. It delighted the mind and hammered at the guts. Jones waded through his cymbals again and went into a deliberate, alternately running and limping fusillade between his snare and tomtoms that rose an inch or two higher in volume. Suddenly he was finished. Farrell played the theme and Jones slid into a long, downhill coda that was a variation on the close of his solo, paused, and came down with a crash on his cymbals and bass drum.

There was a shouting silence. Jones was back from the Park.

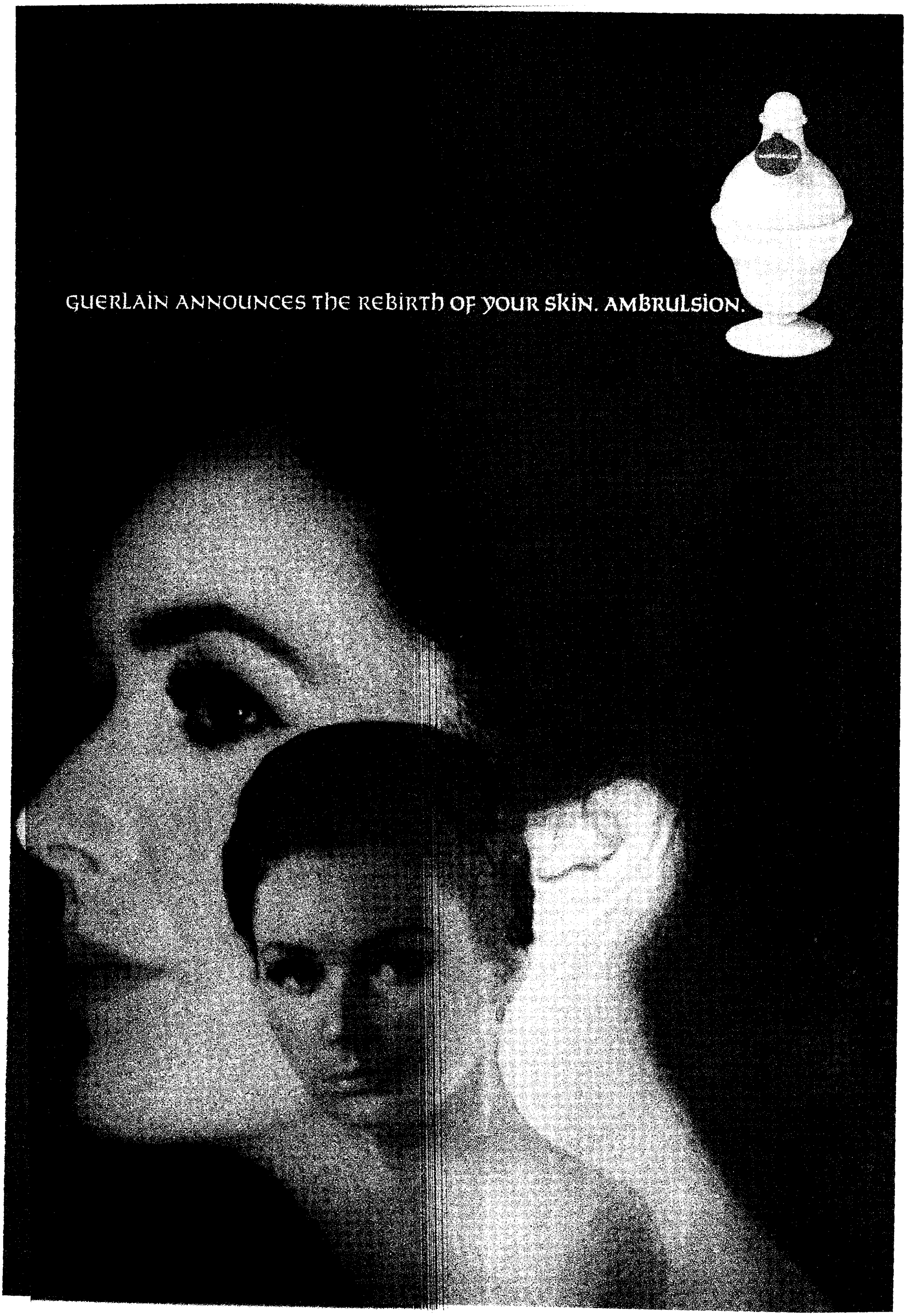
—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

> For three weeks I lay on a possible death bed, but in that dark time God did rekindle television shows from Channels 7 and 14 in Evansville, and Channel 8, WISH, Indianapolis, Indiana.

—*The Hoosier Hoot Owl in the Owensville (Ind.) Star-Echo.*

You mean the Great Programmer?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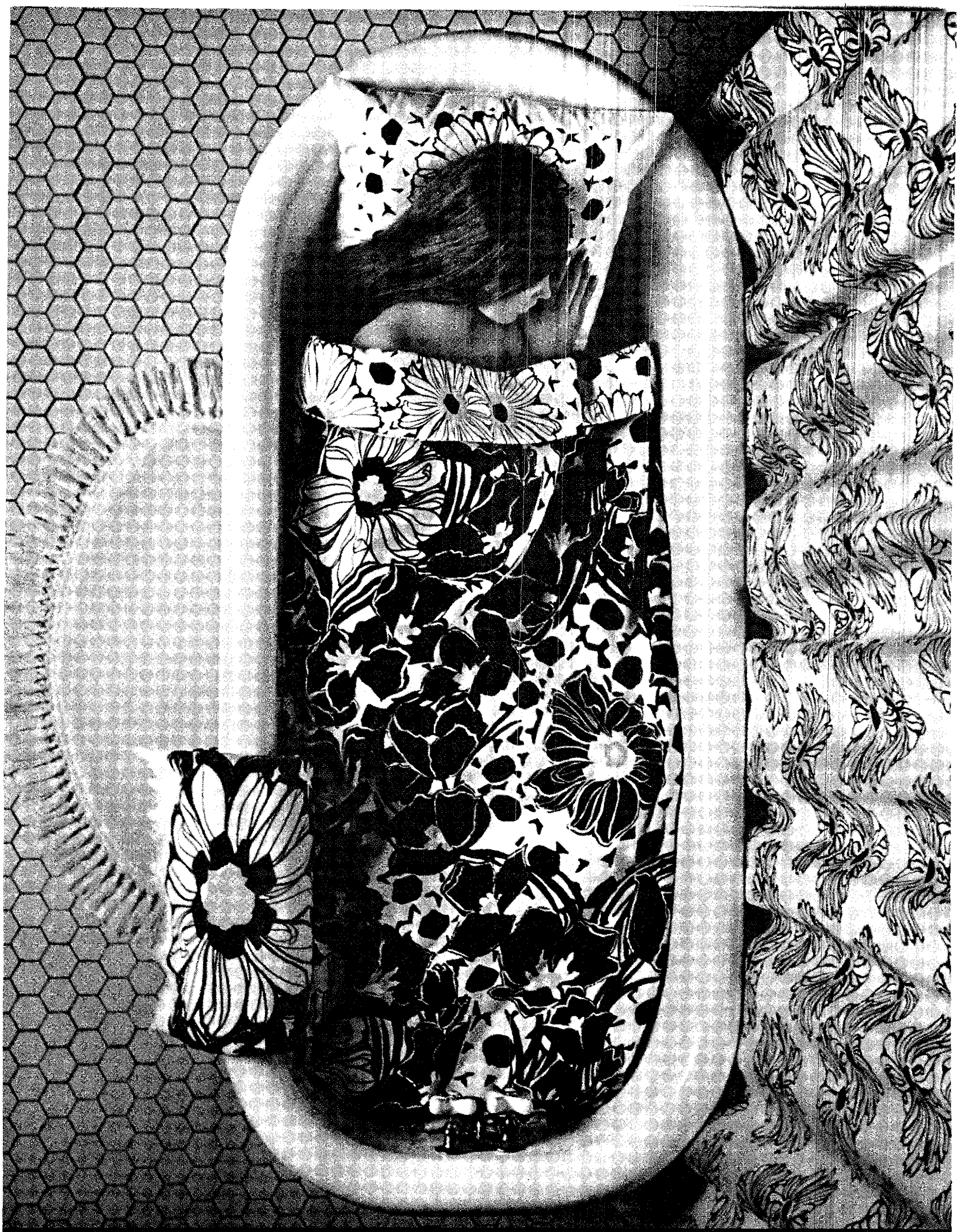

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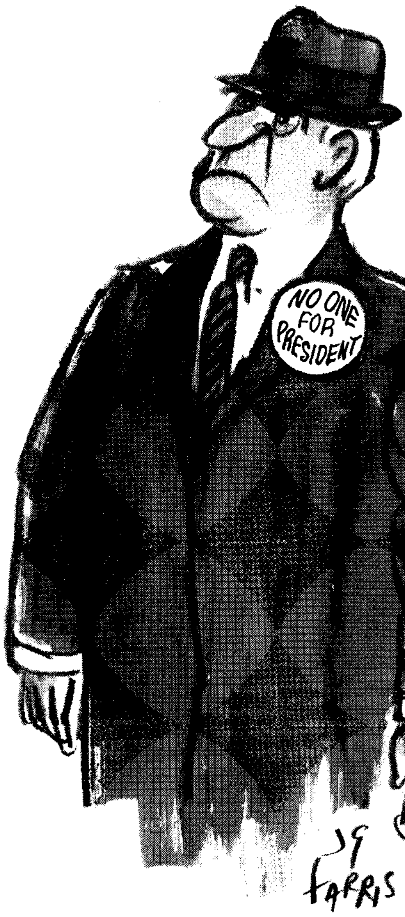
THE THEATRE

EVERYTHING NEEDED TO ASSEMBLE A FAKE PLAY IS IN THIS PACKAGE

"HAPPINESS IS JUST A LITTLE THING CALLED A ROLLS-ROYCE" opened last Saturday evening at the Ethel Barrymore, in a light rain. The temperature was unseasonably cold, the street outside the theatre was full of treacherous puddles, and the audience arrived damply and tardily, displaying little of its usual opening-night gift for cross-aisle waving and witty badinage ("Hi there!" "*Merv!*"). Its air of depression may not have been merely meteorological in origin; ESP is a powerful force on Broadway, and I suspect that emanations of imminent disaster were flooding out over us from backstage, hindered not in the least by an asbestos curtain capable of resisting fire but not despair. The play, written by two veteran radio and TV types named Arthur Alsberg and Robert Fisher, begins with a personable young couple returning late at night to their small and presumably chic apartment in midtown Manhattan. (Intentionally or no, the setting, designed by Larry Reehling, proved hideous.) The young folk are quarrelling, as young folk returning home late at night in plays are wont to do. It appears that at the party they have just attended the husband, hoping to charm the head of the law firm for which he works into granting him a partnership, has committed a series of dreadful *gaffes*, including even an accidental reference to the fact that the head man, Mr. McIntire, has had his nose bobbed. Now, nothing is more unlikely than that a man named McIntire would undergo such an operation—as far as I am aware, no Scot in history has been dissatisfied with his looks, however bizarre they may seem to the Sassenach, and if a single Scottish nose has ever been bobbed it must have been in battle—but this is only one among a hundred irritating implausibilities in the play, and I mention it as a symptom; it is there because in the peculiar world of TV writers nose jobs are thought to be good for a laugh, as are Alcoholics Anonymous, pot, Sunday painting, sexual intercourse, and Scarsdale, all of which are relentlessly fitted into "Happiness . . ." and milked of what they do not contain.

The plot of the play is as synthetic as its dialogue and sight gags; it amounts to half a dozen charmless characters incessantly opening and closing doors until the couple get what they want—the wife affluence and the husband his partnership and the hint from his bitchy consort that she will at last bestow upon him the long-denied boon of parenthood. (He has been buying and putting away baby clothes for years; Forestalled Fatherhood is also, one gathers, a yock on the boob tube.) Success in the theatre is just a little thing called talent, and it is no cause for surprise that "Happiness . . ." passed away quickly and quietly. With one exception, it was acted nearly as badly as it was written; under David Alexander's direction, Pat Harrington and Hildy Brooks were a strained and unbelievable young couple, and Alexandra Berlin hurled herself with inappropriate relish into the role of a kookie creep of a girl—one of those supposedly natural creatures who pad about barefoot and say bold, stupid things in a pubescent, adenoidal voice. The exception was John McGiver, who rendered bearable his tiresome role as Mr. McIntire. Drawing upon who knows what resources of skill, he managed to make the line "It looks like a rough night for the old swamp fox" sound extremely humorous. I had been waiting all evening for a chance to laugh; that turned out to be it.

—BRENDAN GILL



OFF BROADWAY

Hayf Dy Doretob!

"THE MEMORANDUM," at the Public, is a satire on bureaucracy, and perhaps, by extension, on total or totalitarian bureaucracy. It was written by Václav Havel, who is the literary manager of the Balustrade Theatre, in Prague—and, as translated from the Czech by Vera Blackwell, very well written indeed. The action takes place in the offices of a large corporation, where, in the interests of efficiency, a made-up language called Ptydepe has been introduced for use in interoffice messages and memorandums. Ptydepe has been sneaked in behind the back of the managing director of the company, who, when he finds out about it, protests but is blackmailed into accepting it by his sinister, effeminate deputy. Ptydepe turns out to be all but impossible to learn, and impossible to use. It compounds bureaucratic confusion, and it abets bureaucratic treachery. There are more than a few hints that the play, for all its high jinks in execution, is meant to be a tract about the power of the system to crush all the humanity and courage from a decent man, but I must say that its incidental scenes and small human touches are more enlightening as a picture of life in Czechoslovakia than its abstract whole. The production, under Joseph Papp's direction, with its revolving stage that shifts from one office to the next and whirls around when things get positively deranged, owes a great deal to the comic techniques of silent movies like "Modern Times" and "City Lights." At its best, it is inventive and understanding, and at its worst it is overinventive

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and distracting. The funniest scenes, uncluttered by hoopla, are the classes in Ptydepe conducted by Robert Ronan, as teacher, with William Duell as star pupil. Mr. Ronan performs with the seriousness and single-mindedness that are appropriate not only to this particular role but to all satire, and he delivers his tongue-spraining lines with aplomb: "And now I shall name, just for the sake of preliminary orientation, some of the most common Ptydepe interjections. Well, then, our 'Ah!' becomes 'Zukybaj!' Our 'Ouch!' becomes 'Bykur!' Our 'Oh!' becomes 'Hayf dy doretob!' English 'Pish!' becomes 'Bolypak juz!' . . . 'Aow!' becomes 'Varylaguf yb de solas!' or, sometimes, though much more rarely, 'Borybaf!' 'Bang!' as the symbol of a shot or explosion becomes 'Hetegyx ujhoby!' 'Bang' as a colloquial expression for sudden surprise is 'Maluz rog.' . . . Our very important 'Hurrah!' becomes in Ptydepe 'Frnygko jefr dabux altep dy savarub goz texeres!' "

There are a lot of entertaining notions in the show. Displaced or promoted executives carry their private fire extinguishers with them as they change desks. The subject of food is on every tongue: secretaries leave their typewriters to pick up rolls or milk or chocolate; word that the commissary is serving roast goose or goulash for lunch flashes right to the top of the business hierarchy. The most universal, immediately recognizable character is a tough career woman (played, a bit too broadly, by Olympia Dukakis) who organizes staff parties, keeps a meek little typist on the run doing her personal errands, and dribbles empty endearments on everyone in sight. Of the other actors, Paul Stevens is good as the humane, punctilious managing director who risks his job by taking a couple of strong stands but weakens at the end, bamboozled by the system. John Heffernan is properly repellent as his insidious deputy, George Bartenieff is comical as the deputy's crony, and so is Sudie Bond as the director's quirky secretary; as the meek typist, Mari Gorman is gentle and charming. Everyone does well, if it comes to that. "The Memorandum," which is the final production of this year's series at the Public, is a credit to all concerned.

"COLLISION COURSE," at Café Au Go Go, offers, in eleven one-acters, a sampling of the work of as many Off Off, Off, and, in the case of Jules Feiffer, Broadway playwrights. And what a conventional, didactic bunch they are! Their techniques may differ, as does the measure of their gifts, but with a few exceptions (Jules Feiffer, Israel Horovitz) their trains of thought and states of mind and, to a certain extent, their vocabularies are interchangeable. Many of them are concerned with the encroachment of public events and attitudes on private matters, and even chance encounters. Some of the plays are nearly as brief as blackouts, though lacking the traditional zing. Again except for Mr. Feiffer's play, there is no humor; playfulness, hard-shell absurdity, inanity, and the whimsical use of violence and/or horror are made to serve as substitutes for comedy. They won't do. In Jack Larson's "Chuck," a young man peddling magazine subscriptions enlists the support of a reluctant housewife for "linear culture," as opposed to the McLuhan stuff, by having an epileptic fit on her doorstep. Convinced that she'd rather read about him than see him, she signs up for *Time*. In Harvey Perr's "Jew!" a silly woman chatters with another at the side of a pool, only half watching her two-year-old child in swimming and oblivious of a couple of men—a left-wing and a right-wing extremist—pointing guns and shouting epithets at each other. In Martin Duberman's "Metaphors," a translucent hippie nut applying for Yale almost cons an interviewer for the board of admissions with a demented spiel about his "supreme mind." In Terrence McNally's curiously untouching "Tour," a pair of babbling Yankee Doodle Americans sightseeing in Italy suddenly find themselves among the fires and burned victims in Vietnam. Jules Feiffer's "The Unexpurgated Memoirs of Bernard Mergendeiler" is the only funny play of the lot, especially so in these fatuous surroundings. Its hero is a Feiffer fellow explaining away, in Feiffer fashion, his sudden attack of impotence to the girl he happens to be in bed with: "The nuclear holocaust! The depression!" "What depression?" "Mine." Come to think of it, Mr. Feiffer's monologue, with its global alibis, could be considered an illuminating critique and comment on many of his colleagues Au Go Go. It does not apply to Israel Horovitz, whose "Rats," a dialogue between two of them in the room of a baby in Harlem, is original and dramatic, and certainly got to me, at any rate. As for the evening as a whole, although I was unsympathetic to most of what I saw, I wasn't bored by it, and the seven members of the company all appeared to know what they were doing. The standard avant-garde mixed-media atmosphere is established right at the beginning; as electronic music blares out, varicolored lights are reflected on the walls of the little theatre, which are covered with aluminum foil, and photographs of the players are projected onto small screens.

VOICES, INC., is a group of Negro singers who write many of their own songs; several of them are teachers in public schools here and in New Jersey. Their "The Believers," at the Garrick, is, according to the program, "the Black Experience in Song." It is also the Black Experience in dancing and acting (Inc. or not), and it sets forth the history of the Negro in America. This story has been told many times before, of course, but it does serve here as an adequate framework for an anthology of songs and dances and scenes. The Experience begins in Africa, with the African drum of a human marvel named Ladji Camara, and it ends here and now, with Mr. Camara's African drumming again. By this time we have covered a couple of hundred years, and the demeanor of all concerned has changed so drastically that it is hard to believe that they are the same people we originally saw in African dress. In between, there are scenes aboard a slave ship, on a cotton plantation, and in the saloons and on the streets of cities. The first act ends with a moving and funny gospel service in a Southern church, with a minister, a drowsy deacon, a self-important lady parishioner reading vital local announcements, and the members of the congregation outdoing one another in swagger as they drop their contributions into the collection basket. The last scene is set in Harlem. A boy brings news that his brother has been shot by a white man, and his sister sings a lament. The rest of the company joins in. Then the lament turns to anger, and suddenly there is a change. For the first time, the singing and dancing have a martial beat. Someone raises a photograph of Dr. King, and someone else a photograph of Malcolm X. Everybody seems to be recharged, and the effect is stunning.

The music comes in every variety. Many of the songs are original compositions by members of the group, and some are traditional work songs and spirituals arranged by members of

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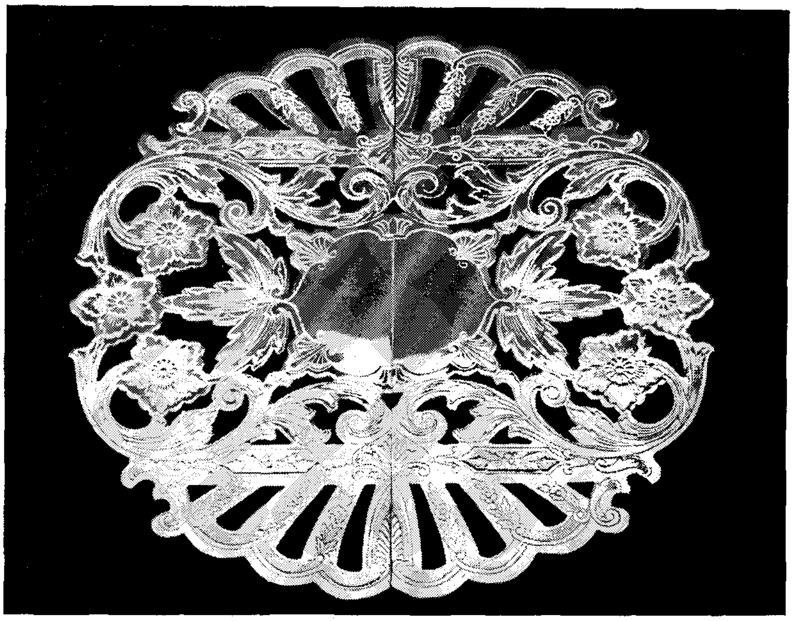

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the group, and the singing—particularly the choral singing—is beautiful and stirring. Of the traditional songs, the only ones familiar to me were "I'm Gonna Sit at That Welcome Table" and "He's Got the Whole World in His Hands." Josephine Jackson and Joseph A. Walker, both of Voices, Inc., wrote the script, and Barbara Ann Teer, an experienced actress and dancer, directed the production. Odd that a show as heartfelt as "The Believers" should be playing right above "Collision Course" on Bleecker Street.

THE eight players who compose the cast of "The Concept," at the Sheridan Square (there are three casts, and they will rotate on a weekly basis), are ex-heroin addicts from Daytop Village, on Staten Island—a community where addicts are rehabilitated by group therapy and other projects, and encouraged to shed their despair and rejoin society. This play is one of the other projects. It was conceived by Lawrence Sacharow, who is its director, and it was originally improvised and then recorded at another Daytop, in upstate New York. The performance takes place on a bare stage furnished with eight large cubes, which are used as chairs or whatever props are needed. During the first part of the action, the characters indicate, in the briefest of scenes, some of their pre-Daytop feelings and experiences; then the setting moves to Daytop and a long group-therapy session. Although the question of opinion does not arise in connection with anything as moving as "The Concept," it could be said that the production is most effective when it is least theatrical—that the stylized movements, and even the preliminary sketches, while necessary to the show, lack the conviction of the Daytop scenes. These are terribly sad, absolutely unsentimental, and surprisingly full of fun. Time after time, Off Broadway playwrights and actors using stagy tricks have attempted to bridge the gap between the stage and the audience. These amateurs, by their skill and intelligence and sincerity, and by the force and depth of their emotion, have succeeded in closing it.

—EDITH OLIVER

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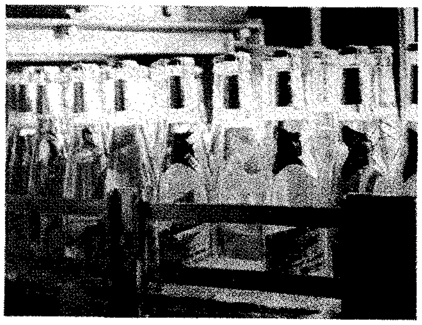

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AFTER THE SIXTH DAY

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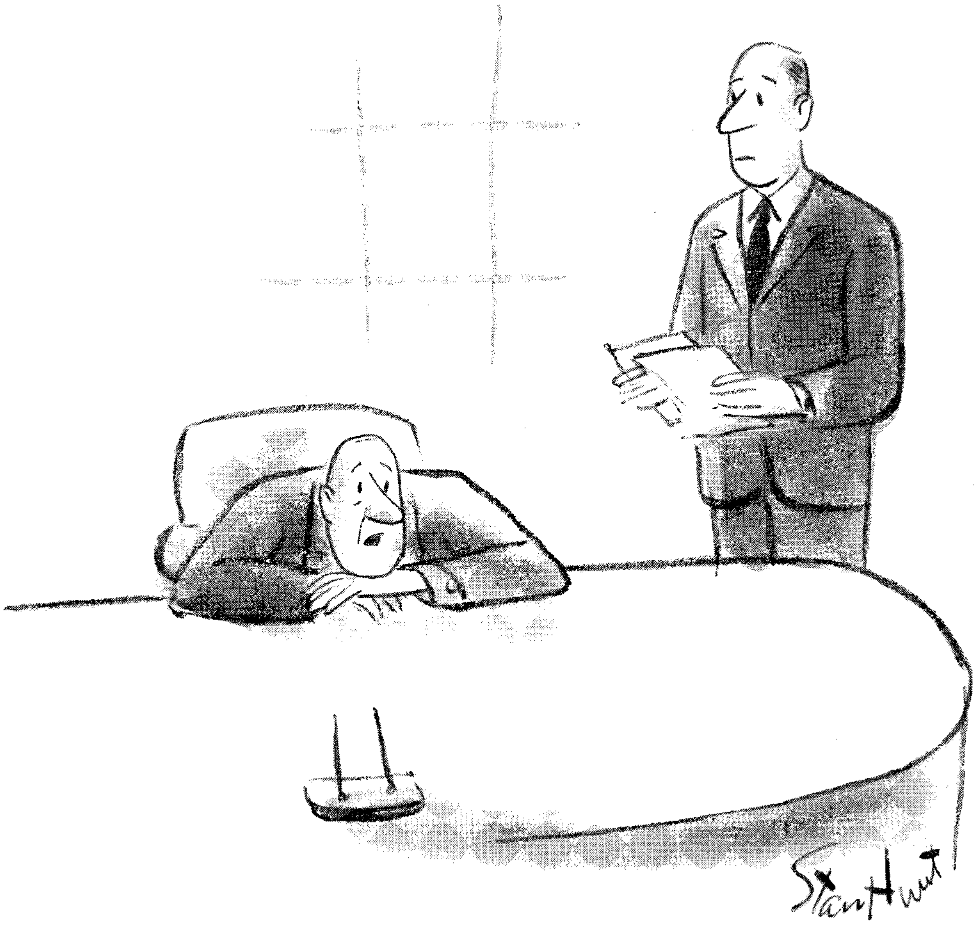
TRAVELLING through Israel in the recent months of postwar ferment, I have been unable to escape the impression that many inhabitants have been reconsidering attitudes and points of view that only last June appeared as fixed and unchallengeable as the borders then separating this country and its Arab neighbors. Practically everyone here is eager to air his reflections concerning the Six-Day War, as I can attest after talking with scholars and kibbutzniks, shopkeepers, government officials, and young volunteers from abroad who last spring rallied to Israel's cause. The topics they cover are of course varied, but one that comes up with fair frequency is the question of how the war has made Jews look in the eyes of the world. There is a good deal of speculation here that it must be costing millions of people an effort to change their picture of the Jew from that of victim to that of victor, from perpetually persecuted figure to triumphant warrior. Indeed, grasping their present role may be costing the Israelis themselves an effort. While browsing in a Tel Aviv bookshop, I discovered a book about the war whose title, translated from the Hebrew, is "Excuse Us, We Won." A writer named Moshe Pearlman, who is a close associate of Defense Minister Moshe Dayan, spoke to me of "a victory guilt complex." Even Major General Itzhak Rabin, who was Chief of Staff of the Israeli Defense Forces during the war and is now Ambassador to the United States, betrayed a certain uneasiness in the presence of victory when, in accepting an honorary degree from Hebrew University, he told his audience, "It may be that the Jewish people has never learned and never accustomed itself to feel the triumph of conquest and victory, with the result that these are accepted with mixed feelings."

It is true that Israel experienced the role of conqueror in the Sinai campaign of 1956, but on that occasion she had France and England as powerful allies, and, besides, the three military winners wound up political losers. This time, however, the victory is all Israel's. Nevertheless, as General Rabin implied, soul-searching is the order of the day. I have heard Israelis in all parts of the country expressing concern lest the government fail to act with conscience and propriety in its time of triumph. Naturally, there are domestic political aspects to this concern, but transcending them, it has become clear to me, is a pervasive feeling that under no circumstances must the government's international politicking and negotiating be conducted in a manner that might ultimately reflect on the good name of Israel, and perhaps of Jews elsewhere. Widely held though this feeling is, different Israelis express it differently, some emphasizing the need for their country's reputation to be based on its standing as a nation and others tending to contemplate Israel in borderless, universal terms. In the latter category are many who made their way here during or soon after Hitler's reign. Such veterans of the Holocaust, as the Nazi era is always called here, are mostly non-Zionist in outlook, and resist the thought that Israel may be as deeply preoccupied with national interests as other nations are. The Nazi victims prefer to see Israel as "different." Seeking to explain this, a survivor of Dachau—a transplanted Polish accountant, who is now sixty—told me that he and people like him have long recognized this vision of Israel as an illusion but that they have clung to it because it enabled them to imagine that perhaps the uprooting of their lives wasn't entirely senseless, that perhaps it had a benign purpose; namely, the opportunity for them to resettle in the unique, peaceful haven of Israel. The Six-Day War, he added, has shattered that illusion. "As a victor, Israel has become more of a power than she ever wanted to be," he said, with a resigned sigh. "Having proved her strength, she has to be at the center of all the international maneuvering going on in the Middle East. Whether she likes it or not, Israel will have to concentrate on playing that game, and the more she does so, the less she will resemble the place that people like me thought we were coming to."

By contrast, the Orthodox Jews here remain wholly unshaken in their abiding belief in Israel's uniqueness. For them, Israel will always be the one and only Land of Abraham, come what may. These Jews, who make up some fifteen per cent of an otherwise generally non-religious population, rejoice in the military victory, seeing it as a sign of God's favor. Thanks to their Orthodoxy, the war poses fewer moral dilemmas for them than it does for other



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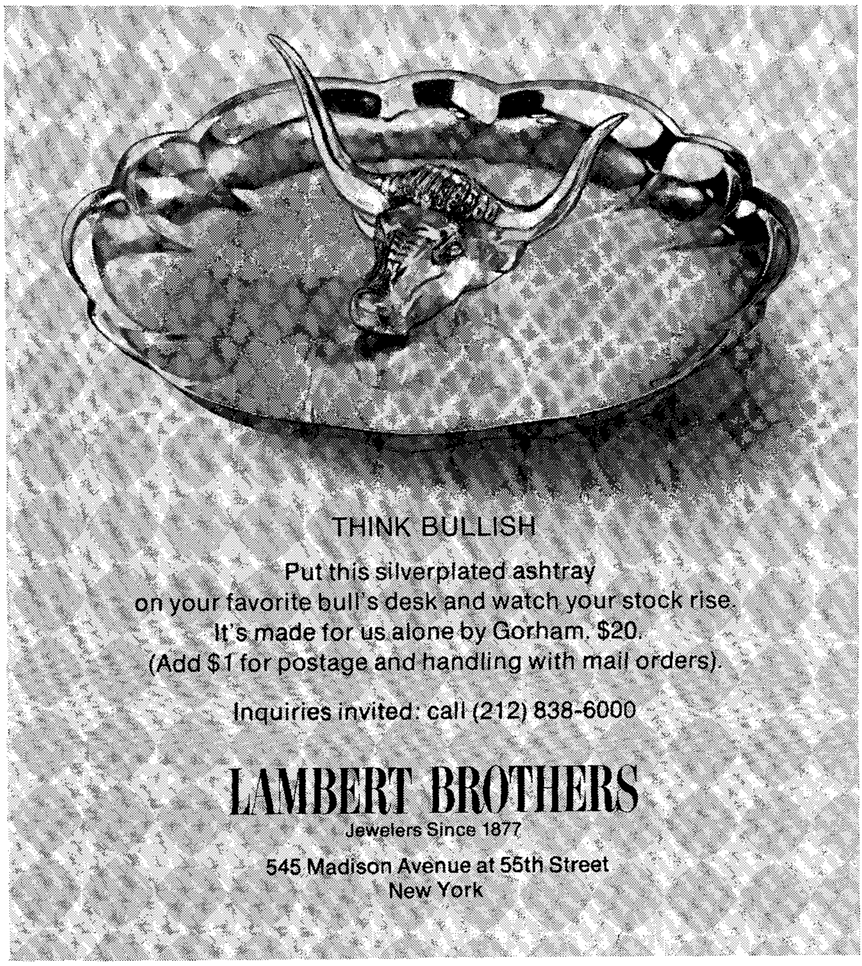

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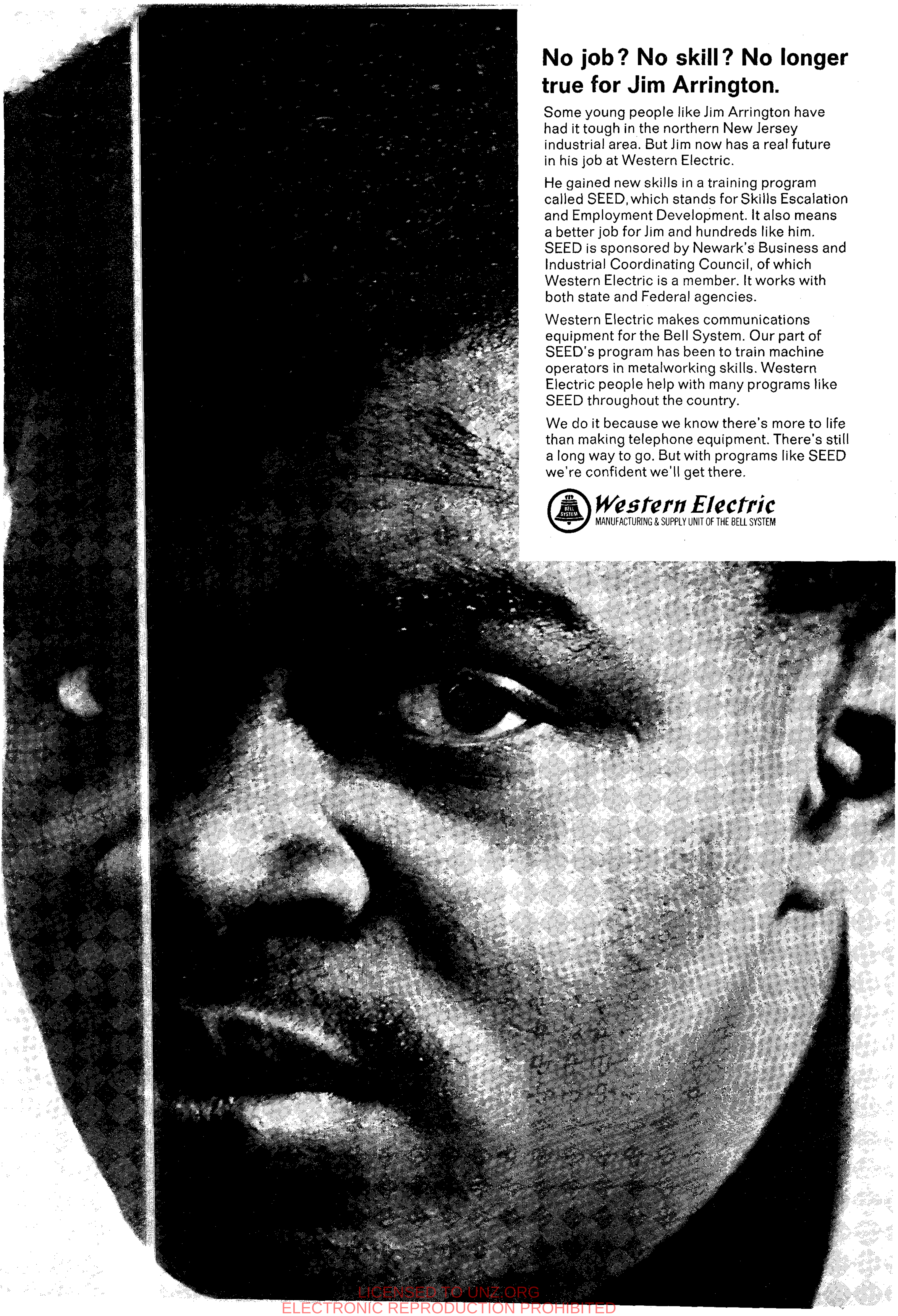
elements of the population. In fact, it may be said that the devout knew centuries and centuries ago what to think of the Six-Day War, for their political interpretation of this modern event is based on Mosaic law. As I talked with the Sephardic Chief Rabbi of Jerusalem, Itzhak Nissim, one afternoon in his study, he seemed surprised when I asked what his thoughts were on the disposition of the captured territory. Smiling indulgently, the Chief Rabbi, who is a native of Baghdad—more than half the Israelis are of Levantine or North African background—replied that Israel was entitled to every inch of the land, and perhaps more. A young rabbinical student was also present, and the Chief Rabbi asked him to take down from one of the shelves that lined the study a volume containing the Books of Moses. Quickly indicating various pages, the Chief Rabbi cited chapter and verse "proving" Israel's "right" to the territory. With an air of easy authority, he said, "There are so many places where this is shown. In the first book alone, between Chapters Twelve and Fifteen, it is written four times that God promised this land to Abraham and his children and his children's children in perpetuity. And in the Book of Deuteronomy it is written that this land will belong to the descendants of Abraham even though they be expelled from it. How could it be otherwise?" The Chief Rabbi nodded approvingly as he closed the volume. "It would be like saying that if a person stole something from you it no longer belonged to you."

Among all the other people I have talked with, the young Sabras, or native-born Israelis, seem least bothered by the phenomenon of victory. Unlike both the post-Hitler immigrants and the bearded religionists, these men and women—the backbone of the fighting forces—show little interest in any possible effect that the war may have had on Israel's "uniqueness." Being for the most part energetic and pragmatic, they look upon Israel not as a symbolic figment of history but as their nation, immediate and real, and the attachment they feel for it is essentially nationalistic. "I am an Israeli first, a Jew second," an eighteen-year-old copyboy at the Jerusalem *Post* told me, and he was one of numerous Sabras who volunteered this thought. Their nationalism, though, I gather, is not of the expansionist variety. Far from harboring dreams of imperial glory, many youthful Israelis suspect that their country may find its domain, as presently increased, too large for



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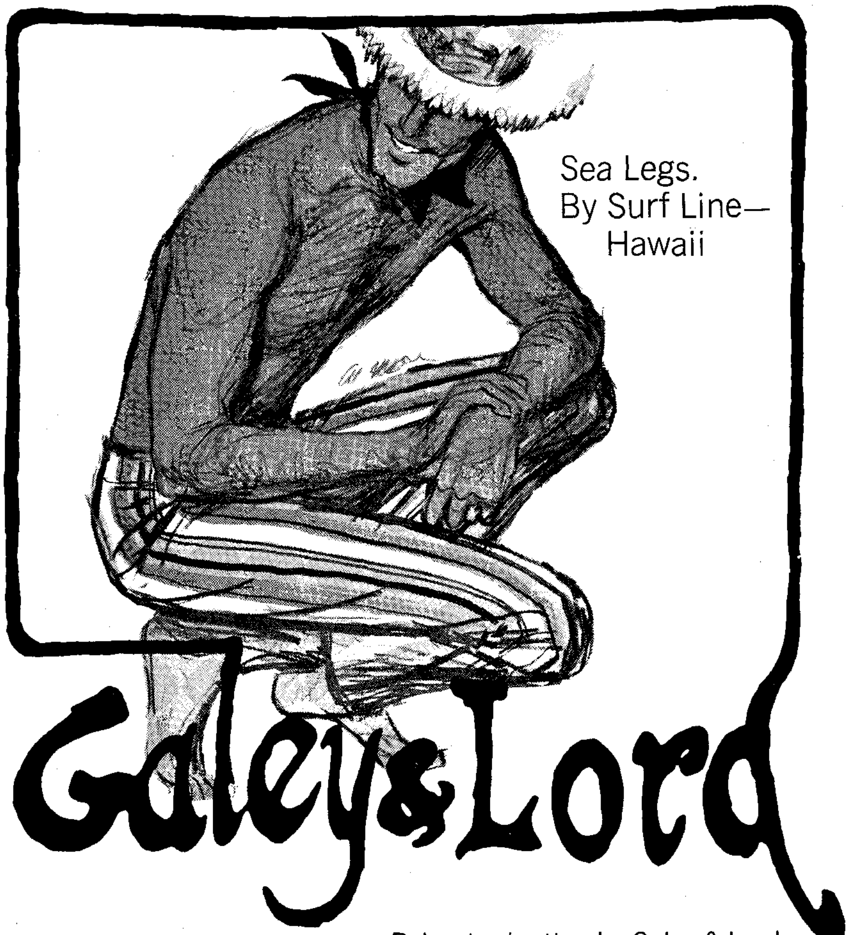

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easy management. One of the young victors blamed the enemy for this state of affairs. "What else could we do?" he asked me rhetorically. "The Arabs mobilized and we had to win." Sounding a similar note, Colonel Mordechai Bar-On, chief education officer of Israel's armed forces, whom I saw at his headquarters in Tel Aviv, pointed to a wall map that showed how small Israel would be today if the Arabs had agreed to go along with the 1947 United Nations plan for the partitioning of Palestine. "Even if we could always assume victory, there is a limit to what one can win exclusively through war," Colonel Bar-On observed. "The possibilities that go with peace, however, are unlimited, and we know very well that we can realize our most fruitful future only by living peacefully with the Arabs. We will not tolerate their aggression, but they are our neighbors, living within our borders and all around us."

Both the Sabras and the Hitler-era immigrants, having defended their young nation, simply want to get on with developing it further. For most of them, this was the meaning of the war, and they are irked because people outside Israel deplore the fact that Israel has yet to return any captured land. To the disappointed outsiders, this apparently represents a moral failure. To Israelis, who faced the possibility of another Holocaust, the faultfinding seems downright patronizing. A Hungarian immigrant in Ashkelon told me, "People have become used to being moral over our dead bodies. The minute we Jews start to behave like anyone else, they think we have ceased to be 'chosen'—'chosen' to keep *their* halos in place." Here in Jerusalem, Mayor Teddy Kollek suggested that Jews may owe their reputation for being highly moralistic to the fact that they have for so long had to be alert at distinguishing between means and ends, because they have had to be on their guard concerning the other fellow's intentions. Former Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion, at his kibbutz in the Negev, stressed the point that a certain percentage of the disappointed outsiders are Jews. Like the Israelis, he suggested, they may be finding it difficult to cope with victory. The elder statesman, in contrast to most of his countrymen, is neither surprised nor nettled by this particular criticism from Jews abroad, even though its tone is apt to be more acerbic than that of equally irate non-Jews. Recently, he recalled, he had felt his blood pressure mounting as he began to read a letter

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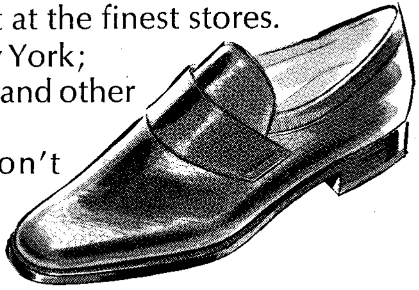

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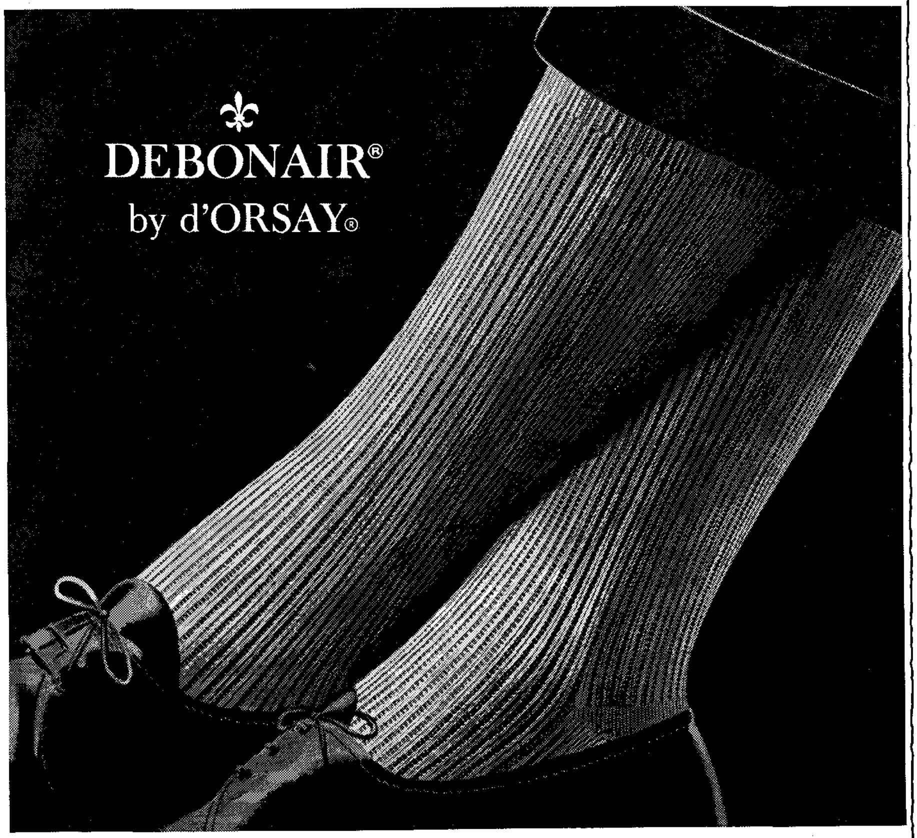

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to the editor in a British liberal weekly. The correspondent, he said, not only taxed the Israelis for not returning captured territory but urged them to clear out of the Middle East and resettle in Africa. By the time Ben-Gurion came to the middle of the letter, however, his exasperation had abated. "I recognized its tone of moral intensity," he said. "It was one that I first heard as a boy in Poland. When I reached the end of the letter, I found the signature I expected—a Jewish name."

ONE of the war's lingering mysteries is whether the quarter-million Arab citizens here—about a tenth of the country's population—were pulling for Israel or for her Islamic enemies last June. On the surface, it appears that Israel retained the loyalty of this minority, for no signs of unrest occurred in Nazareth, Jaffa, Acre, or any of the other places where Israeli Arabs live. Yet few government officials are prepared to cite this outward calm as incontrovertible proof that the Arabs are content with Jewish rule. The fact is that no one here is certain what the Israeli Arabs would have done if the fighting had lasted longer than it did. Moreover—so I have been assured by both Jews and Arabs—the uncertainty would persist if large-scale hostilities were to break out again. This is asserted despite the existence of many Israeli-Arab friendships. The Arabs here are quick to admit that they have long enjoyed educational facilities and living standards superior to those available to their kin in adjacent states. Also, being citizens, the Arabs here have the right to vote, and some of them hold local or national offices. However, Israeli Arabs are not called upon to take part in the defense of their country; unlike Israeli Jews, they are not subject to the national conscription laws. This has been true since Israel was founded; nor are there plans afoot for lifting the restriction. Government officials acknowledge that the war has had the effect of reminding Israelis of the discriminatory custom—very likely because the spoils of victory include a million more Arabs. Basically, I was told, the government's policy reflects its appraisal that the war has in no way weakened the strong bonds of blood, religion, and culture between the Arabs here and those in other lands. Mayor Kollek summarized this general feeling by saying, "Why should we ask our Arabs to shoot their brothers? It would be comparable to what the Nazis did

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when they ordered one Jew to gas another."

During a talk I had with Prime Minister Levi Eshkol's adviser on Arab affairs, Schmuel Toledano, I learned that although most of Israel's Arabs aren't exactly clamoring for uniforms, many individuals are suffering increasingly from conflicts of loyalty. Toledano quoted one of his Arab friends as saying, "The war has left me divided in two. One part of me has begun to feel patriotic about Israel, but I have not yet forgotten my dream of a pan-Arab world."

Giving his own view, Toledano said, "No matter what position the government takes, there will be criticism from abroad. If we draft our Arabs, we'll be called Fascists, or worse. And for as long as we don't we'll be accused of treating them as second-class citizens." In connection with the latter accusation, Israeli intellectuals are amused that since the war some American radicals have likened the status of the Arabs here to that of Negroes in the United States. Israelis regard this analogy as the facile result of an effort to find one's own problem elsewhere. Here, they point out, there are no racial overtones, for both Jews and Arabs proclaim themselves to be Semites, and anyway more than half the Jews here have features and coloring that are indistinguishable from those of Arabs. (The Jordanian city of Nablus fell when its defenders left cover to greet a detachment of Israeli Iraqis they thought were Arab reinforcements.) In the realm of money, it is also pointed out, the Arabs have their rich just as the Israelis do—although the national economy is chronically anemic. "I wish Israel could do half as well at business and finance as it has done at soldiering and farming," a hotel manager in Tel Aviv said to me.

The military implications of the absence of Arabs from the armed forces are less interesting than the social ones. Practical and reasonable though the policy may be, it gives formal recognition to the practice of discrimination in a land whose majority has spent most of its long history seeking equality. This paradox has not been lost on the Jews here—particularly now that victory has made them so highly conscious of their power as a majority. They are hardly gloating over it. "We are psychologically on the defensive," Colonel Bar-On told me. "There are times when we feel that we are foreign intruders, for we are aware that another nation is living here. Israel feels it incumbent on herself to make compro-

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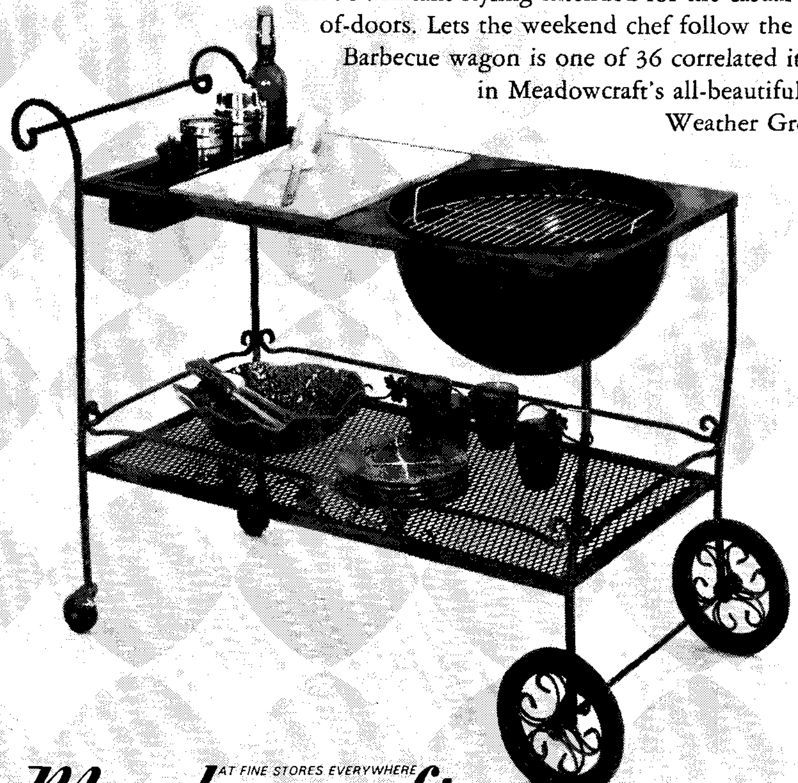

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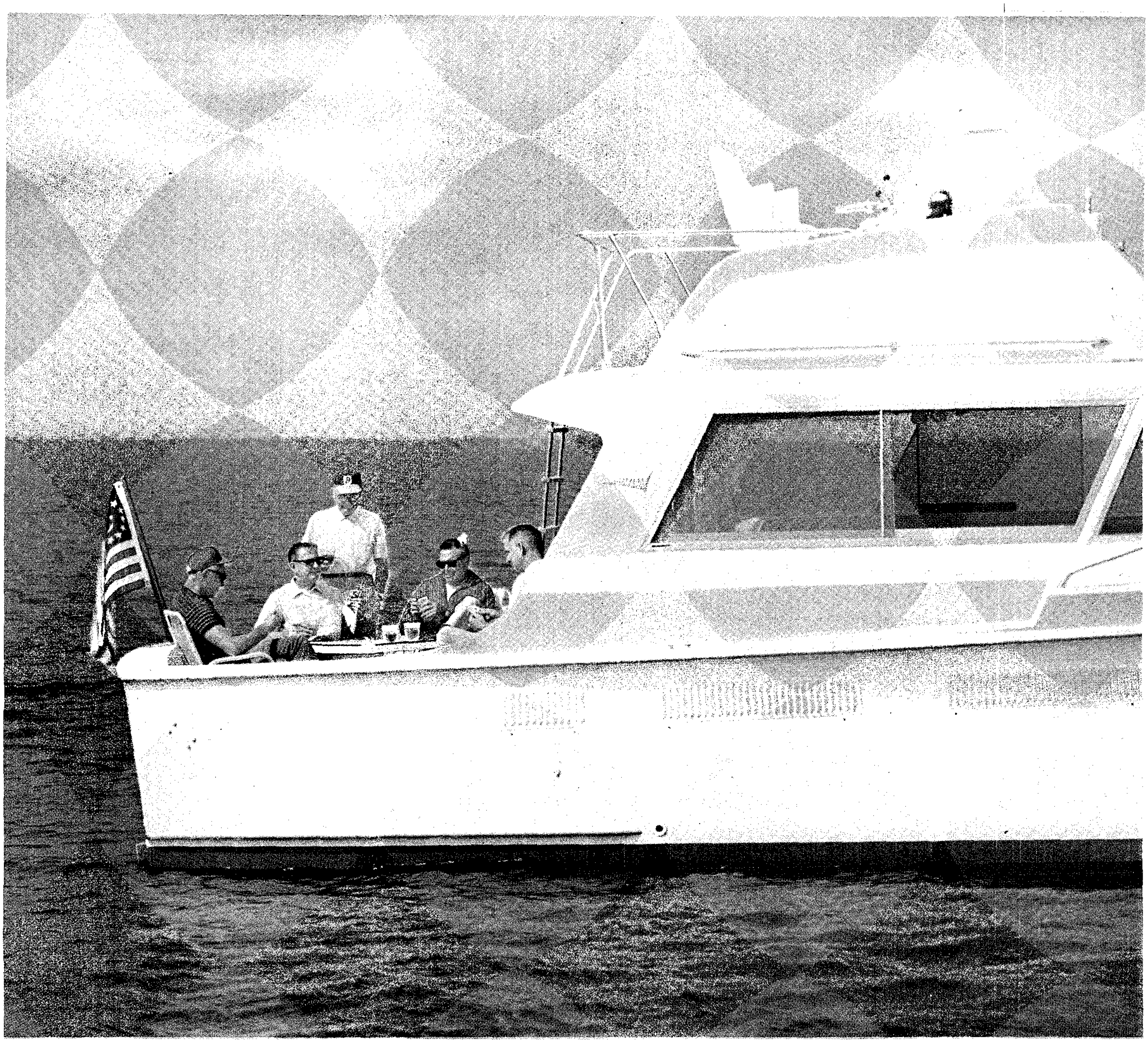

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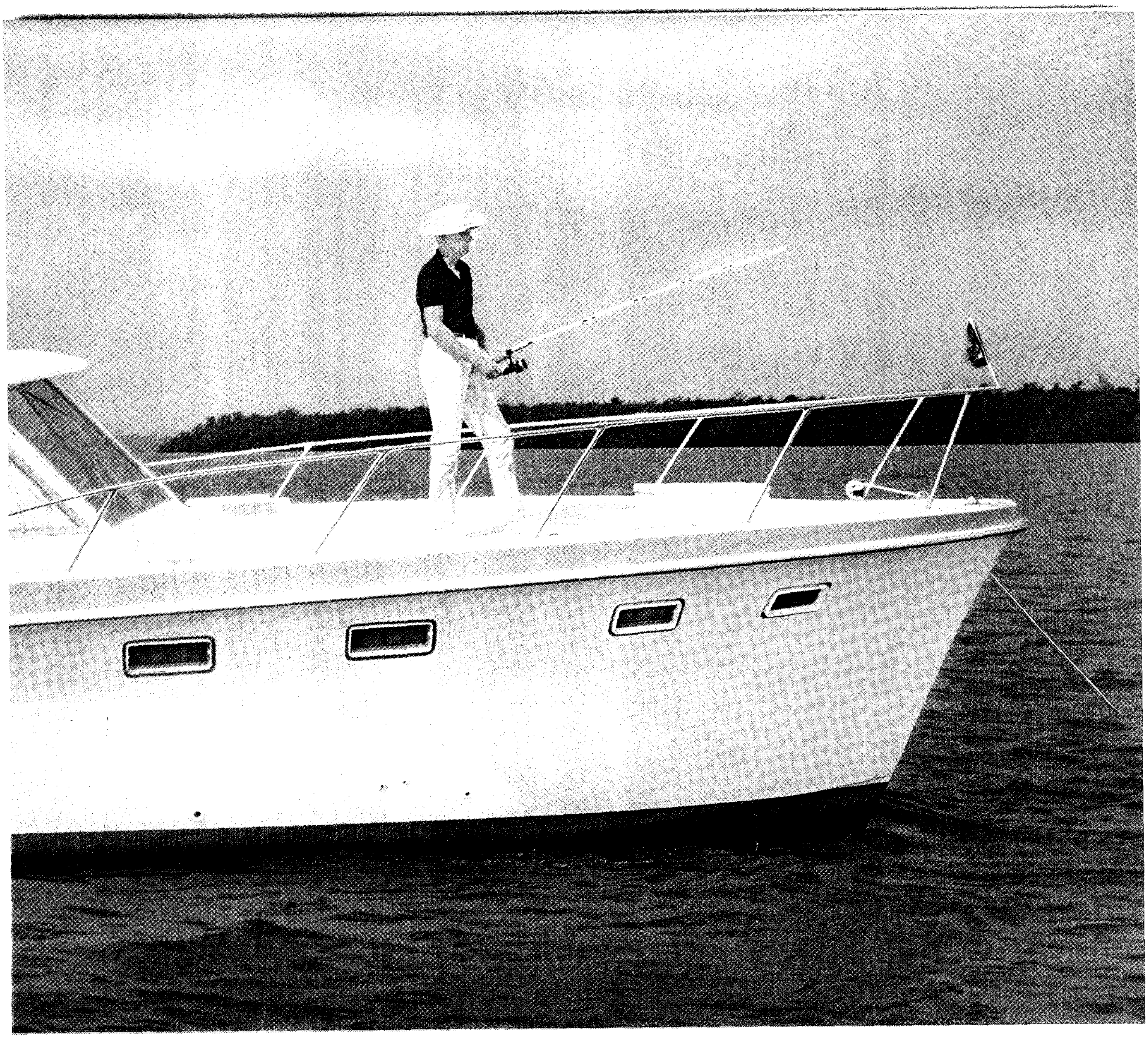

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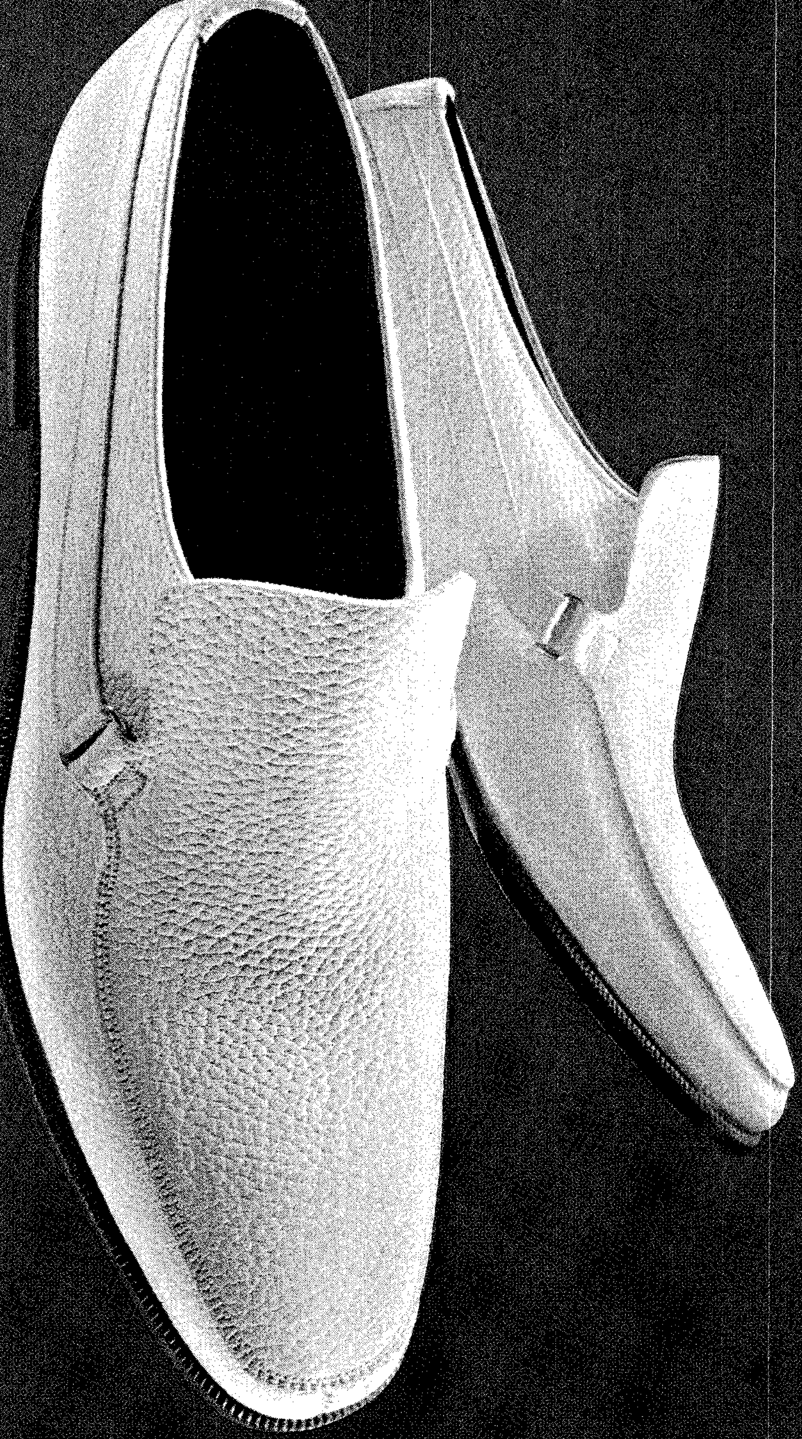

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THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO 60606 • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN • A DIVISION OF INTERCO INCORPORATED mises, to invent solutions." One solution that has been proposed many times over the years is a bi-national state, which would grant the Palestinian Jews and the Palestinian Arabs separate governments. This idea, which was first broached by Jews in the days of the British Mandate, has been repeatedly turned down by the Arabs. It is still alive here, but just barely, for at this juncture, even if Israelis were inclined to surrender what was so perilously gained—and they are not—they feel that the continuing hostility of the surrounding states, not only toward Israel but toward each other, renders bi-nationalism a mirage. "They hate each other even more than they hate us, and they want to kill us," an Israeli diplomat told me. A high-ranking intelligence officer who agrees with him remarked that the Arabs have yet to realize that they are not living in the seventh century, when a united Islam ruled most of the world. "They carry fantasy into battle," he said. "Since last June, several Arab commanders who failed their troops have been promoted, apparently for the sake of pretending that Islam triumphed." An Arab lawyer in what was until recently Jordanian Jerusalem, however, thought that communication between Israel and the Arab countries was not only possible but essential. "Palestine is the main problem dividing the Arabs and the Jews," he said. "Once a fair partnership is arranged there, Israel and the Arab states will be able to negotiate other issues. My people, having been defeated and humiliated, are convinced that the Zionists now want to use Palestine as a base for expanding from the Nile to the Euphrates."

Many Israelis agree with the lawyer's estimate of Palestine's importance, among them Professor Samuel Hugo Bergman, a noted philosopher who was a close friend of the late Martin Buber and is now, in his eighties, the first rector of Hebrew University. Professor Bergman recalled, in a talk I had with him, that as far back as 1920, which was when he settled in Palestine, it was perfectly plain that an unhappy situation was in the making. The Zionists, he said, being intent on creating a haven for Jews, were buying up large tracts of land from Arab effendis, whose guiding principle was to amass more wealth, and these transactions took little account of the Arab fellahin who were summarily banished from the land they had tilled and inhabited. Convinced this would make for bad blood, he and Buber and the late Dr. Judah Magnes (the first presi-

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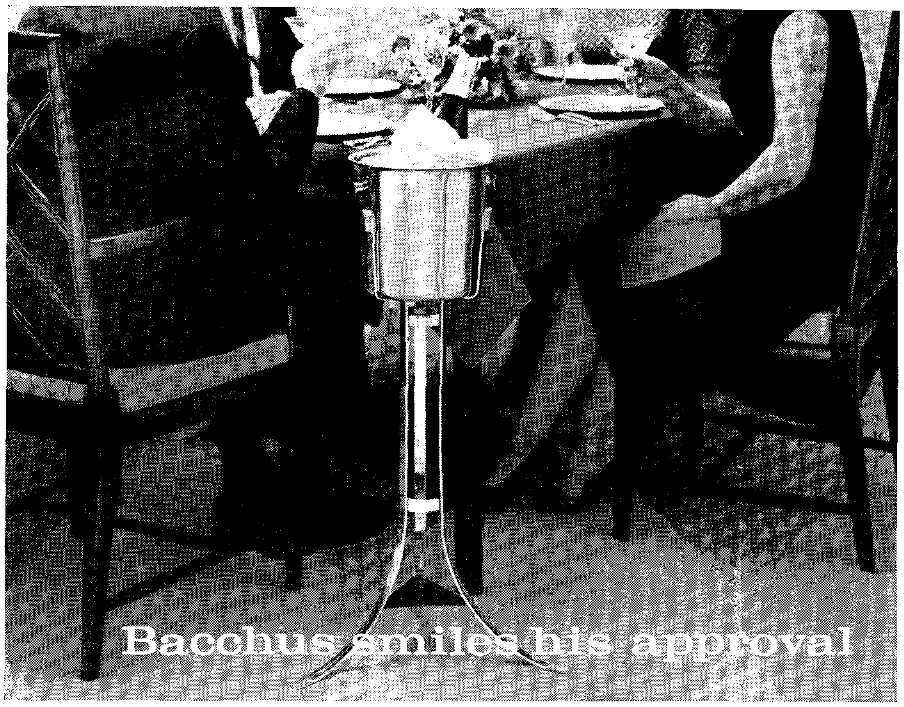

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dent of Hebrew University), with others, formed a movement called B'rith Shalom, or Covenant of Peace. "Our group was small—perhaps fifty," Professor Bergman said. "We believed that there was enough room in Palestine for both Arab and Jew, and that it was extremely important for ordinary Arabs to share both the land that we Jews bought and the money that we paid for it. We wanted to teach them modern agricultural methods and to have them work with us in industry. We wanted them to accept us as a sister nation, not as people determined to displace them. But neither the Arabs nor the Zionists would coöperate. The effendis went on taking money, and the ordinary Arabs, who were timid and uneducated, didn't know how to respond to us in any organized way, so the Zionists, I remember, would taunt us by asking, 'Where is your *Arab* B'rith Shalom?' Soon they had no need to taunt us. The years brought powerful historical forces—the birth of Arab nationalism, the large-scale immigration of Hitler refugees—and our voices could hardly be heard.

"Our movement sought to remain true to the morality of a minority, which was what we Jews were elsewhere. Our slogan was 'We do not want to be the majority, we want to be many.' Still, that's what we are now, a majority—and a strong one, thanks to the Six-Day War. In my opinion, it will be a long while before Arabs are trusted enough to be made members of the Israeli Army. When you become a majority, you must always be on guard to maintain your strength—especially in a land revered for holiness."

ISRAELI Jews are not without a powerful minority group of their own, as anyone learns who pays a visit to Israel's proudest war prize, the Western Wall. There, gathered day and night before the massive stone relic of King Solomon's Temple, are to be found the members of the Orthodox sects, who constitute the country's most cohesive minority. One soon discovers that the traditionalists, rocking in prayer, their chanting, lamenting voices beseeching their God's forbearance, just about own the Wall. Others may approach it, but they must wear skullcaps—a tribute to the political power that the Orthodox wield. At the top of a dirt incline that descends to the Wall is a large carton filled with paper yarmulkes, and it is a prudent move for the bareheaded to reach into it for one; to do otherwise is to court a dressing down, or

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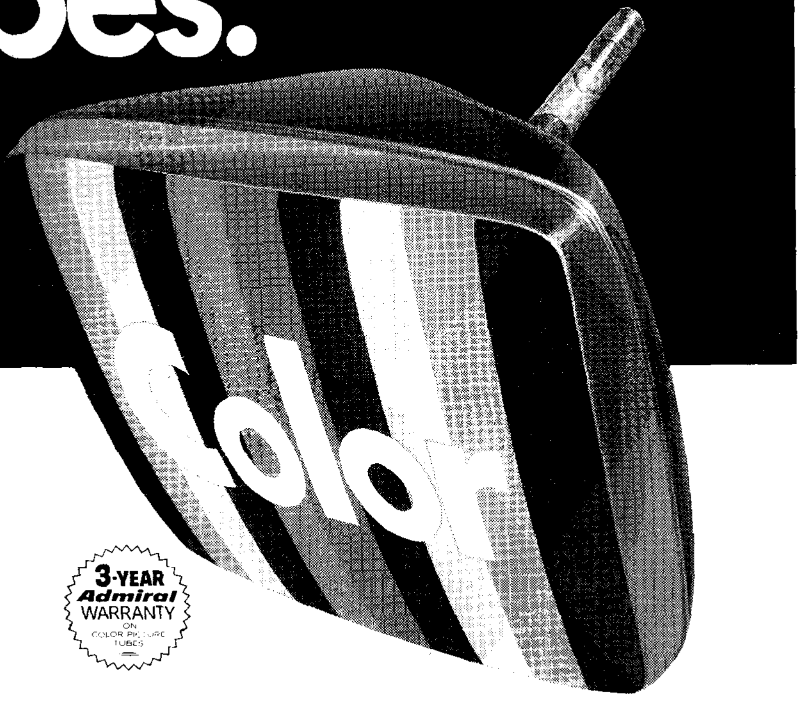

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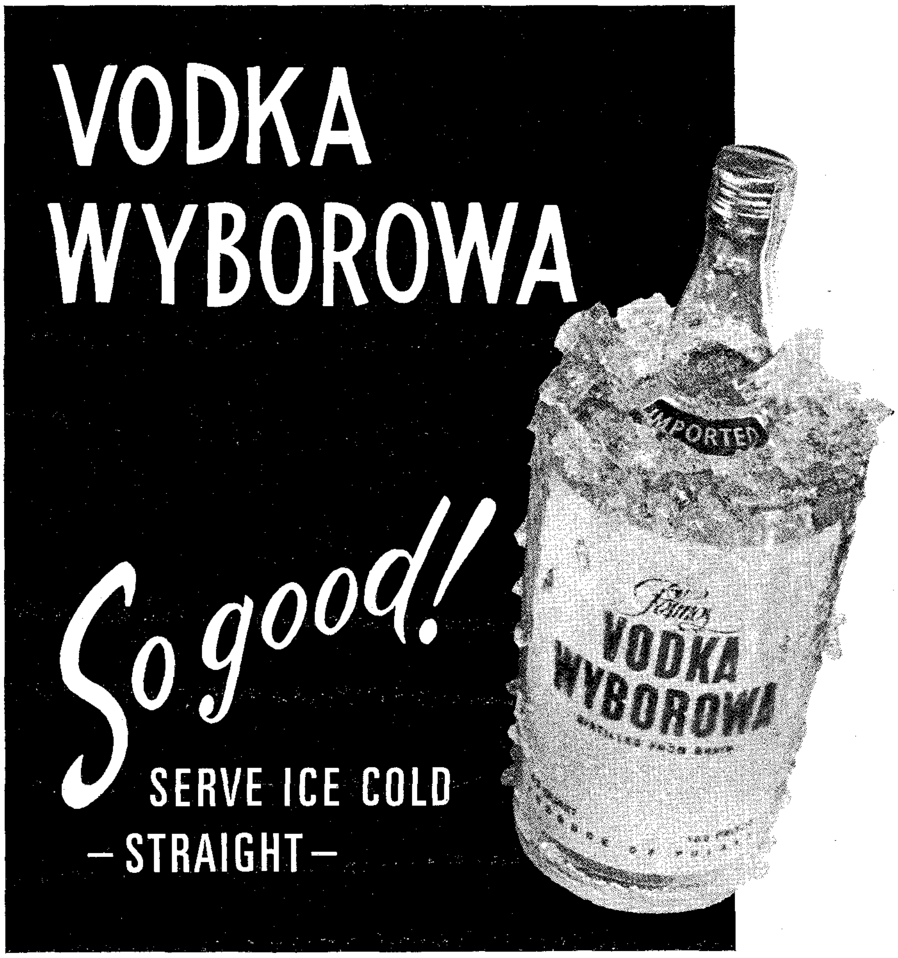

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possibly arrest by police posted in the vicinity of the Wall. But even wearing a yarmulke is no guarantee against running into difficulties at the foot of the incline, for there the traditionalists may insist that the visitor pray, regardless of his religious sentiments or his past service to Israel. Since Israel is predominantly non-religious, this proprietary attitude has stirred wide resentment, provoking, among other reactions, an editorial in the *Jerusalem Post* declaring that, under pressure from the Orthodox, the Wall has been turned "from a revered monument into an unholy mess of police barriers, enormous and conspicuous placards concerning Sabbath observance, and a jumble of bright-yellow furniture [a reference to cabinets for religious paraphernalia] up against the Wall itself," and adding, "The Wall which we visit is on the 'outside' of the traditional Temple Mount, and the space before it has never been considered a synagogue. Those who wish to pray there have now been enabled to do so. For the other half of the nation, the Wall represents something as near to a religious emotion as they have. . . ."

Altercations between outraged non-religious Israelis and the devout have taken place on numerous occasions, and I witnessed one on my first visit to the Wall. I was taken there by a Netherlands-born Jerusalem architect named Zvi Cohen, who was hospitably showing me around town. We had scarcely descended the incline, duly skullcapped, when we were accosted by a husky, black-bearded traditionalist in his early twenties. He wanted Cohen to join in the prayers at the Wall. Cohen, a retiring, soft-spoken man, moved away with me, but the traditionalist, pulling his prayer shawl about his shoulders, pursued us, berating Cohen for not worshipping.

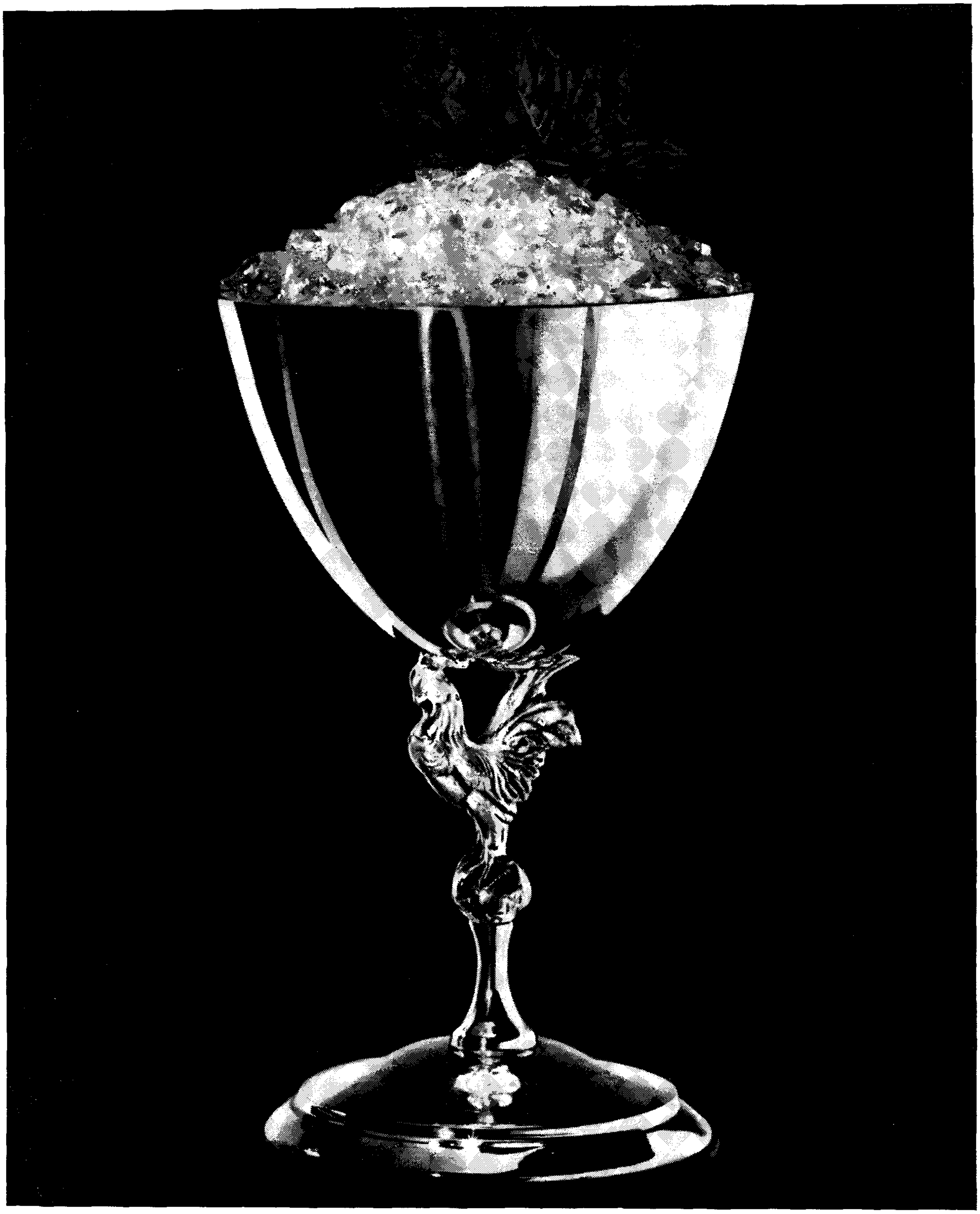
"Please leave us alone," Cohen said. "My friend is a guest from abroad. I am taking him on a little tour."

Derisively, the traditionalist inquired, "Are you ashamed to pray in front of your guest?"

Cohen, flushing, finally stood his ground. "Who are you to tell me what to do?" he demanded. "I came to help build this land before you were born—before Hitler, and from a country where there was no persecution. I have fought in three wars here. I fought for that Wall."

The two men glared at each other. After a minute or so, Cohen's tormentor sniffed contemptuously and returned to the Wall.

By the time we left the area, Cohen



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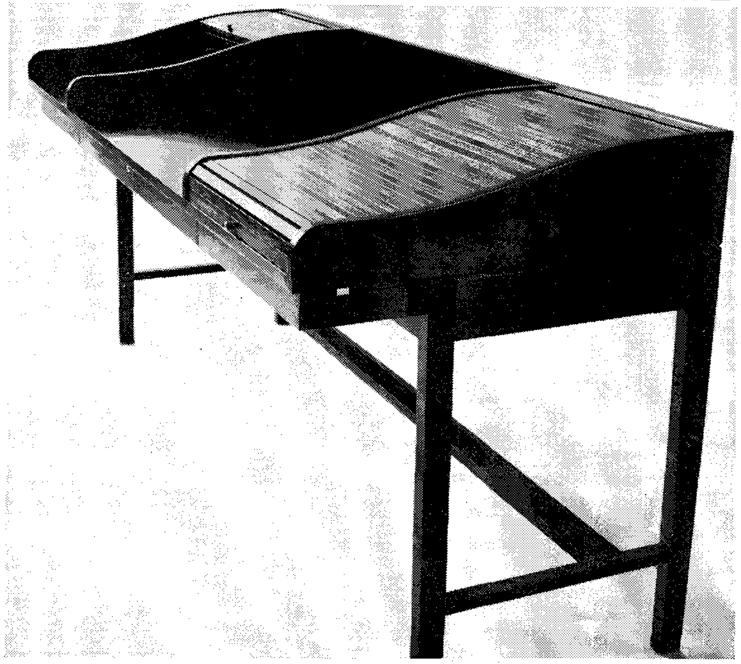

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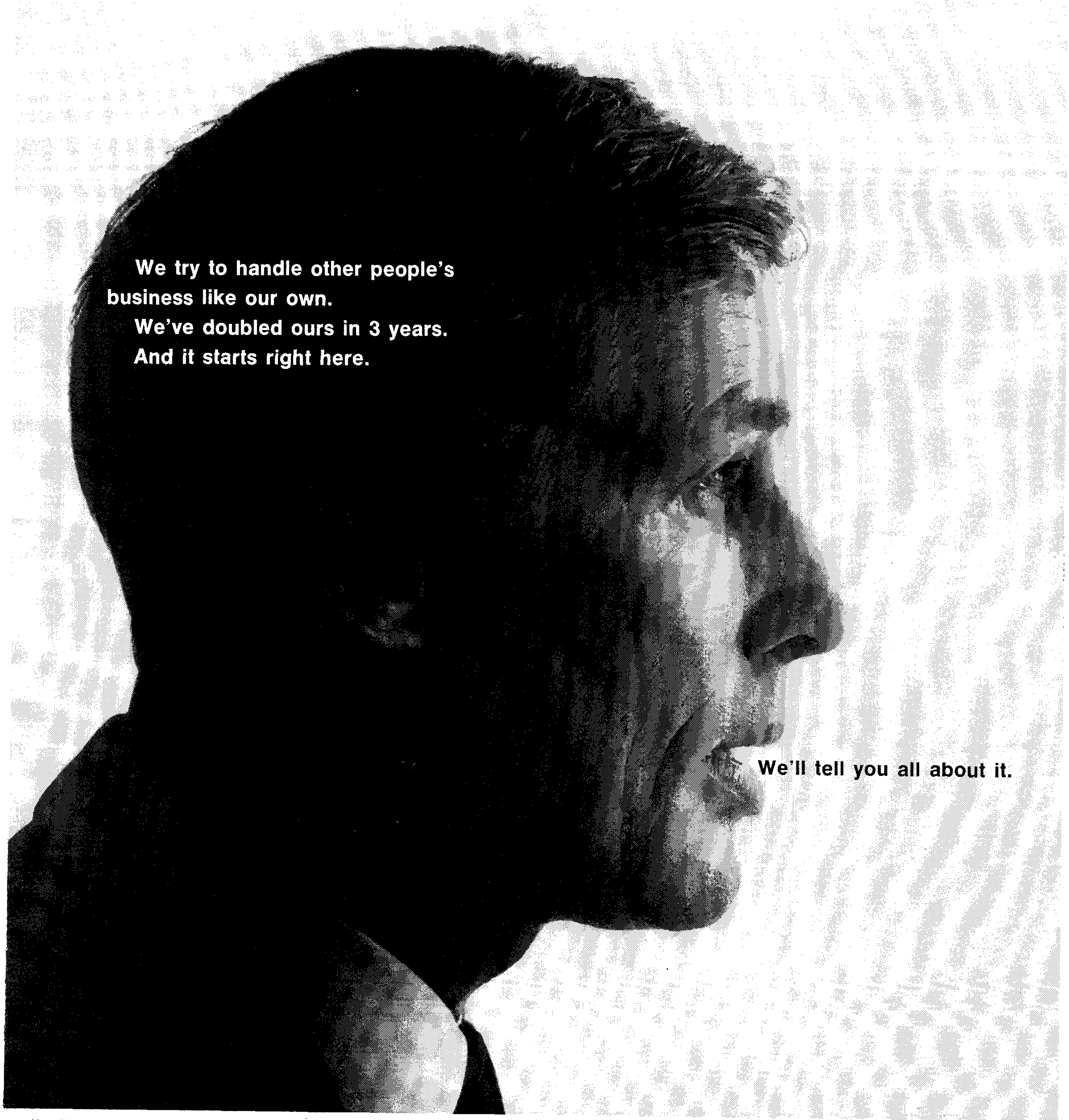
not only had regained his poise but was reluctantly conceding that there was something to be said for the traditionalists. "That stubbornness of theirs, that proclaiming of their faith—it's surely had something to do with Jewish survival," he said as we dropped our yarmulkes back into the carton. Cohen's ambivalent feelings, I discovered, were shared by quite a few Israelis, although many others told me that they thought the war had sharpened the feeling against the traditionalists. The usual explanation was that the latest threat of extermination had left Israel with a heightened sense of modern nationalism—a protective force to which the mystical ways of the Orthodox are alien. A highly placed civil servant said to me during a discussion of these devout Jews, "Our victory has brought about a reconsideration of the old question 'What is a Jew?' It's still unanswered, but certainly religious rituals have little to do with any modern definition. I think they had their greatest value at the start of the Diaspora, in the bygone times when a sense of identity had to be clung to. Maybe the rituals are still valuable outside Israel, but today we have a nation of our own, and since June we have been more aware of it than ever."

Whether or not the Orthodox belong to bygone times, they are well entrenched politically. Voting as a disciplined bloc in the Knesset, they exert so disproportionate an influence that all Jewish Israelis are legally subject to Orthodox dogmas in regard to such matters as matrimony, divorce, and the legitimacy of offspring. Many Israelis, however, particularly in intellectual circles, venture the opinion that the traditionalists are at present living off their political capital, and that their influence is bound to wane as Israel continues to rely on nationalism for safety. But even the most secular-minded do not envision a day when the ultra-Orthodox will disappear from the Israeli scene. Revealing a detached affection for them, of the sort that Cohen apparently feels, these nonreligious Israelis say that although the traditionalists may represent an anachronism, they do serve as a reminder of the Jewish past, which will probably always retain a certain appeal for its descendants. Even young Sabras agree. One of them, a medical researcher with whom I took an evening stroll through Mea She'arim, which is an Orthodox neighborhood in Jerusalem, told me, as we paused near a synagogue from which bearded worshippers were emerging, that the past had been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very much on his mind last June when he was with his tank unit fighting the Syrians. He said, "I remember asking myself one night, 'Why is our nation here, in this particular spot of this big world? Why weren't the Jews willing to build themselves a nation in Uganda when the British offered them territory there years ago?' I could think only that it had to be here, where our past is—where the ancestors of those people at the Wall were born."

IF the war has intensified nationalistic feeling here, it has also, I find, left Israelis with a greater awareness of their links with the outside world, and especially the West. The political demonstrations abroad, the fund-raising, and the other manifestations of concern are warmly remembered here. "Without all that, we would have felt much lonelier than we did the day the Gulf of Aqaba was closed," a Galilean kibbutznik told me. Nor has it been forgotten that thousands of unorganized volunteers stood ready to fight with Israel's forces—although, as it happened, they were thwarted first by a shortage of air transportation and then by the brevity of the war. Eliyahu Dobkin, the head of the Jewish Agency's youth department, explained to me, "When they finally arrived, they felt let down. They came to risk their lives, and all we could offer them was civilian jobs—driving military trucks, laying a water pipeline in the Sinai desert, working on forestation projects. We had to tell the volunteers it was just as important to build a country as to fight for it. A few didn't agree, and left, but most stayed on." Hundreds of the volunteers are still in Israel, including many non-Jews. Among these is a contingent of young Germans, who say they are here to atone for the anti-Jewish actions of their parents. One of them, a twenty-four-year-old theology student from Frankfurt, told me, "My father gave me the money to come here. He was one of Hitler's Brown Shirts."

Generally speaking, the war appears to have relaxed the wariness that Israelis have usually felt toward the rest of the world's Jews. For the moment, the Israelis are inclined to waive their long-standing disappointment with foreign Jews for not immigrating here to develop the Promised Land. This tolerant mood, I am told, embraces even those Jewish tourists who insist on going native, or so they think, when they get here. An agronomist in the Negev attempted to describe them to me by saying, "We are eager for them

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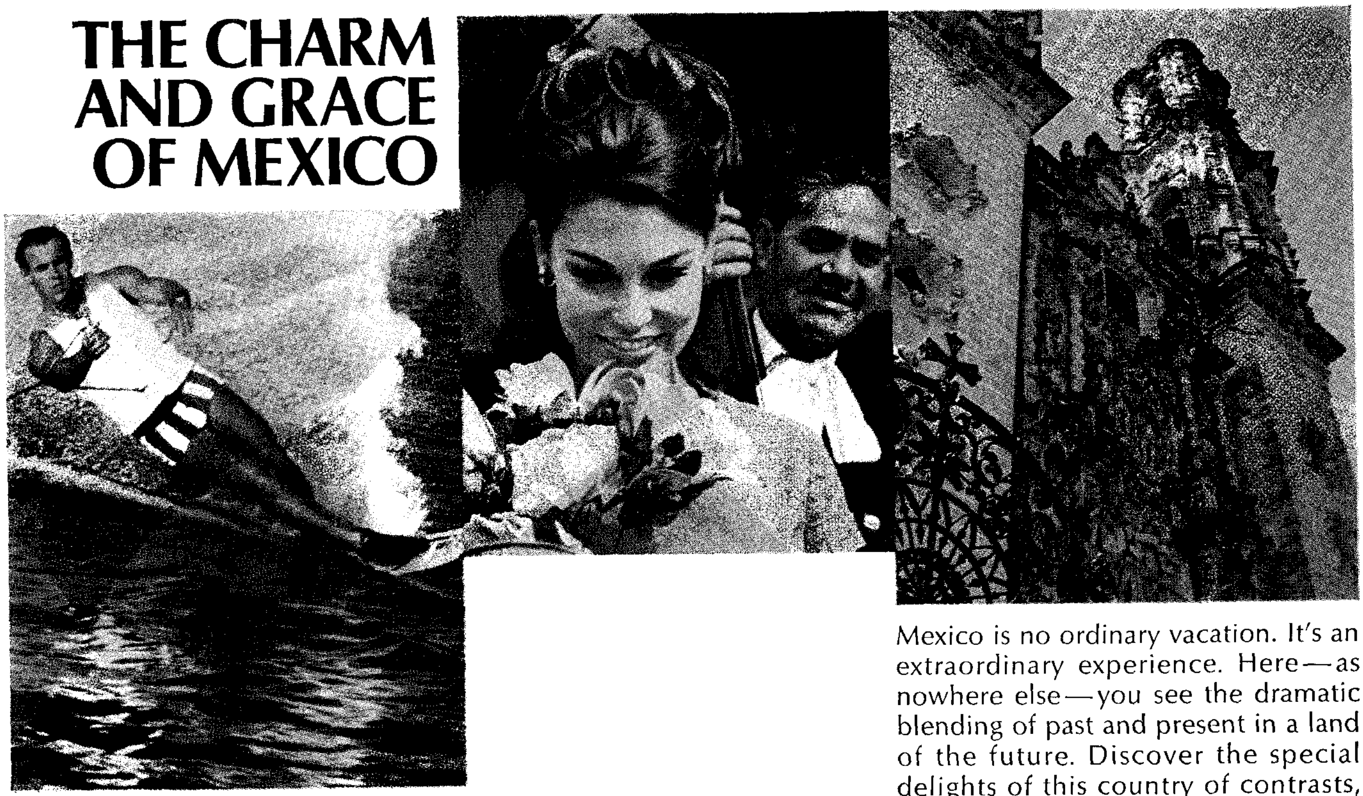

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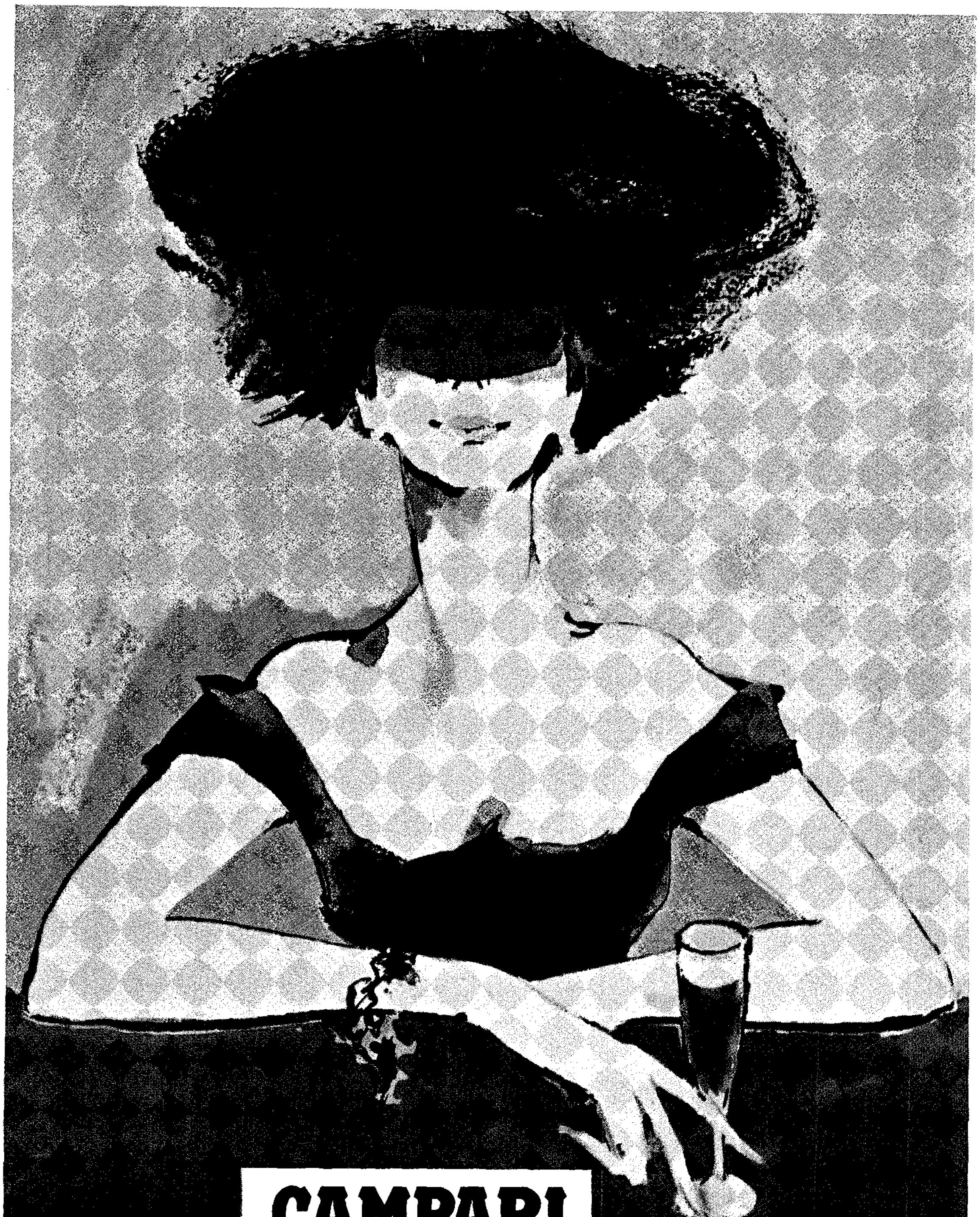

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Imported, Prepared and Bottled by AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC. New York—New York—48 Proof to see our accomplishments, but they are more eager to wear yarmulkes in our best restaurants and to try out the few Yiddish words they know on Hebrew-speaking waiters. And those politicians with Jewish voters back home! We are so weary of their clever visits. A few years ago, for instance, a prominent New York politician had his son's bar mitzvah here." There are many Jewish tourists here now, and it is evident that an easy harmony prevails between them and the Israelis. It is, of course, much more difficult to define the state of feeling between the Israelis and the millions of overseas Jews of the Diaspora. Though the two sets of Jews shared a wish for Israel's survival, their emotional incentives differed. That of the outside Jew may have arisen from his minority status at home. As Ben-Gurion put it to me, "Because of our victory, the Jew in a foreign land now walks with a straighter back." Dr. Yona Malachy, Deputy Director for Christian Affairs in the Ministry for Religious Affairs, had just returned from a visit to the United States when I saw him, and he confirmed the former Prime Minister's view. "In America, I observed that Jews are powerful in certain aspects of the country's life but that this doesn't keep them from being extremely aware of the Christian majority," he said. "To me, as an Israeli, it seemed that they live in a state of psychological exile, but the war, I believe, released them from it, at least temporarily. The war may have shocked many Americans into realizing, subconsciously, that Israel is the physical and spiritual representation of Judaism. I have the impression that these Americans were surprised to discover their feelings of solidarity with Israel."

Dr. Avraham Biran, Director of Antiquities and Museums in the Ministry of Education and Culture, told me he thought that one reason Jews abroad—whether religious or non-religious—were aroused by Israel's jeopardy last year was that they saw the country's death, which was then a distinct possibility, as a wounding blow to their identity as Jews. With Israel lost, he said, the loss of identity would have been inevitable, regardless of the degree of anti-Semitism in the world. "If that ancient scourge were to disappear from the face of the earth, what great identifying tie would exist to draw together the Jews of later generations, other than the nation of Israel?" he asked, adding, "And if there is an upsurge of anti-Semitism, Israel will stand, rockl ke, ready to re-

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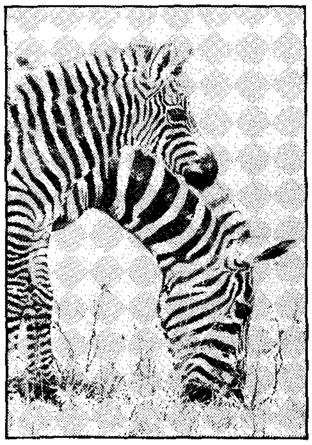

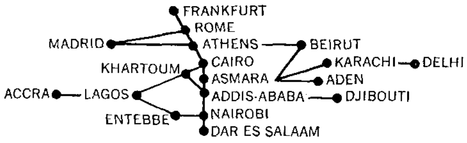

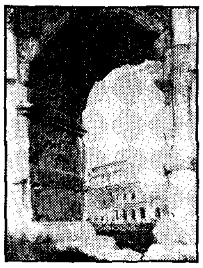

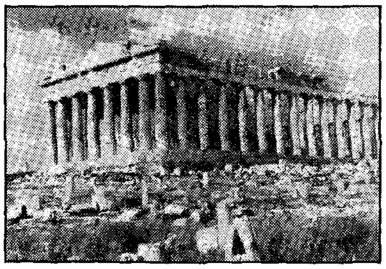

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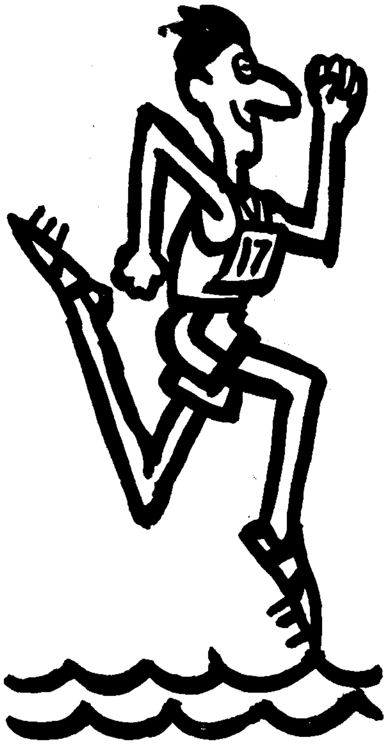

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ceive her harried wanderers as they return to the place where, in my opinion, they belong. I think of a Jew's being here as I do of our oranges. A certain combination of air, soil, water, and tradition makes them the best in the world, and they cannot be grown elsewhere. Just so, it is right for a Jew to grow in this land."

As for the Israelis' contribution to their bond with Jews abroad, it was simple and direct. In facing the Arabs, the Israelis were gambling their lives. In retrospect, the Israelis feel that one of the most punishing aspects of the Six-Day War was what happened before it started—the Arab military buildup that began in mid-May. The tension affected the entire population, and it is difficult to find an Israeli today whose expression does not turn grim at the memory of this period when each day brought additional news of enemy forces massing on the borders. In those weeks, I am told, victory was far from anybody's thoughts. European survivors of Hitlerism bought up quantities of poison, determined not to live through a second Holocaust if it should come; Kol Israel, the country's radio station, quit broadcasting rock-and-roll music, shifting to old Hebrew folk songs; the streets were forebodingly quiet; and neighbors showed each other the sort of indiscriminate solicitude that one often sees among hospital patients.

Now that the excitement of victory has come and gone, the more thoughtful Israelis are trying to measure its impact on the national temper. With such perspective as can be gained in the months that have elapsed since the cease-fire, they are inclined to believe that on the whole the country is currently in a more positive frame of mind than it was last spring. At that time, various Israelis have told me, there was a widespread tendency to speak mockingly, or at least skeptically, of the aspirations that supposedly motivated Israel, but this deprecating mood has diminished greatly since the emergency revealed to the Israelis that they were more willing than they ever suspected to die defending their country. This enlarging knowledge, combined with the achievement of victory, has restored much of the sense of mission that originally impelled settlers to come here—a sense that, at least for the present, has communicated itself even to the young Sabras, who have naturally always taken Israel for granted. "We won by ourselves, and we no longer doubt that we are as much a member of the family of nations as anyone else," I was told by an official of the Ministry

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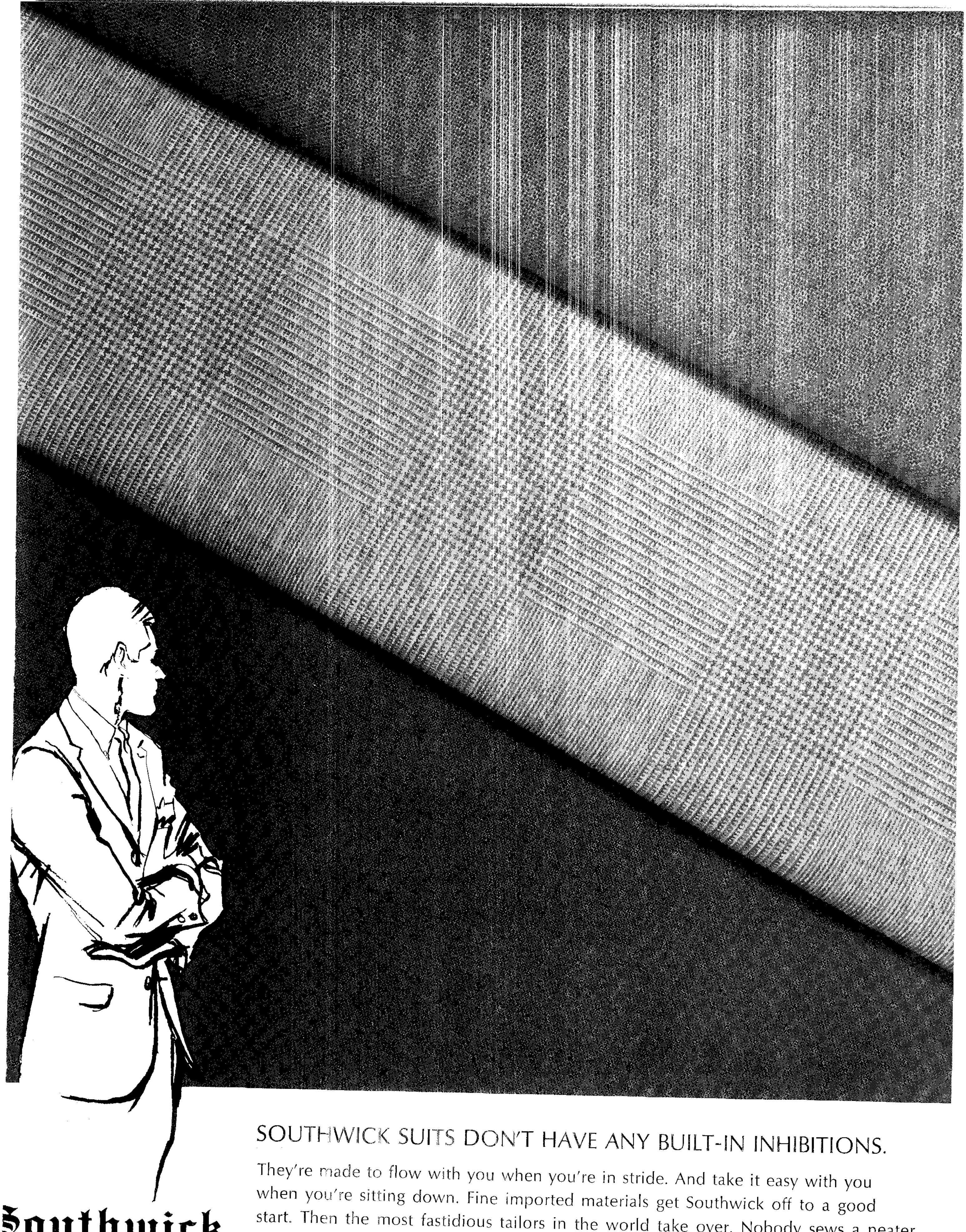

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of Foreign Affairs, a reflective immigrant of German background. "We have come into a certain confidence. Our shortcomings don't upset us as much as they did. Before the war, our instinct was to magnify them and decide that they were basic weaknesses of our society. Now we're ready to see them merely for what they are, and to believe that they also exist in other countries. Maybe it's this tolerance we have for our own imperfections just now that explains our new tolerance toward the Diaspora Jews."

It might also be mentioned that the young Sabras appear to have softened their attitude toward the six million Jews who died at the hands of the Nazis. Previously, I understand, Israeli youth found the Holocaust an awkward topic. Proud, nationalistic, militarily trained, they were embarrassed by what they imagined was a Jewish supineness of incomprehensible magnitude. Now, victorious and expansive, they seem disposed to concede that perhaps there were extenuating circumstances. One seventh-generation Sabra, a Jerusalem girl of twenty-five or so, said to me, "I had never given much thought to the six million, but in June I wished they could have been here to see us rushing into the Old City." They were remembered even in battle. In a letter that Colonel Bar-On made public, a young paratrooper, who was killed shortly after he wrote it, discussed the Holocaust with his girl. After a visit he and some other soldiers had made to a kibbutz founded in memory of the Ghetto Uprising in Warsaw, he wrote of the pictures of concentration camps he saw there, "From [seeing] all this horror and helplessness, there arises within me a tremendous will power to be strong . . . composed and terrible and dangerous. This is what I want to be, so that never again shall such eyes stare from behind electrified wire fences."

—DANIEL LANG

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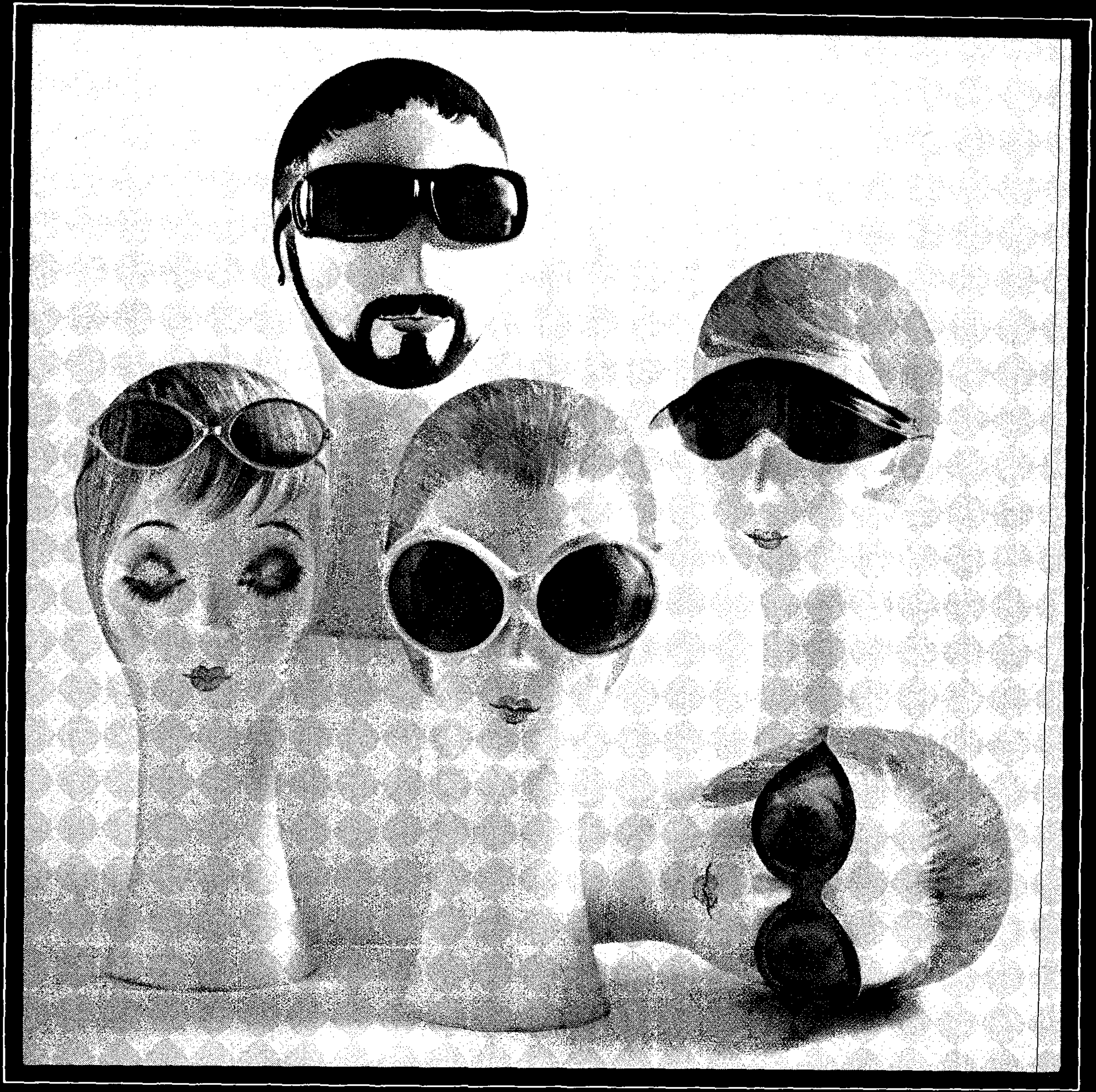

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT

THE vast gardens of Rambagh Palace, once the seat of the Maharaja of Jaipur and today a caravansary for denizens of the Western world, are a dreadful temptation to stay put and never bother to take a look at the Other India—the India within the city walls, so far removed in space and time from the old British military cantonments, where West hardly ever met East, and where the best Indian hotels usually congregate now. Someone, though, escaping the peaceful cloisters of the Rambagh Palace, has gone cityward and into the museum in Jaipur, and there, beholding among its collections the shirt of an Indian child, has had the idea of translating it into a sort of dress—square-armholed and slit-pocketed—which, ornate in its sky-blue silk and its trimmings of embroidered pink florets on green, copper, and turquoise vines, has found its way into Lord & Taylor's fifth-floor sports department. Being the most elaborate of the Indian dresses there on show, it is $120, but $70 is enough to acquire a fellow-Indian of navy cotton with long, loose sleeves and embroidery that—how could it fail?—involves, among other items, elephants and water buffaloes. Another dauntless voyager has brought back from Thailand a travel ensemble—a skirt, an overblouse, and a little-boy jacket—of sturdy gold cotton whose printed ornamentation is white and floral. One more explorer has, in the Philippines, acquired for-afternoon-and-on shirt dresses of practically cobwebby natural pineapple fibre that are absolutely beautiful. Italy weighs in, too, but then it always does—this time with stunning coat-dresses of batiste that is (behind a cactus pattern) a mélange of pink, Mediterranean blue, sea green, orange, coral, and mauve. The contribution of Lilly Pulitzer, who lives no farther away than Palm Beach, is a dress of pink cotton (gold chrysanthemums decorate it) with a wide peekaboo sector through the midriff.

YUCATÁN, that flat pancake, has produced the bales of white cotton dresses in Bonwit's S'fari Room, and they must be cottage-industry, for no two of the painted-and-embroidered hibiscus patterns are the same. The length is variable—ankles to above-the-knees—and so is the expense, which is $55 to $125. Across the aisle are British notions in pink, blue, or yellow angora, for which a cooler climate is indicated. The coat-dresses in this lot double as coats over matching polo-shirt dresses or over tank-top sheaths that are white down to the hips and then one of the aforementioned hues. On the way out, take a look, on the first floor, at the newly arrived luggage in sand nylon straw with an embroidery of black yarn in a design that looks like caning—miles and miles of pieces of every variety.

SWEDEN, Italy, and France have delegates in Bloomingdale's third-floor conservatory back of the escalators. A lot of them are knits, such as the short-sleeved sweaters of écru silk-and-linen in a cable stitch, and the long, lean shorts that do suggest Mack Sennett bathing trunks, and the mid-thigh cardigans, which, worn as dresses, are sure to flood the discothèques; $55 to $65. Quite a bit less costly are things like the cotton-knit shirts of tomato red that are *à deux* with above-the-knees navy culottes. And there are separates of ivory stretch terrycloth, as soft and flat as lamb's wool, combined with natural canvas.

IBID, which is fairly new, has stocked its nineteenth-century carriage house, at 123 East 77th Street, with things from Provence—dresses of polished lilac cotton with buttercups and azaleas as décor, or of navy cotton twill with dogwood as décor, all of them tucked along the bosom and surmounted by square collars of white piqué. From our own soil come dresses, tucked to the waist, of larkspur cotton with band collars and, down the front, pearl shoe buttons, to say nothing of dresses of an écru cotton that looks like crochet, and long dinner-at-home or country-club shirtwaist dresses of white voile with brown and white stripes on the gathered skirts. The top price in the lot is $26.

FROM here on in, *everything* is native. To wit: the floor-length pinafores at Jax, which is always a dizzy whirl. They could do double duty as evening dresses. White organdie, white organdie sprinkled with embroidered white bouquets, white lawn in a yellow poppy print, and robin's-egg crinkled

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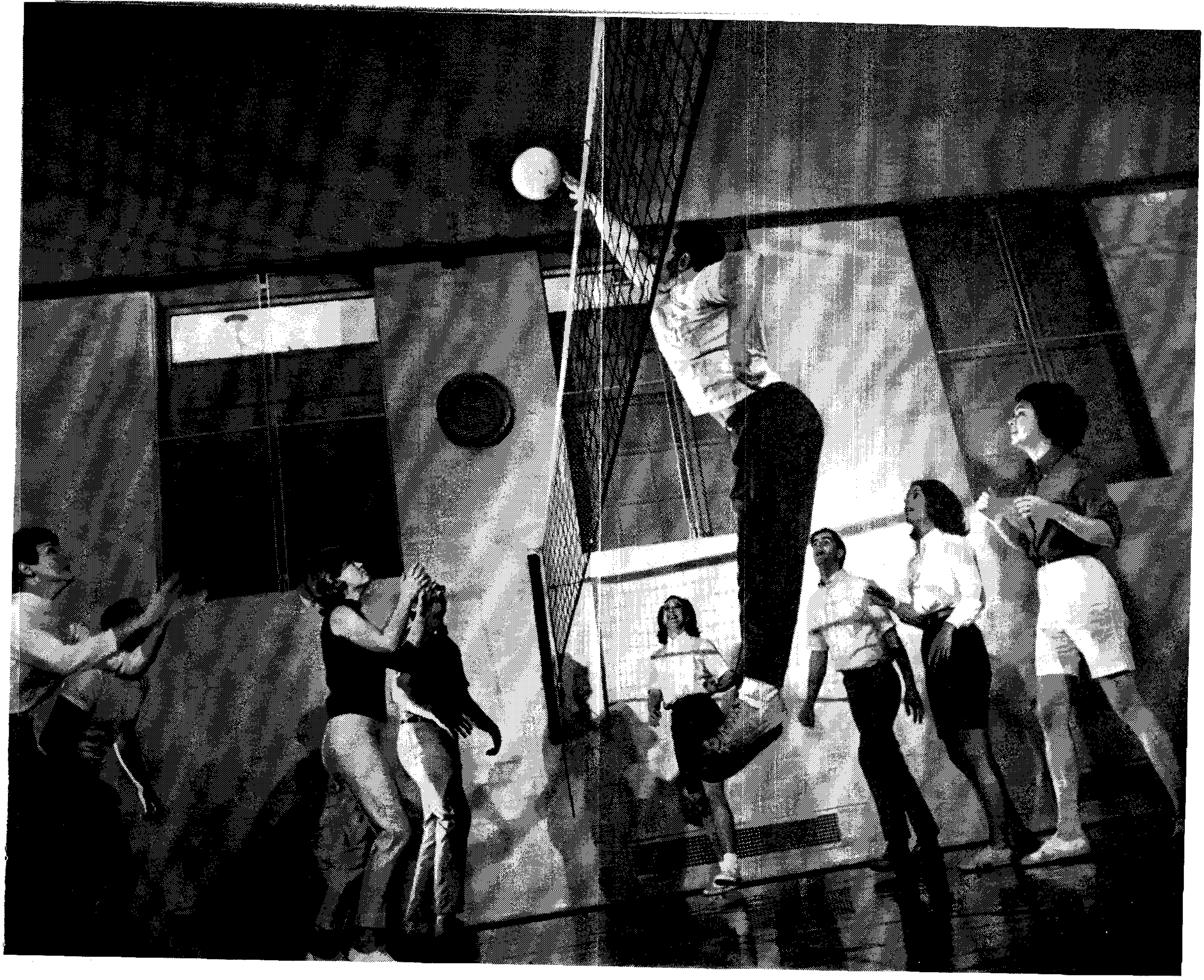
cotton—these are the goods; $39.95 to $65. Among the *real* evening dresses are some checked ginghams and some pale-blue cottons on which rosebuds are noticeable; $59.95 and $89.95, respectively. . . . Honeybee, at 7 East 53rd Street, is for outdoors: mini duffel coats of awning-striped duck, fastening with silver-metal hardware; mannish shirts, floppy hats, trousers, and little-boy shorts of cheerfully tinted nylon oxford cloth; brief jump suits of mint terrycloth. Nothing is expensive. . . . I Hate Raincoats is what Abercrombie & Fitch calls a corner that offers spirited coats of orange poplin with double-breasted closings *and* single-breasted overflaps, or of red cotton (blue lightning streaks across these) with rolled collars, or of white cotton with Peter Pan collars and rainbow horizontal striping, as well as trenchcoats of black hopsacking (a print of feathers in six million colors) and reversible all-year coats of nylon taffeta, quilted on one side, in green-and-navy, brown-and-powder-blue, and such. The tap runs from $50 to $80. . . . Our old friend the D'Orsay pump is back at Delman's, and in raspberry, lemon, or lime calf with perky grosgrain bows. Pumps can be pretty conventional (some of them have been to the well much too often), but there are ways of dressing them up to defy convention, like using clusters of leather loops on the vamps of some in jelly-bean kidskin—raspberry with raspberry and lime loops, lemon with lemon and orange loops, or the whole deal in white. Pumps with two-inch heels are of beige calf, of blue-and-green calf, or of rose-and-ivory-and-yellow calf mottled in a fashion that makes it look almost floral. Spectator pumps are hardy perennials—speaking of flowers—but it can be said for Delman's square-toed examples in black-and-white, brown-and-white, navy-and-white, red-and-white, or green-and-white lizard-grained Corfam that they are quite handsome. . . . What Elizabeth Arden is up to in the lingerie salon is prices that are next to nothing. A slight $21 gets a stately one-piecer (it looks like a two-piecer) of Shocking-pink crêpe with huge and vividly hued butterflies as ornamentation. It's a slender robe slashed down the front to show the attached sheath beneath. Less formal are the shirt robes in wide-striped white seersucker and the negligees of white nylon tricot with a colored lining of thin nylon fleece—these at around $25.

LAST and least is stuff for citizens of sizes 2 to 6X, such as the *very* young ladies' dresses at Poupées and



This year The Digest heads the youth movement.

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Year after year, more young people (18 to 34) buy The Digest than any other general magazine. And note this: over the last six years, the Digest's circulation among the young crowd has grown more than twice as fast as the next three general magazines combined. The Digest can move this growing, young, ready-to-buy market your way. And at a lower cost per thousand than those other magazines, too.

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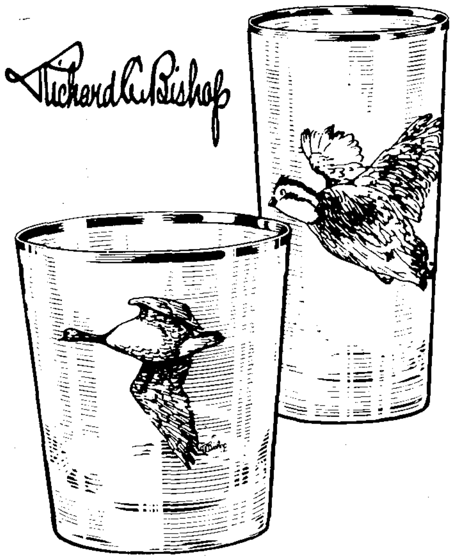

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Pinafores, which lives one flight up at 987 Lexington Avenue (71st). There are pinafores (what else?) and pinafores and pinafores—in piqués, plain or candy-striped cottons, dotted swiss, flowered lawns, and organdies embroidered with tiny nosegays. Eyelet-embroidered ruffles drift over the shoulders, and rickrack braid occasionally encircles the hems. The cost of everything is becomingly low. . . . Doctor Dolittle was bound to get into the young-people's act, and at F. A. O. Schwarz there are brother-and-sister sets, for beginning walkers and on up to size 6X, of white sailcloth jackets bearing lions, elephants, giraffes, and tigers in Wedgwood blue to match the terrycloth linings, not to mention boys' sunsuits of green-and-white striped Dacron-and-cotton seersucker (grasshoppers with top hats and walking sticks) and girls' sun dresses or rompers of the same stuff. If the little girls must be more worldly, like—after all—Rex Harrison, Schwarz will provide pyramid sun dresses of pea-green corded cotton on which turtles in Shocking pink are the enlivenment. —M. M.

•

7. TRANSFERRING

The transfer of the omelet is accomplished thusly: hold the omelet pan about shoulder high with the handle perpendicular to your arm and about 12 to 16 inches from your chest. The handle should be in the palm of your hand with the fingers curved over the top. The forearm is in a straight position parallel to the body. The other hand holds the plate about the same distance from the body but slightly below the pan. (At this point, the pan is opposite one shoulder and the plate opposite the other.) The plate is then tilted to a 45 degree angle while the pan is tilted and moved downward toward the plate in such a manner as to make about ⅓ of the omelet slide off the pan onto the plate. With the dish being held in that position, the pan is raised so that the backmost third of the omelet is folded over the center third. The omelet pan is then used as a spatula to roll the portion (⅔'s) which is still in the omelet pan over onto the section which is already in the plate and the result should be a perfect oval shape.—*Booklet from the Pot Shop, 379 Boylston Street, Boston.*

Unless you're a hunchback, in which case it will be a rhomboid.

•

Under challenge was an Arkansas law which forbids teaching "that mankind ascended or descended from a lower order of animals." The court agreed to hear arguments in the case, probably next fall, then rule whether such a man is constitutional.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Even if he is, he ought to be ashamed of himself.

There are so many facets of Germany covered on this 21-day tour, we can't think what to call it.

Maybe "The German Everything" tour?

You'll visit Salzburg, Mozart's home; Bonn, Beethoven's birthplace; the home of Joseph Haydn in Eisenstadt; and Vienna. So we could call it "The German Music" tour.

Of course, you'll be seeing a lot of mountains. Like the Bavarian Alps, the Harz Mountains, the Grossglockner Glacier in Austria, to name a few. So maybe—"The German and Austrian Mountain" tour? But that might be misleading. Because the tour takes you through modern cities like Berlin and Wolfsburg (home of the Volkswagen), and Hamburg. So maybe we should name it "The Modern Germany" tour.

Except there are so many strictly medieval towns you'll see. Goslar, for instance, Rothenburg (one of the few remaining walled cities) Nuremberg and Bamberg, with its 13th century cathedral. So, how about "The Medieval Germany" tour.

You see, it covers 63 places in Germany and Austria, all as different as night and day. It costs $813 which includes round-trip jet from New York to Hamburg, ground transportation (you'll travel everywhere by de luxe motor coach) hotels, meals, tips and taxes —for 21 days.

Ask your travel agent. He calls it the "Gems of Germany and Austria" tour. Now, there's an idea! Or send the coupon.

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INHERITING A GARDEN

AMONG self-portraits of my mother that I fell heir to after her death is a charcoal study for the painting required by the National Academy of Design as an initiation, on the occasion of her election to membership. The drawing reveals how my mother felt it necessary to pose herself—looking over her shoulder at a foreshortened angle to minimize what she thought of as her awful, jutting chin, her hooky nose. She holds the stick of charcoal up and gazes with an artist's calculating stare at her reflection in a pier glass that is outside the picture.

Her self-deprecation used to outrage me, for if she was as hideous as she claimed—"wrinkled old hag" was one phrase of hers—what did that make me? I thought it egotistical of her not to accept the fact that she was a beauty. But in the sudden objectivity that rushes in to fill the gap when a person intimately known is abstracted from one's atmosphere, I see that to her New England mind it was a question of taste. One could not come right out with a good opinion of oneself. That charcoal self-portrait is certainly of a very handsome woman. She *must* have known what she was drawing.

In the end her self-deprecation has turned into a sort of surprise present, one of the many I keep turning up as if they were real packages she had left tucked away in corners of real drawers. For, when I am appalled by what has befallen the face I see in the mirror, as she must sometimes have been, I realize that things are not necessarily as bad as they seem. When I was a young girl and beaux came to call, they used to take one look at my mother and settle down to serious courting, assured of the future of my appearance. Now those despairs of my mother's give me confidence that my own looks, though lesser, may last out.

She wasn't a cosseter of her beauty. Although she was capable of taking an hour and a half to dress for a party and emerge from her room looking like a duchess, very often when she had finished her morning's painting she used to spend the rest of the summer day gardening in an old striped seersucker dress, her feet in torn, discarded espadrilles of mine, a bandanna faded pale red tying her hair down, with her deplorable jaw set as she dug out dandelions and sorrel. Her gardening was unsparing. During droughts, she carried water in a pail, since the town forbade sprinkling or even, in extremities, any use of the hose at all; she sawed off dead limbs, forked over the compost heap, nailed up high gray driftwood supports for the roses to clamber over.

"Come and help me!" she used to cry, though not so often after years of my making it plain I did not want to.

I had in mind more sybaritic summers, like the pictures in *Vogue*. "Why don't we let it all run to lovely field grass?" I said.

A look of passionate distress twisted her features—stained with sweat, streaked with dirt where she'd slapped a mosquito, but still, like an old statue's, beautiful.

"It wouldn't be the way you imagine," she said. "Nature can't just be left, like that."

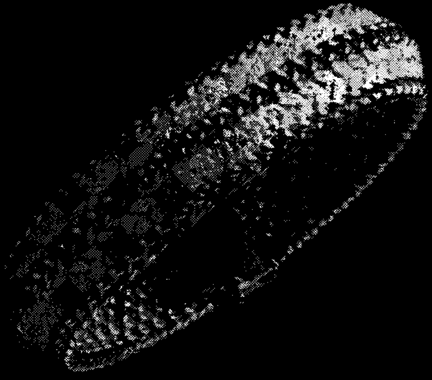
The standard for her gardening afternoons was the same as for her painting mornings—quite simply, perfection. The house we spent the summers in after my father died was on the ocean, and in the early mornings when the cove lay green and glassy-still at the bottom of the hill, and the dew left pocket handkerchiefs spread on the garden grass to dry, and gulls flew, hoarsely crying, out to sea, the garden seemed one of those places where a secret of nature has been trapped, like the river garden within the portalled wall of a willow plate, and that must always be returned to if the secret is to be experienced.

After my mother's death it seemed imperative that her garden should not be allowed to disintegrate. It appeared too well established, too structurally conformed to the land's contour to need more than custodial care. She had used the outcroppings of native granite as part of her design, and the terrace was bordered with stone walls that were put in years ago by a Finn who took his work as hard as she took hers; he told her he couldn't sleep for worry about getting the curve of the wall right. Also part of her design were the tall bare locusts, like bleached bones, an occasional glacial boulder, and the indigenous bushes—beach plum, sassafras, and sweet fern. The summer after my mother died, I weeded my way through my grief, pulling out sorrel blindly with my fingers instead of digging it out, propelled by the compulsion to preserve instead of to abandon her creation.

In close relationships, it takes discernment to distinguish which qualities belong to whom, and I never before quite took it in—that all the gardening

The Whichwatch

OR, WHERE HAS THE TIME GONE?



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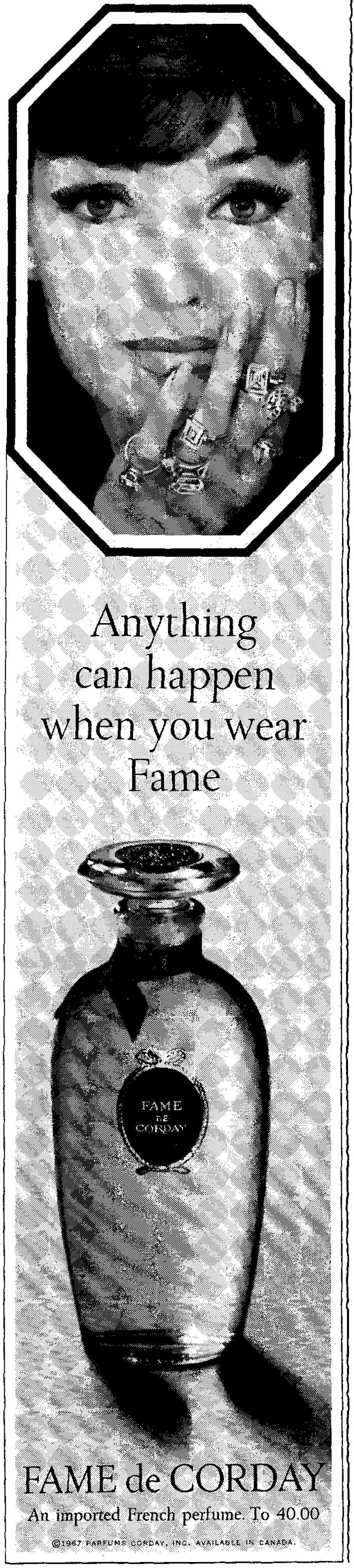
in our lives had been done entirely by my mother. To watch people gardening, to listen to them talk, even though endlessly, about gardening, to help weed, is not to garden. My ignorance turned out to be, in fact, almost total. The immense practicality of my mother's nature dawned on me, taking the place of a cliché assumption that her artist's dreaminess meant vagueness.

But it was I who was vague. I stood by the back door with the longest clippers in my hands, trying to reach the grapevine that floated out in long streamers above the windows. She was right—you could not leave nature alone a single season. Thick stems of ivy had worked themselves into the cracks of the door and window frames, and ivy pushed between the granite steps, separating them.

The supports for the roses had had to be taken down when the kitchen wing was reroofed, and how was I ever to get them up again? Nobody thought, while they were being removed, to see how they had been attached. The carpenter said they couldn't be nailed to the gutters without causing leaks. Somehow they must be firmly fixed to that granite house or the winter gales would bring them and the roses down.

The dandelions on the lawn were coming up thicker than ever, and it was too much to keep the wide beds of Rosa Mundi roses weeded, on top of everything else, though their pink-and-white stripes were among the sights I loved best. The magic was leaking out of the garden. When I looked at the terrace I thought of the sorrel between the stones. The winding stone steps meant grass cuttings accumulated in crevices; the yellow Scotch roses meant weeds in where the thorns scratched my wrists; the crab-apple trees meant dead limbs to prune. The remains of the delphinium and the irises in the border meant further weeding. And the climbing yellow rose beside the front steps had died.

I sat on the stone wall, at the hour when the light on the rocks bordering the cove turns violet and the gulls fly out to sea to follow fishing boats home, cornered by the pass to which my own insistence on staying ignorant had brought me. Now I could see how much my mother knew that I didn't know and never would know—there wasn't time any more to learn it as she had learned it—and I asked myself whether there was any point in trying to preserve the garden. Why not let the whole thing run to field grass, after all? I tried to remember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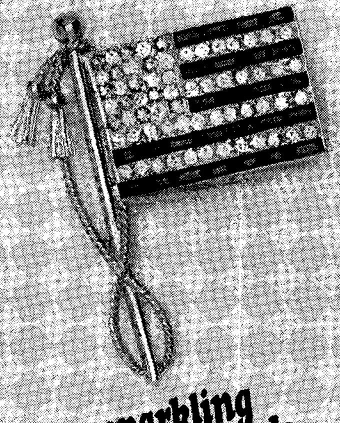
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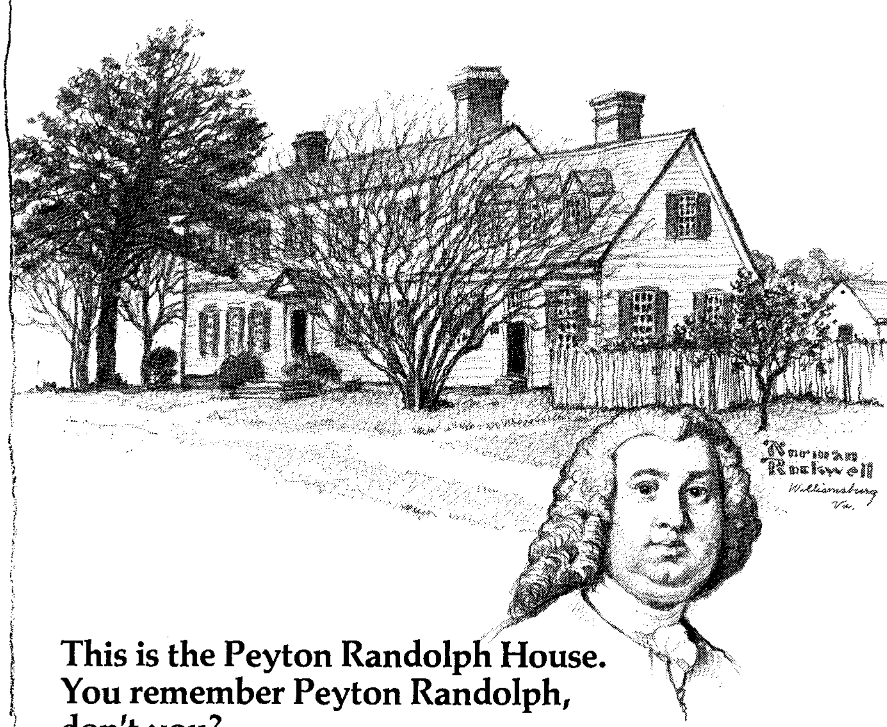
whether gardening had ever meant anything to me, or whether it had all of it belonged to her. But my mind, instead, went back to winter, in the old house outside Boston where I grew up.

It was like dreaming to remember how hard the winters were to get through. The snow fell early and stayed late, and it was very cold—sometimes ten below zero. The furnace was inadequate; very little warmth came up through the black iron registers. The living room and the dining room needed their fireplaces going to make them livable. On the north side of the house, my father's study and my mother's studio stayed cold. The Franklin stove did get lighted in the study after dinner, when my father went there to draw for the rest of the evening, but the studio never warmed up. Upstairs, it was still colder. The only bedroom that got any heat was the room where my grandmother slept when she visited us. We used to stand on the register in there to dress. Sometimes the pipes froze, and we had no water except what we could carry in buckets from a neighbor's and store in the bathtub and the oval copper canning boiler.

The maid was responsible for feeding the kitchen stove, banking it at night, and opening the drafts to bring it to life in the morning. Our ancient, peculiar hired man—who, when he chopped wood, could be heard muttering, "If the logs had heads, I'd chop 'em off"—kept the wood baskets by the fireplaces filled. My mother never came in from outdoors without an armful of faggots for kindling. But my father was responsible for the furnace, and he hated it. Early in the morning, before he left for his studio in Boston, he shook it down and stoked it. As soon as he got home at night it had to be attended to. And in the evenings, after I had gone to bed and was nearly asleep, I would hear him clumping slowly down the cellar stairs and, a minute later, the scrape of the coal shovel. Sometimes he struck his head against the low-running pipes. "God damn it to hell!" he would exclaim. I could hear him all the way up two flights of stairs. It shocked my mother to death, but she hadn't the heart to scold him. I lay still in bed, stricken with his despair.

One particular snowy evening, when the winter was at its bitterest, we were finishing dinner. My father had been telling me, "Don't you care about those nasty little girls. When you grow up, everything will get better. You'll



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see." I looked down into my plateful of Floating Island, and tried to imagine what it would be like to grow up and not get called names like Walking Dictionary, or Poor Church Mouse; or not to care if I was called them. It was then that my father said, his voice changing as he changed the subject, "What do you think? *The first seed catalogue came today!*"

I felt a great flood of relief. All manner of thing was going to be all right, after all, not only for me but for him. My parents rose from the table. Standing in the doorway to the living room, they embraced, as was their after-supper custom. Hastily I dropped my dessert spoon and went to horn in on the embrace.

In late January and early February, seed catalogues would pour thick and fast through the letter slot under one of the narrow windows that flanked the front door. Breck's, Farquhar's, Burpee's, Ferry's—I have forgotten the names of all the nurseries but not the change that their catalogues meant. My parents now spent their evenings poring over them. My mother was selecting annuals for the border, sedums for the rock garden, replacements for climbing roses in the lower garden that had died, grass seed for bare spots in the lawn. My father was what he called "looking out" vegetables. When Daylight Saving Time began, during the First World War, it might have been solely to give my father pleasure. His commitment to painting kept him at his studio till time to catch the train home for dinner, but now he could look forward in good conscience to long summer evenings tending his green flesh melons and his asparagus bed, his corn hills and his strawberries.

As for me, I sat up as long as I was allowed, joyfully hunting up the radishes in all the catalogues—scarlet globe radishes, white icicles. Radishes were my speciality, because they came up faster than anything else. Other vegetables required patience, of which I had none. When I stuck radish seeds in the ground, before I knew it up would pop a row of little, round, twin leaves.

More than choosing seeds my headiest pleasure those snowbound evenings was in looking at the pictures—seed-catalogue art, showing the grass-green pods opened to reveal perfect peas like green teeth, the fat tomatoes of bright scarlet, purple pansies big as a plate, exactly perfect roses in pink, yellow, or crimson, spires of mammoth snapdragon, ears of Golden Bantam corn bursting from green husks, Kentucky Wonder beans, royal-purple beets, great

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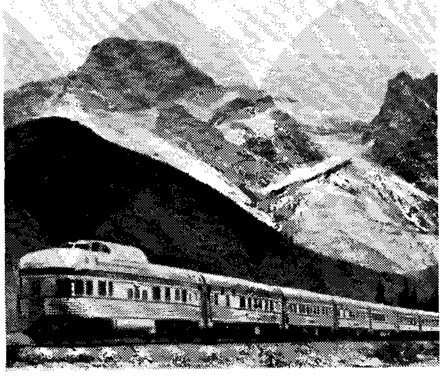

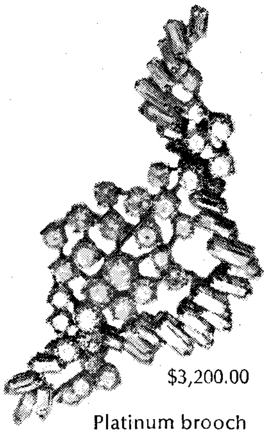

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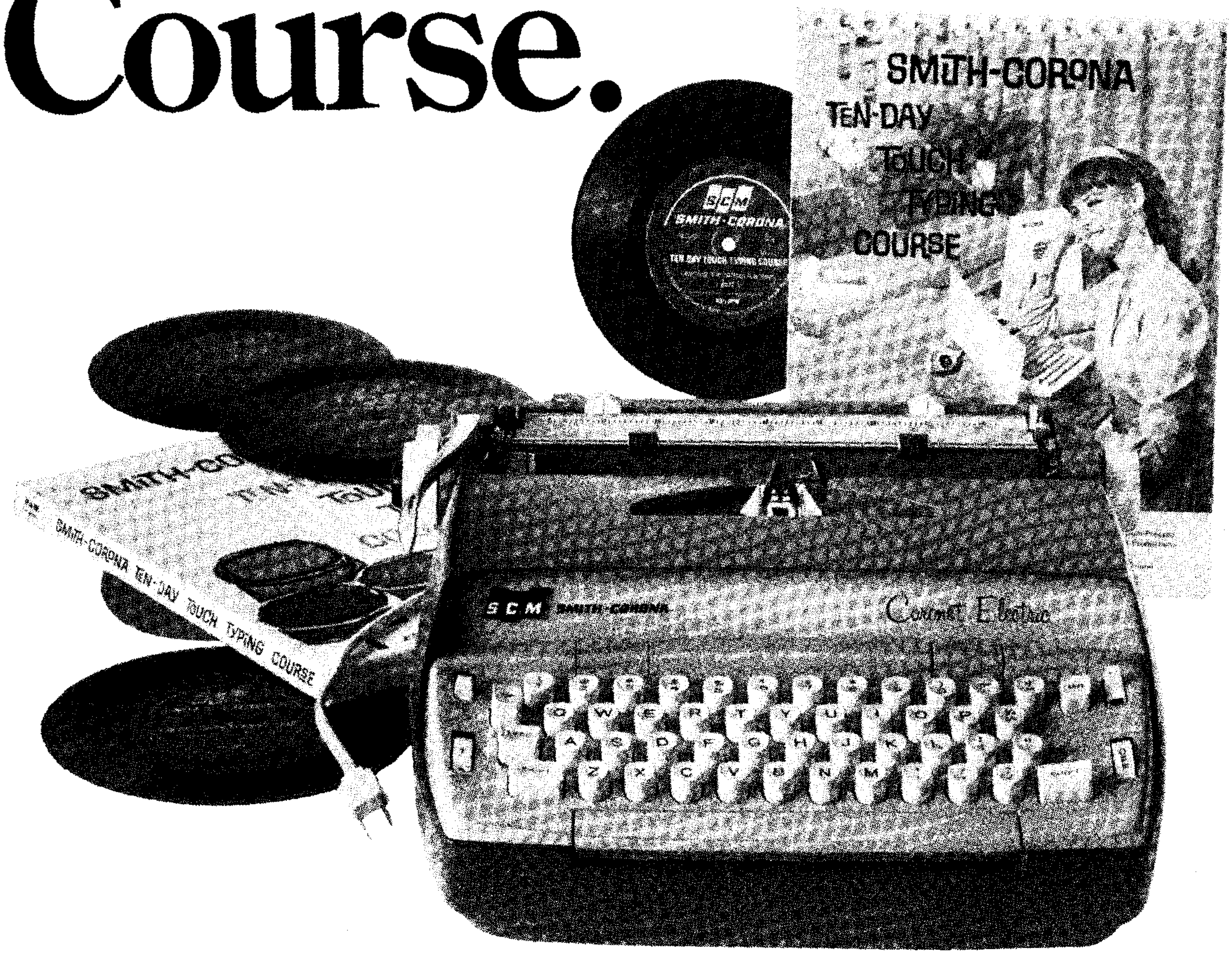
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headed-up cabbages, delirious strawberries of crimson buttoned down with yellow seeds. Like no other pictures, they could awaken hopes of a better and infinitely desirable world.

In no time, snowdrops were hanging pearl-drop heads under the living-room windows. Mr. Davey, the greenhouse man, who was an elderly Scot, was engaged ahead of time to plow the lower garden. Now all was promise, and as I walked home from school one day I would see our town's other old Scotsman marching along the country road all alone, playing the bagpipes as he always did as soon as spring was in the air. There he comes, up past Lowder Brook, dressed in kilt, socks, and sporran, lifting his knees high in military advance and intent upon the production of his loud and lonely lament.

EMPTY places—a vacuum where something once has been—draw the eye and obsess the imagination. That afternoon, sitting on the stone wall outside that other house, by the sea, I kept staring at the bare spot next to the granite front steps where my mother's rose had died. Its great blossoms used to drop like yellow velvet on the stone. Now nothing grew between the steps and the angle of the living-room alcove except a few black-eyed Susans. It occurred to me I would like to plant a red rose there.

I wouldn't have known there could follow, out of me, such an outcry. How my mother would have *hated* the obviousness of red rose against gray stone! Her taste was better than mine any day: she saw things with an outward eye, where I could only imagine. Not only was it safer to follow her lead in taste and buy another Mrs. Arthur Curtis James but if I wanted to preserve my mother's garden, that was how to preserve it.

I went to find some old seed catalogues I had stuck in a big pile under the model stand in the studio when they came, not knowing what else to do with them. The pages devoted to roses looked just the way they had years ago, with their large, minutely rendered specimen blooms. I needed a yellow climber for that granite wall, but the one called Crimson Glory was what I had to have. In the picture it had shadows of purplish black, and its petals rolled back upon themselves at the edges—a perfect rose. (Any dimension in which all action could be ultimately completed would look like a rose.) It had to be a red rose against gray stone; I couldn't help it, that was what I wanted. Old, wild, forgotten hopes

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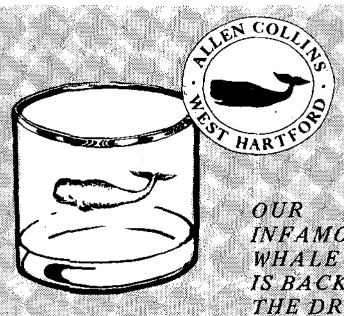

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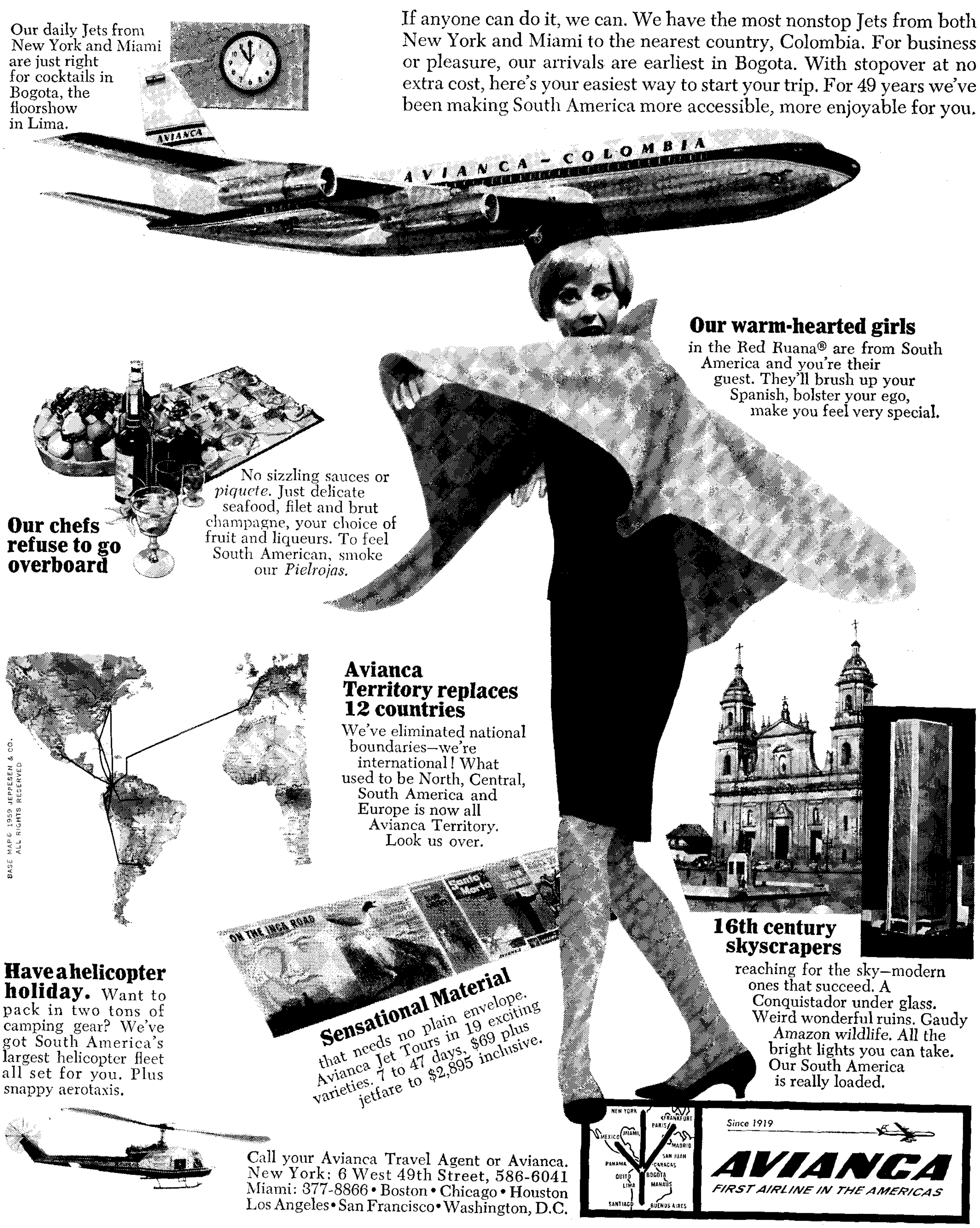

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woke in my mind, as of a paragon blooming, an apotheosis of roses—although in fact I didn't even know how to plant it. I would have to look it up in the dog-eared garden book my mother left behind in her wicker gardening basket, along with scratcher, secateur, and trowels. I would have to get some bone meal to put in the hole.

I would probably plant it wrong, too. It would very likely die. But my mother's yellow rose died too, and what she would have hated most of all was to have her garden stop growing.

THESE summer mornings, when I get up and go into the stone kitchen, I make myself a cup of coffee and carry it into the garden, where the birds are flying in low sweeps. From the garden chair I can see the cove below—green, still, and glassy. The tips of the irises I transplanted last year make a spiky fringe against the water; I found they throve on being banged around. Weeds still flourish between the stones of the terrace, and just to look at them is to remember my mother crouched on her little round gardening stool, the pale-red kerchief binding her head, tirelessly digging them out.

But I am too lazy to do that, and, contrary to all my fears, the sedums and the moss seem year by year to be overcoming the sorrel. The Crimson Glory I planted is thriving—and so are the Paul's Scarlet roses, red against gray stone, that were of course part of my mother's planting all along. But there is no doubt this garden is not as good a garden as it was *sub regno* my mother.

The garden casts a hush in early morning, as if some old forgotten secret were being silently exposed once more. Terminus—the weather-pocked Greek statue a great-uncle brought back from Alexandria—sits as ever among irises and columbine, staring blindly out to sea. The white maple a neighbor predicted would die has doubled its size in three years and waves large, silver-green leaves in the little breeze. Instinct says, Do nothing; stay perfectly still; barely breathe.

But there is danger everywhere. At any moment, something can filter through the green wall of leaves, or the blue wall toward the sea—aphis, green worms that drop by a thread, earwigs, a driving rain to penetrate the windowsills, the ivy under the threshold. At every portal, fortify with shears and secateur, with spray gun and worn-out Turkish towels, to hedge around—*set free?*—what's trapped within this place.

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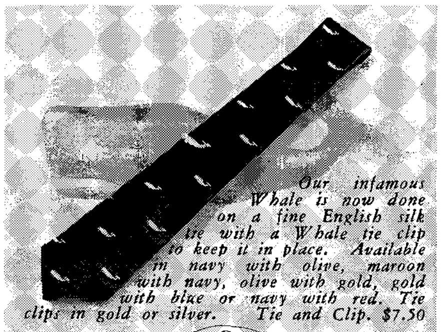

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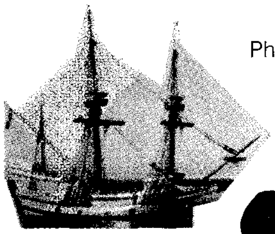
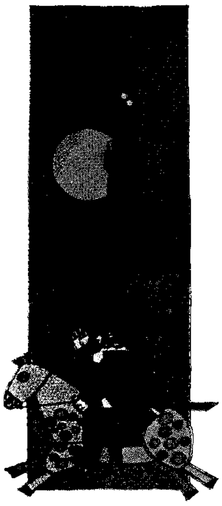
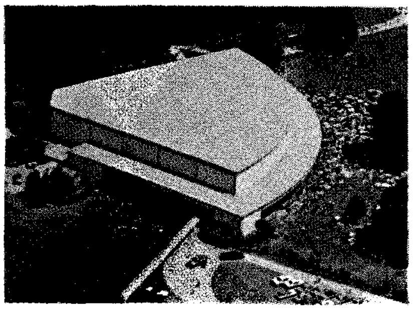


Photograph the youngsters at the first landing place of the you-know-who. And America's first rock. At the hometown of America's first holiday: Thanksgiving.





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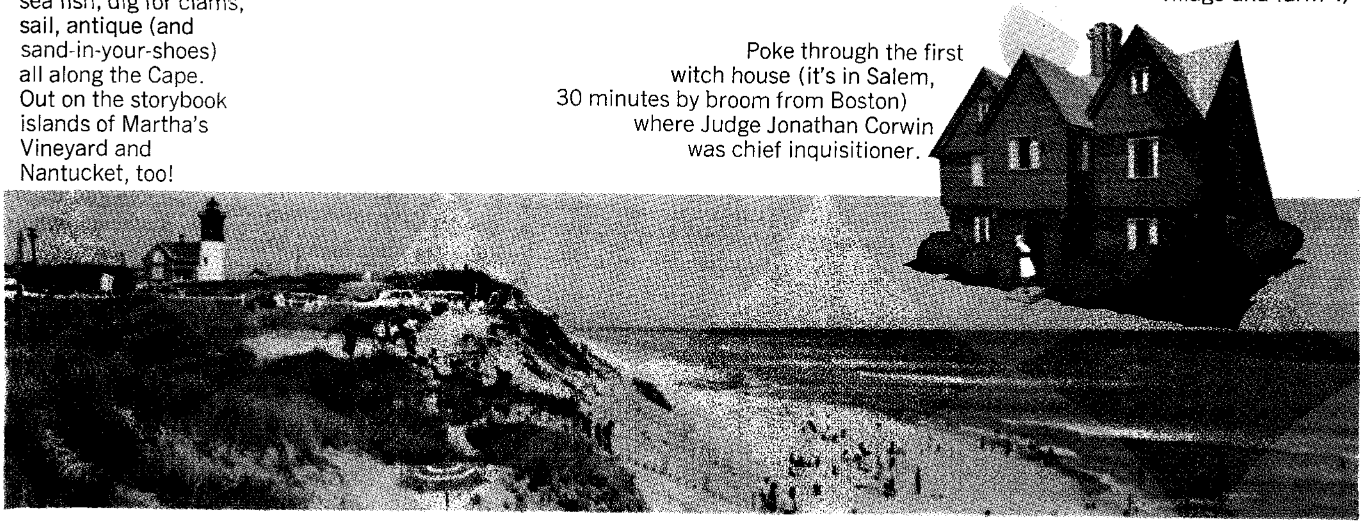

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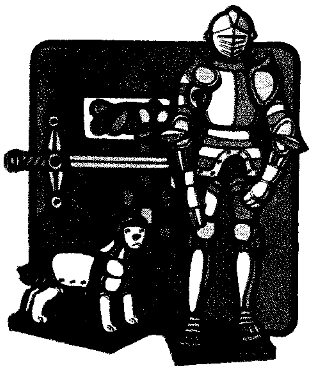

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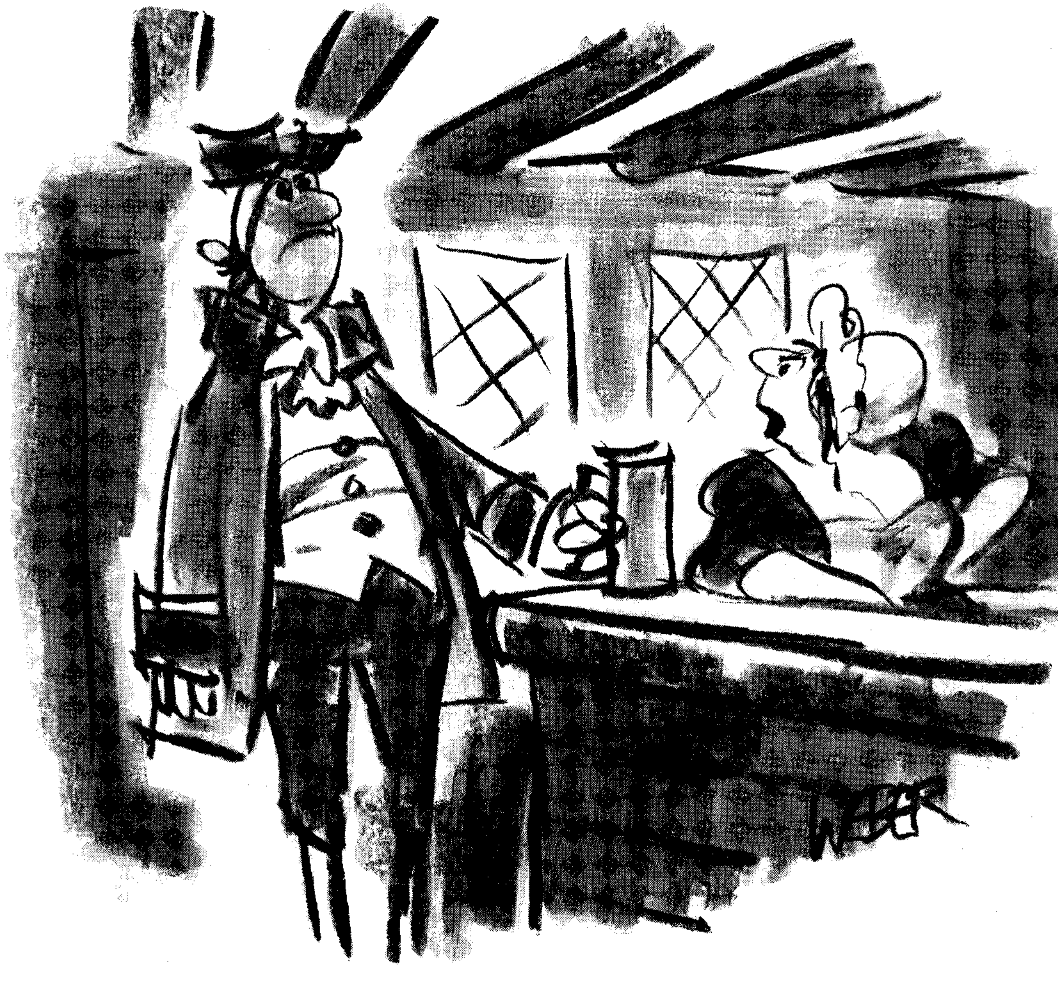
RULE 38, PARAGRAPH 3

ABOUT ten days before the start of the recent Masters golf tournament in Augusta, Georgia, Ben Hogan announced that he would have to withdraw, because of a bad knee. This was extremely disappointing news, for the Masters is the only major championship in which one can usually count on seeing Hogan in action—a sight that is still one of the supreme treats in sports. Hogan is now in his middle fifties and has probably won his last championship, but every April, when he punched those meticulous irons to the huge, weaving greens of the Augusta National, time seemed to stand still and one was reminded that he was still the best striker of the ball in the game—a perceptibly finer technician than Arnold Palmer or Jack Nicklaus or any other current hero. Oh, yes, Hogan would be missed—and all the more keenly since it was only last year that he brought the Masters to life on the third round by playing the second nine in a fantastic 30, en route to a 66.

Right on top of this—about a week before the Masters—there came an even more jolting piece of news: it was questionable whether Bob Jones, who founded the tournament, in 1934, would be able to attend. Since 1948—the last year a worsening spinal condition permitted him to compete in the event—he has been, God knows, a far from well man. For the past ten years, there had been reports every spring that he would be unable to make it to Augusta from his home in Atlanta, but he had always managed to, and, tapping some wonderful wellspring of spirit, had always been in the midst of things—greeting a parade of friends at his cottage off the tenth tee, dining with the old pros and the young amateurs, going out onto the course in his golf cart and scrutinizing the play of the leaders, and wrapping up four days of activity by presiding at the presentation ceremony with his warm, discerning Georgian eloquence. This year, it was different. Jones himself—and he abhors any mention of his invalidism—had written to friends that he might not see them at Augusta, since his health was "not as robust as it was last year." Well, he got there, somehow, but he wasn't up to going out onto the course and watching the play, or even attending the presentation ceremony. What was important, though, is that he was there. Without Jones, the Masters just wouldn't be the Masters.

For quite a few years now, it has been customary for a group of about five of us to pay a visit to Jones at noon on Wednesday, the day before the start of the tournament. It is the highlight of the tournament week for me, because Jones *is* an exceptional man. As the most popular Southerner since Robert E. Lee and the most admired American athlete in the so-called Golden Age of Sport, he knew the best that life has to offer, and over the past twenty years he has known some of the worst. He has stood up to both situations with equal grace. He is the only person I know, in or out of sports, who has the Churchillian quality of being larger than life and at the same time intensely human and intimate. I love to be in his company and listen to him talk golf. On this latest Wednesday visit, at our prodding, he touched on a wide variety of topics, among them his estimate of the great English professional Harry Vardon (whom he partnered in the 1920 United States Open, when Vardon was fifty and Jones a kid of eighteen), his almost perfect round of 66 at Sunningdale in 1926 (when he hit the green on all the par 4s and par 5s in two), why he has always felt that it is easier to win a major championship than a run-of-the-mill tournament (the pressure is so overwhelming in the championships that it kills off all but five or six players in the field), and the good points and shortcomings of televised golf (he has had his fill of the



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word "prestigious," for one thing). I particularly remember Jones's account of how he and Cyril Tolley played the short eleventh at St. Andrews in their celebrated match in the 1930 British Amateur. Jones had been talking about the lush condition of the fairways at Augusta, and how the course in general was much heavier and slower than he would like it to be, and from that he slid into an appraisal of the classic British seaside courses and how wonderfully racy they were in his day. "Those greens on St. Andrews used to be so crisp that you could hear the crunch your spikes made when they cut into the turf," he said. "Oh, they were fast! It was quite a different kind of golf, really. You had to invent all sorts of approach shots to get the ball near the hole, and when you were playing in a stiff wind—and you did very often—this doubled the difficulty. For example, when the wind was blowing out of the northwest, at your back, there was no way you could hold the ball on the green on the eighth, the first of the two short holes. At St. Andrews, of course, the wind can shift a hundred and eighty degrees in a half hour, and sometimes when you came to the eleventh, the second short hole, it might be blowing behind you again—out of the southeast this time. The eleventh played hardest, though, when the wind was directly in your face, which it was the day of my match with Tolley. As you probably know, the hole is about a hundred and sixty yards long and the green slopes down from the back at a very steep angle. You don't want to be short, because the pin is usually positioned behind the Strath bunker, and you don't want to be long, either, because you want to avoid that downhill chip at any cost—and, besides, the Eden River lies just beyond the green. Cyril had the honor. He took a long iron and hit a very strong shot that was heading right for the pin. Then the wind began to push it back, and I thought to myself, 'That could end up in the Strath.' Well, the wind blew that ball so far back it landed in the fairway forty yards short of the bunker. After observing this, I took some sort of a wood—a spoon or a brassie—and hit a low-trajectory shot that finished on the bank at the back of the green. When I was walking up, I had a chance to look at Cyril's lie. The wind had whipped so much sand out of the Strath that there must have been a good half inch of it under his ball. He fluffed his second short of the bunker and he

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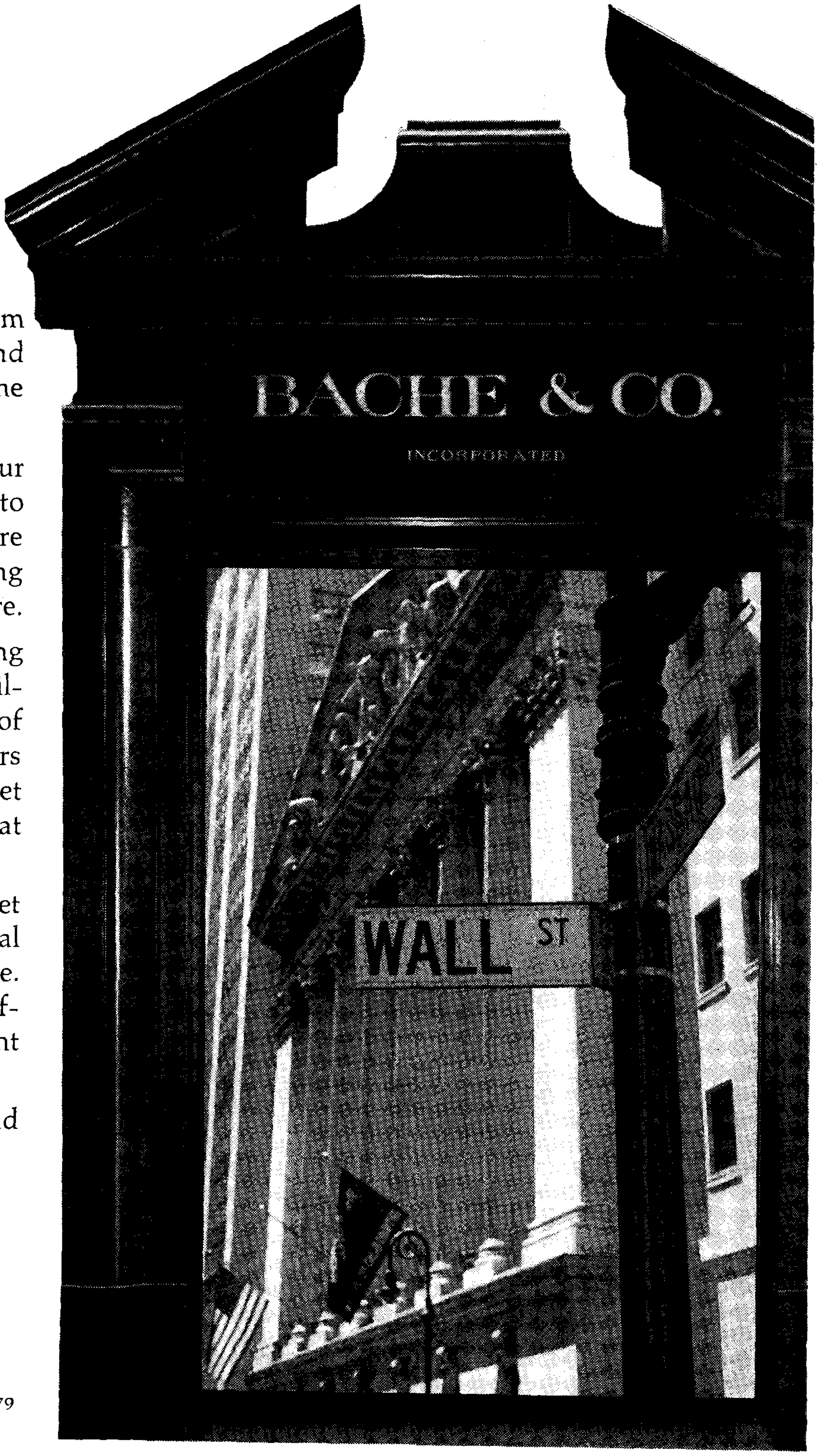

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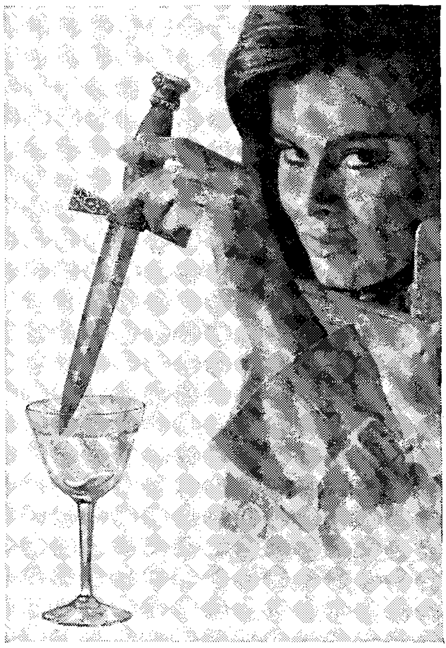

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fluffed his third into it. He played an excellent explosion next to the pin then, but that meant the best score he could make was a 5 and that all I had to do was get down in three to win the hole. I managed to keep that downhill chip of mine on the green—that was about all I did—and I got down in two struggling putts.

"When you win a par-3 hole from a golfer like Cyril Tolley with a dashing 4, you remember it, as you can see—but I've allowed myself to get sidetracked. The point I set out to make was that on the old hard, fast courses golf was a more exacting game and, in a way, a more *fascinating* one. I was discussing this with Arnold Palmer the other evening, and my position was that we've permitted ourselves to go too far in the other direction. With our soft, holding greens today, golf has become almost entirely target golf. You fly your shot right to your target and it settles where it lands. Of course, mine may be an old-fashioned view, but I believe that the bounce of the ball should be a part of the game, and when you play a fast, resilient course it is. Then, as I said, you must improvise all sorts of shots to cope with the terrain. I know that some of those little pitches and pitch-and-runs—the ones that came off successfully—gave me as much satisfaction as any shots I ever played."

I could listen to Jones all day.

THEY say that if a man builds anything really well, whether it is an empire or a business or a golf tournament, it will continue to function almost as efficiently in his absence. My guess would be that in 1990, when Jones and his gifted associate Clifford Roberts, the perennial chairman of the tournament, will both have long since ceased to make it to Augusta in the spring, the Masters will still be the most flavorful, evocative golf event in the world. We had a sort of glimpse of this prospect this year. Not only was Jones confined to the sidelines and Hogan absent but on the eve of the first round Gene Sarazen, who has always added so much to the occasion, had to withdraw because of a torn leg muscle, and at the halfway mark the tournament was deprived of its most idolized contemporary champion, Arnold Palmer, who failed to survive the thirty-six-hole cut after a second round of 79. Yet, for all these losses, it turned out to be one of the best Masters tournaments ever—indeed, one of the most genuinely thrilling championships of modern times. For one thing, it is hard to remember a championship in

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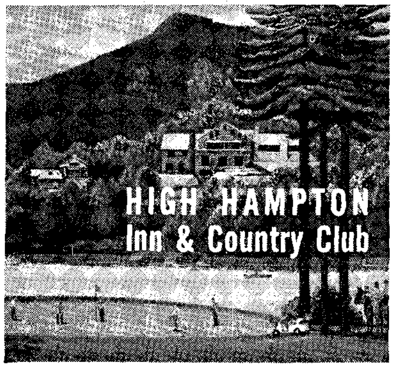

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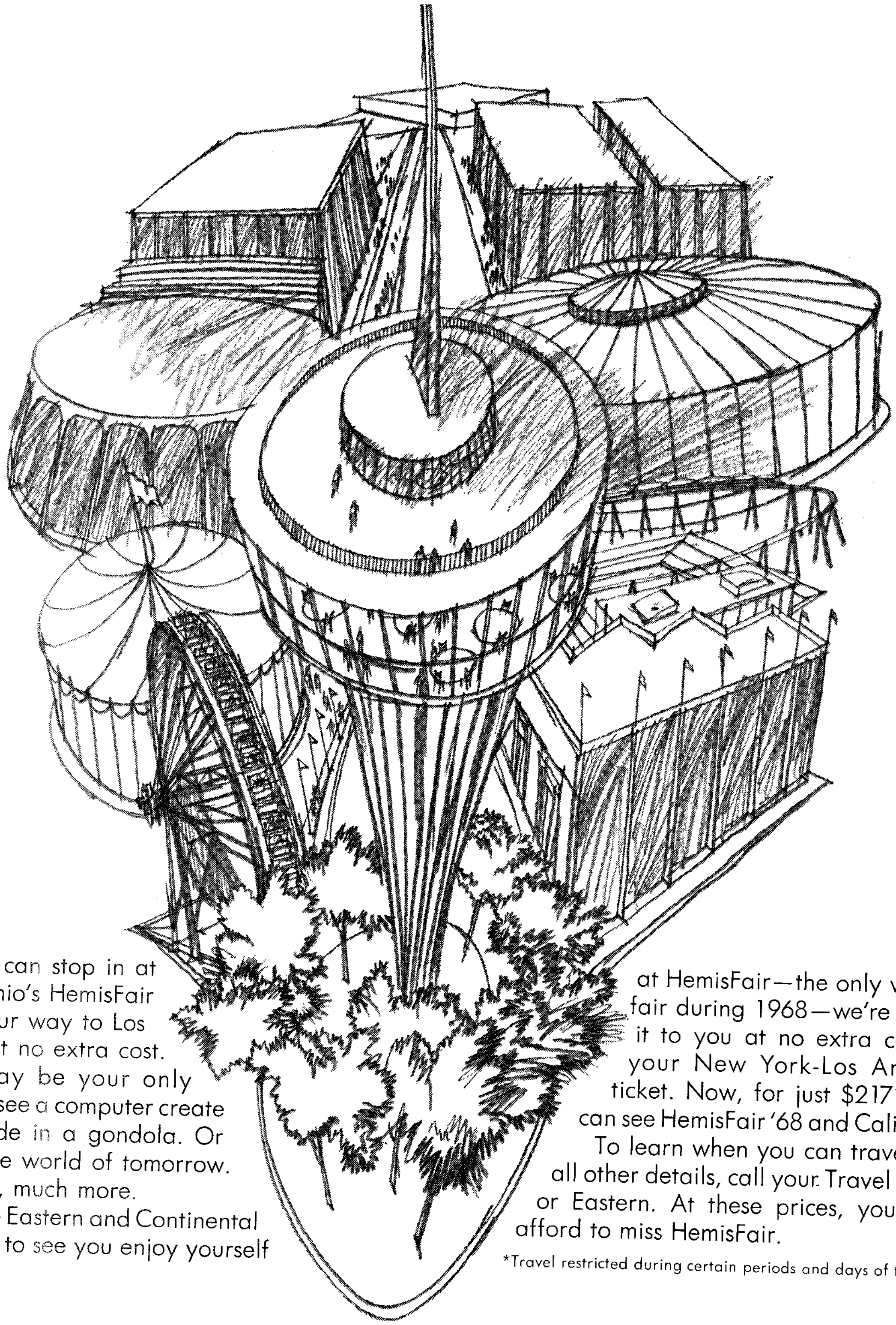

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which so many golfers were in a position to win throughout the full seventy-two holes. On Friday, the day of the second round, six different players held the lead at one time or another, and at the close of the day only four strokes separated the top nineteen players. On the third round, there was a chaotic logjam all afternoon long, and it looked as though we would end up with six co-leaders at 211—Don January, Bob Goalby, Bruce Devlin, Ray Floyd, Frank Beard, and Gary Player—until Player, the last of them to come in, holed a sinuous thirty-foot birdie putt on the last green to stand at 210, six under par. We had a leader, finally, but no fewer than sixteen golfers were bunched within four strokes of his fifty-four-hole total. What with this unprecedented congestion, Sunday, the day of the final round, promised to be a day to remember. It was, but not in the way that had been anticipated.

The first thing that aroused the immense, expectant crowd on Sunday afternoon was an amazing opening charge by Roberto de Vicenzo. In the Masters, as in most stroke-play events these days, the players with the lowest scores go out at the end of the field. De Vicenzo, a veteran from the Argentine, standing at 212, two strokes off Player's pace, and Tommy Aaron, a young Georgian, three strokes off the pace, teed off at one o'clock, in the fifth-from-the-last twosome. On the first hole, a 400-yard par 4, the pin was positioned on the extreme left, about twenty feet from the front edge and directly behind the green's solitary bunker. De Vicenzo, after a long right-to-left drive (he plays everything with draw), had only a 9-iron left. He hit a gorgeous shot. The ball cleared the bunker by about three yards, hopped for the cup, and rolled in—an eagle 2. As quickly as that, de Vicenzo had jumped into a tie for the lead. He went out in front by a stroke when he birdied the second hole, then in front by two when he birdied the third. (Actually, he came within a foot of holing his approach for a second eagle.) By this time, de Vicenzo had collected a fervid gallery of rooters, which continued to swell as he made his way to the turn in 31, adding a birdie on the eighth to go five under par for the round. He is an easy man to root for, Roberto de Vicenzo, the ex-caddy from Buenos Aires. By far the most accomplished golfer ever developed in South America, this strong, handsome, baldish man, who has a droll sense of humor and a congenial nature, has travelled the world the last thirty years

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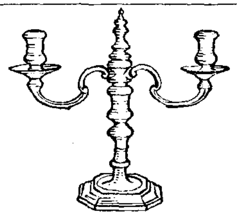

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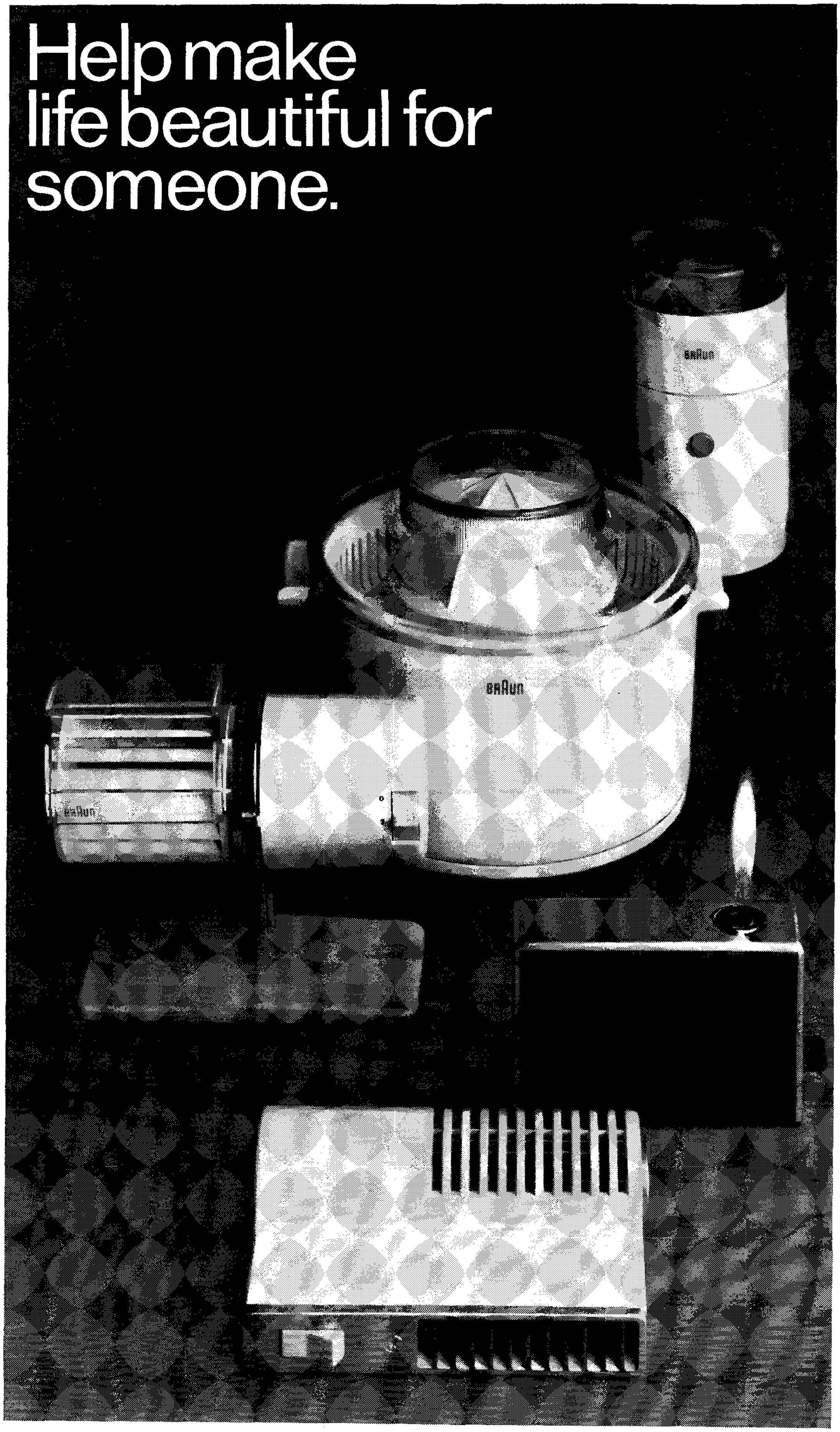

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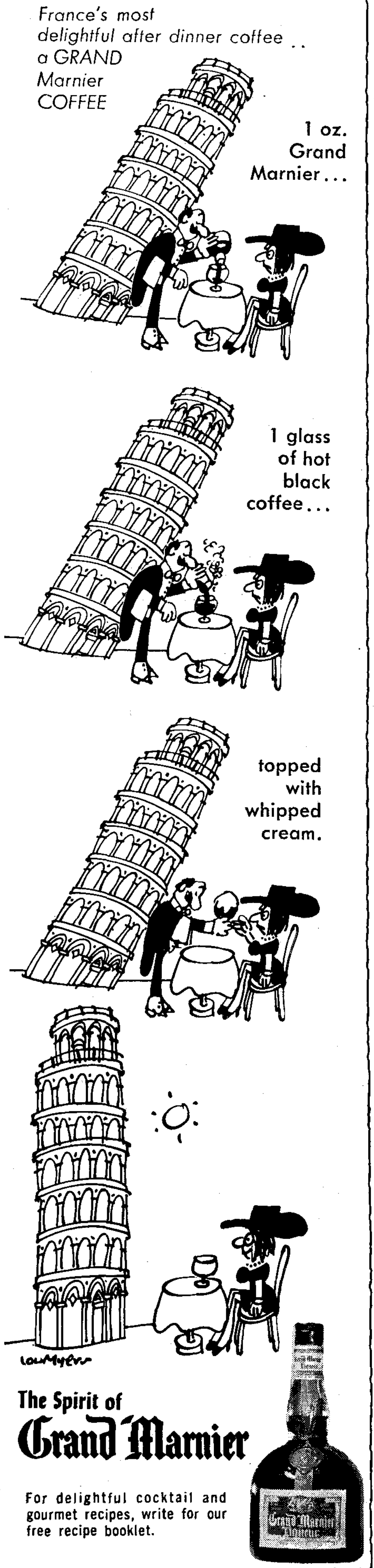

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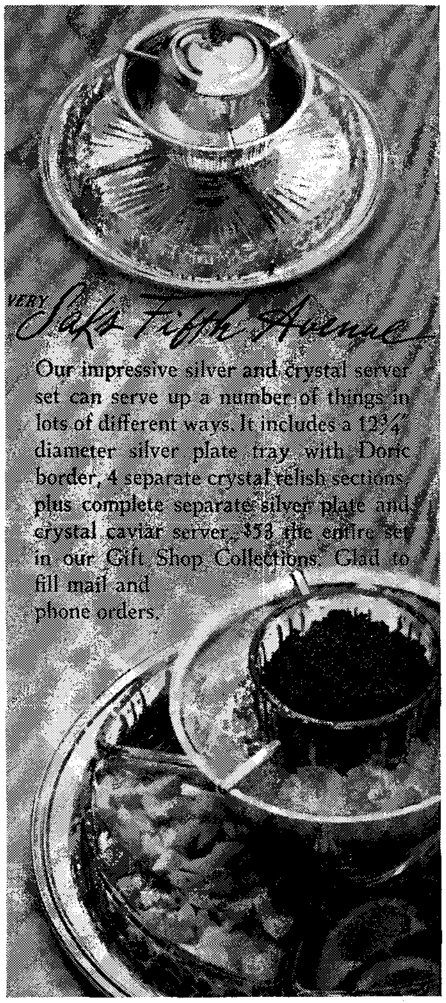
like the golfing equivalent of a Guiomar Novaes or a Claudio Arrau. One week he is in Nairobi for a television golf match, the next week in Le Zoute for the Belgian Open, the next in Bogotá winning his umpteenth Colombian title. All told, he has won a hundred and forty tournaments, but until last July, when he captured the British Open at Hoylake after twenty years of trying and half a dozen near-misses, he had never won a major championship. The British adore him, and if even an English or a Scottish golfer had presumed to overtake de Vicenzo at Hoylake with an eleventh-hour rally the spectators would probably have chased the upstart off the course. In our country, he has won a fair number of tournaments—his first the Palm Beach Round-Robin in 1951—but he had never been a force in our big events. His best finish in our Open was a tie for eighth in 1957, and his best at Augusta a tie for tenth last year. On this latest Sunday at Augusta, the old campaigner was celebrating his forty-fifth birthday. I should have said it was at least his forty-fifth; de Vicenzo is not the kind of fellow who aspires to be a senior golf champion.

That great burst on the front nine placed de Vicenzo nine under par for the tournament. This is the language in which one always converses at the Masters, for on the scoreboards around the course the progress of the ten leaders is posted hole by hole not in terms of that day's round but in terms of a player's composite score in relation to par; green numerals denote the number of strokes a player is over par, red numerals the number of strokes he is under par. De Vicenzo's red 9, however, gave him only a one-shot lead over Devlin, who was playing four twosomes behind him and had gone eight under after birdieing the first three holes, and it gave him only a two-shot lead over Goalby, two twosomes behind him, who stood seven under after birdieing the fifth and the sixth. Nine holes are a long, long way to go in golf, and especially at the Augusta National, where on no fewer than five of the last nine the green is protected by a water hazard, and disaster can be instant and final. There was nothing defensive about de Vicenzo's golf as he started home, however. He saved his par on the tenth with a beautiful explosion shot that ended up four feet from the hole. On the 445-yard eleventh, he took the bold line over the water and fired a 4-iron nine feet from the flag, only to miss the putt. On the short twelfth, with the flag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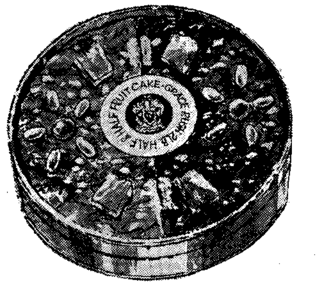

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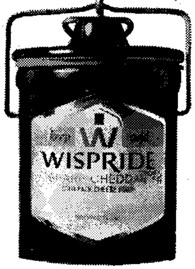

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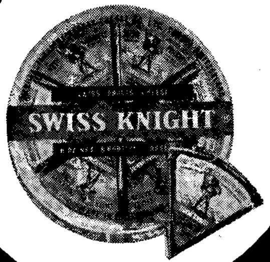

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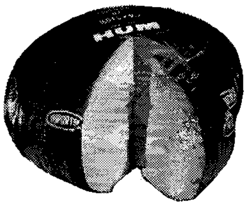

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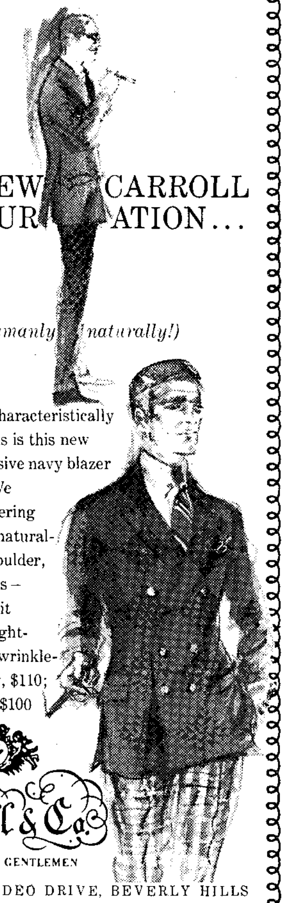
tucked dangerously close to Rae's Creek, he put his tee shot, a 6-iron, eleven feet from the flag, and this time he made his birdie putt. Six under par now for the round, ten under for the tournament. Ordinarily, that kind of scoring would have shaken off the rest of the field, and the concluding holes would have been a comfortable, triumphant march, but not this day. Goalby was still coming. After a birdie on the eighth and pars on the ninth and tenth, he was still only two strokes behind. As the steamed-up spectators began to realize, the outcome of the tournament could very well hinge on how the two men fared on the two par-5 holes on the second nine—the thirteenth and the fifteenth. The thirteenth, 475 yards to a green guarded by a creek, and the fifteenth, 520 yards to a green guarded by a pond, are the logical birdie holes down the stretch; they are, you might say, par-4½ holes, since each can be reached with two long, accurate shots. On the thirteenth, de Vicenzo, after finding a greenside bunker with his second, had to be satisfied with a 5. On the fifteenth, he bunkered his second again, but this time he got his 4, with a nice sand shot and a ten-foot putt. He wanted that putt so badly that when the ball fell he did something—quite unconsciously, I'm sure—that I had never seen him do before: he punched the air forcefully with his right hand, the way younger and showier players do. Eleven under. That could do it.

Not at all. At about this same moment, Goalby, on the thirteenth green, holed for a birdie 4. Ten minutes or so later, he rammed in a twenty-footer from just off the back edge of the fourteenth for yet another birdie. He was ten under par now, with the eminently birdieable fifteenth coming up. He could catch de Vicenzo there. Goalby's stirring countercharge, it must be said, came as rather a surprise. It is not that Goalby isn't capable of very hot golf. During his eleven years as a touring professional, he has put together a lot of brilliant passages—including a run of eight consecutive birdies in the 1961 St. Petersburg Open—but most of these have come in comparatively minor tournaments. In seven previous starts in the Masters, he had never placed among the first twenty-four finishers. The main reason he has had to be content with second-echelon status among the pros has been his chronic wildness off the tee. Like de Vicenzo, he has long had to battle a hook, and often the correction is an overcorrection—a lavish slice. He is



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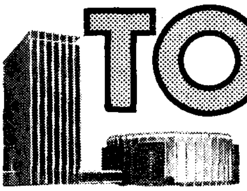

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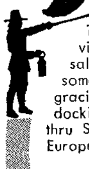

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a good iron player, however, very adept with the wedge, and he is also a sound putter, but perhaps his most valuable asset is his flair for competition. A husky six-footer, now thirty-seven, he was the best all-round athlete that Belleville (Illinois) High had ever produced, and, after that, a quarterback for the University of Illinois, and although his temper has given him trouble at times, the drive and resourcefulness that made him a star in team sports have been a great help to him in professional golf. He had certainly shown his stuff in his pursuit of de Vicenzo, and he showed it again on the long fifteenth—*the* critical hole. After a fine drive far down the fairway, he settled on a 3-iron. He played an almost perfect shot. On the flag all the way, the ball carried the pond with plenty to spare, pitched softly on the front part of the green, and finished eight feet from the hole. This "career shot" of Goalby's prefaced what must surely stand as five of the most dramatic minutes in the history of tournament golf. Playing the seventeenth, a 400-yard par 4, which parallels the fifteenth, de Vicenzo answered Goalby's challenge almost immediately by planting his approach—a pitching wedge—three feet from the hole. Moments later, three hundred yards apart, de Vicenzo bent over the putt for his birdie as Goalby simultaneously bent over the putt for his eagle. If either missed, the other would be in the lead. Both putts were struck at almost the same instant. Goalby's went in. De Vicenzo's went in. Two tremendous roars cut the air, and two red 12s went up on the scoreboard.

After that, both men wavered slightly, for the first time. On the eighteenth, a 420-yard 4 that climbs uphill all the way, de Vicenzo, after pulling his 4-iron approach to the bottom of the bank at the left of the green, eventually missed the eight-footer he needed for his 4. Goalby, with two pars to win, three-putted the seventeenth from forty-five feet. Now he needed a 4 on the eighteenth to tie. He sliced his tee shot badly into the trees on the right but got an enormous break when the ball ricocheted back onto the fairway; he reached the back of the green with a superb 2-iron, and got down in two putts from fifty feet. Two red 11s on the scoreboard. A mood of happy exhaustion among the spectators. A playoff on the morrow.

I HAVE gone into this detail about the de Vicenzo-Goalby duel for two reasons. First, golf of this surpassing

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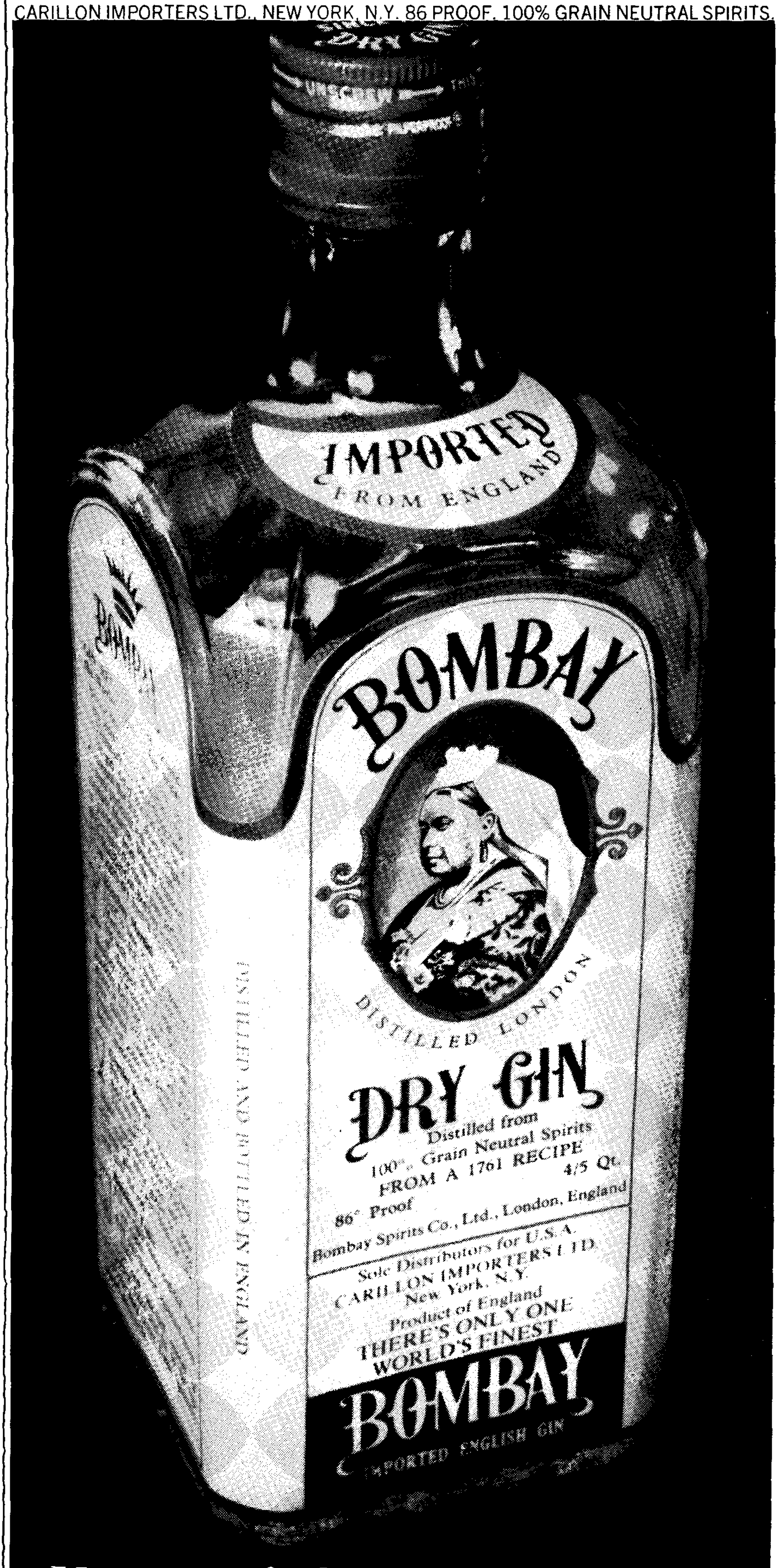
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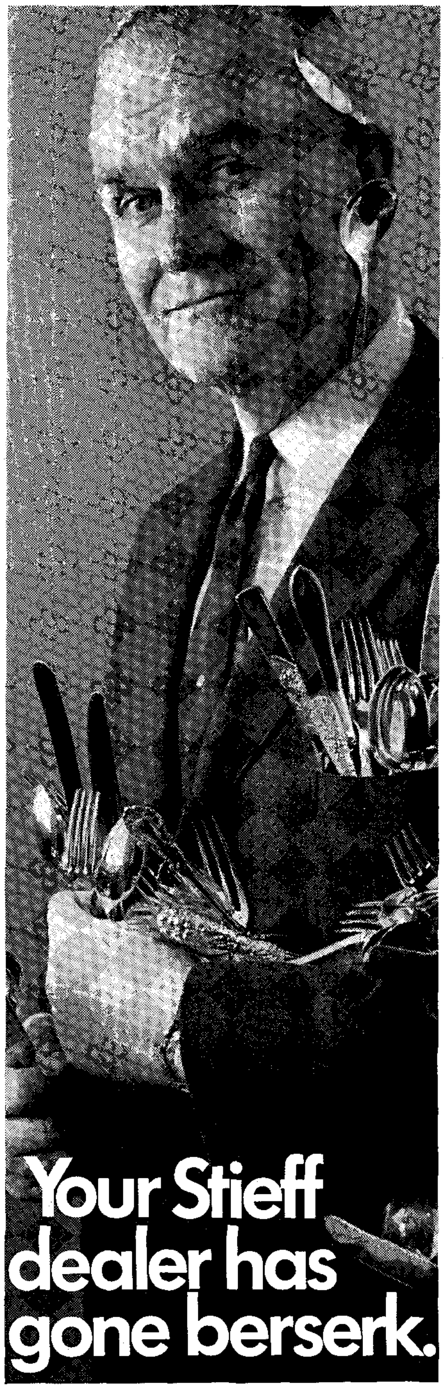
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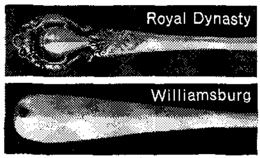

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quality—a 65 and a 66 under the harshest strain—deserves to be described, for, as far as I know, never before have two men, thrusting and parrying on the last round of a major championship, both scored as low. (The pace they set was so fast that a closing 69 by Devlin, a 67 by Nicklaus, and a 65 by Bert Yancey, which might normally have won for any one of them, were rendered irrelevant.) Second, I think it is important to record the golf that Goalby and de Vicenzo played, because it is almost bound to be forgotten in the cruel, depressing aftermath of that memorable afternoon. It was discovered soon after de Vicenzo had completed his round that he had signed an incorrect scorecard. Aaron, his playing partner and "marker," had put down a 4 for de Vicenzo on the seventeenth, instead of the 3 he had made. De Vicenzo had not detected the error. Under Rule 38, Paragraph 3, of the Rules of Golf, "A score higher than actually played must stand as returned." This changed de Vicenzo's score for the last round from a 65 to a 66 and made his four-round total a stroke higher than Goalby's. The tournament was over. There was no need for a playoff. The 1968 Masters champion was Bob Goalby.

I don't think there is much to be gained from discussing the way the error was discovered, or de Vicenzo's sportsmanship in his hour of misfortune, or Goalby's graciousness. (De Vicenzo, despite his halting English, made a thumping good speech at the presentation ceremony, in which he blamed the scorecard error entirely on himself and went as far as to say that the pressure that Goalby had put on him perhaps accounted for his making the error. Goalby was direct and unmistakably genuine in declaring his sympathy for de Vicenzo, an old friend, and in stating that he would have much preferred to win the Masters in a playoff.) What had been a glorious day of golf and the climax of an extraordinarily exciting tournament had been turned to ashes by an arithmetical technicality. I know that the moment I heard the official announcement I was struck numb. All of a sudden, it was "Alice in Wonderland" time. The minute before, we had been talking apples, and now we weren't even talking grapes—we were talking one-horse shays. I had felt like that once before in golf—in 1957, at Winged Foot, when, forty minutes after Jackie Pung won the United States Women's Open Championship, a voice over the loudspeaker system informed us that she hadn't; her winning

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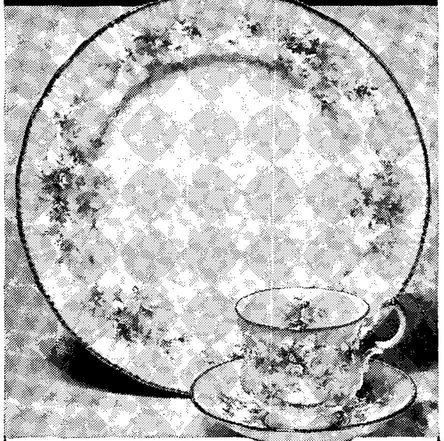

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total was correct but she had been disqualified for signing a scorecard on which her playing partner had put her down for a 5, and not a 6, on the fourth hole. (Under Rule 38, a golfer is responsible for the correctness of his score for each hole but not for the total. A scorecard cannot be altered once the golfer has turned it in to the tournament scoring committee. Disqualification is the penalty if the player returns a score for any hole *lower* than the one he made—as in Mrs. Pung's case. If a higher score is erroneously returned for any hole, it stays—as in de Vicenzo's case.) I had hoped never to see another day like that one at Winged Foot, and here we were again.

Inevitably, the main point debated that evening at Augusta—and it has been debated ever since—was whether Rule 38 is a good rule or a bad one. For my part, I consider it a very bad rule, and have felt this way from the moment in 1957 when the Mock Turtle and the Mad Hatter invaded Winged Foot. Any rule that can create a situation that hurts the winner as well as the loser and makes nonsense of a significant championship must be a bad rule. The main trouble, it seems to me, is that the philosophy behind the rule is seriously anachronistic where modern *tournament* golf is concerned. Golf grew up as "the gentleman's game" because of the unique dimensions and character of the playing area. Eighteen holes cover a hundred and thirty acres or more of fairway, rough, green, and hazard, and since the play of each golfer could not be superintended, it was up to each man to obey the rules. When you and I were playing a friendly match, I did not sprint across the fairway to make sure you didn't ground your club in a bunker, and you did not come pounding into the woods to see that I didn't improve my lie. In a stroke-play tournament, the same code obtained. When you and I disappeared around the bend to play the eighth and ninth holes, where there was no one to watch us, it was up to us not to cheat; if we gave each other lower scores than we made, this would affect every player in the field. The scorecard became the badge of honor, and, with so much depending on the return of correct scores, drastic penalties were written into the rules for errors in scoring, and the penalties were strictly enforced. However, modern tournament golf takes place under totally different conditions. In an event like the Masters, for instance, with hundreds of spectators lining each hole (and millions more watching on television), no one is going to "win

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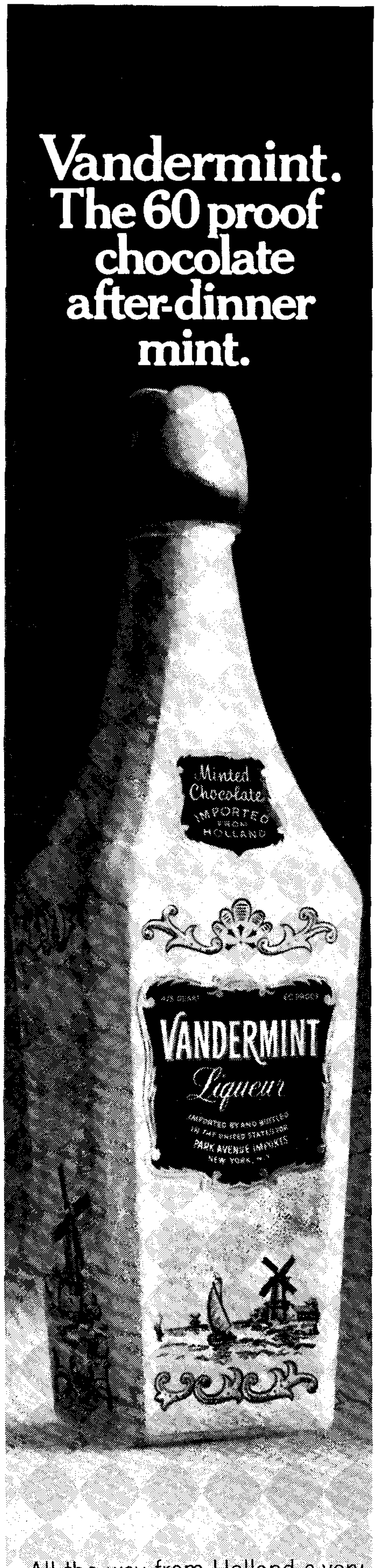

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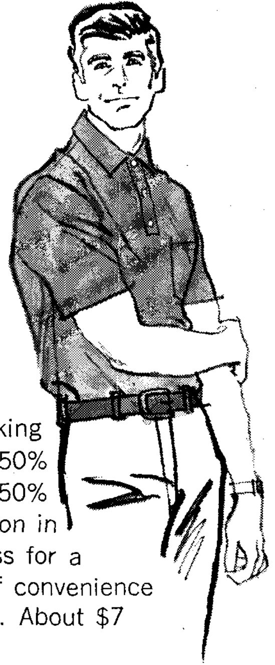
with the pencil." Everybody knows the score. The problem today, when professional golf has become so popular, so high-powered, so rich, and so heavy with pressure, is to see to it that no one loses with the pencil.

Some people defend Rule 38 by arguing that it is not putting an unreasonable burden on the golfer to require him to be responsible for the correctness of his scorecard, but—since accidents do happen—it is possible that they underrate the stress a player is under. (When de Vicenzo, after four gruelling hours on the course, went over the figures Aaron had marked down on his card, the one thing on his mind was the probability that he had lost the tournament by failing to make his par on the last hole. "I look over the card three times, four times," he said, "and all I see is the 5 for the eighteenth. I see nothing else.") Other people who want the rule to stand believe that the way to insure that nothing goes wrong is to set up, off the last green, some enclosure—say, a large tent—in which a player can go over his card in peace and privacy. This would assuredly be a step in the right direction, but I do not think it goes to the heart of the matter, which is this: The score that the player makes on the course is the score that he should be credited with. It should be the responsibility of the tournament officials as well as of the golfer to see that the score he returns is the right score. If an error is discovered, the important thing is to see that it is corrected. No penalty should be imposed. Golf, like every other sport, is meant to be a test of athletic ability and not of bookkeeping. Granted, it will take many, many sessions for our rules-making body, the United States Golf Association, even to begin to develop the machinery necessary to take into account both the game's traditions and the realities of present-day tournament golf, but I trust that this matter is on the current agenda. Nobody wants ever again to have to go through another such Sunday as the one at Augusta, when legality is served, but justice, as golfers understand it, isn't. It is really an indignity to the game.

As the head of the Masters, Bob Jones always wants to be kept informed of any and all problems. He was watching the concluding stages of the tournament on television in his cottage with his son, Robert T. Jones III, when word was brought to him that de Vicenzo had signed an incorrect card. Before taking any action, the four co-



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chairmen of the tournament rules committee wanted to have Jones's opinion, and, along with Clifford Roberts, they quickly assembled at his cottage. Jones made it very clear that his primary concern was to find some way, if there was a way, of waiving the rule that would cost de Vicenzo a tie and the chance to win in a playoff. In the opinion of Isaac Grainger, a former president of the United States Golf Association and the most experienced rules man present, the only avenue was to make the freest interpretation possible of what constituted an official return of a scorecard by a player to the scoring committee. However, the precedent, he said, was that once a player had left the roped-off area around the last green—as de Vicenzo had, to go to the television room—the card must be regarded as officially returned. Jones then asked the group if there was any other loophole they could think of. There wasn't, he was told—not without violating the rules.

"That's all I want to know," Jones said.

When I spoke with Grainger the other day, he remarked that he had never seen a more tragic look on a man's face than the one on Jones's when they left the cottage. It is easy to understand. The only way that Jones could have done what he wanted to do was to place himself above the rules of golf, and he would be the last man to do that. I should think this must have been the unhappiest hour of his sixty years in golf.

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*Photograph caption in the Washington Post*]

Sharing the first dance at a party Saturday night at the Saudi Arabian Embassy honoring debutante Niala Al-Sowayel, daughter of the Ambassador are (from left): Mrs. Al-Sowayel and son Faisal, 21, and Niala, 19, with her brother Saud, 18. Niala, who also bowed at the Debutante Cotillion and Thanksgiving Ball in November, wore a green dress banded in rhinestones with a matching green bow in her hair. She carried a bouquet with a miniature gilt oil well rising from a bed of white orchids.

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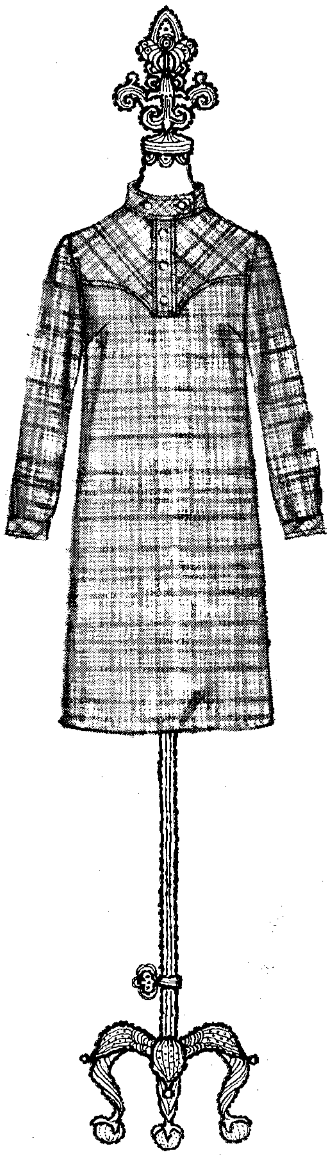

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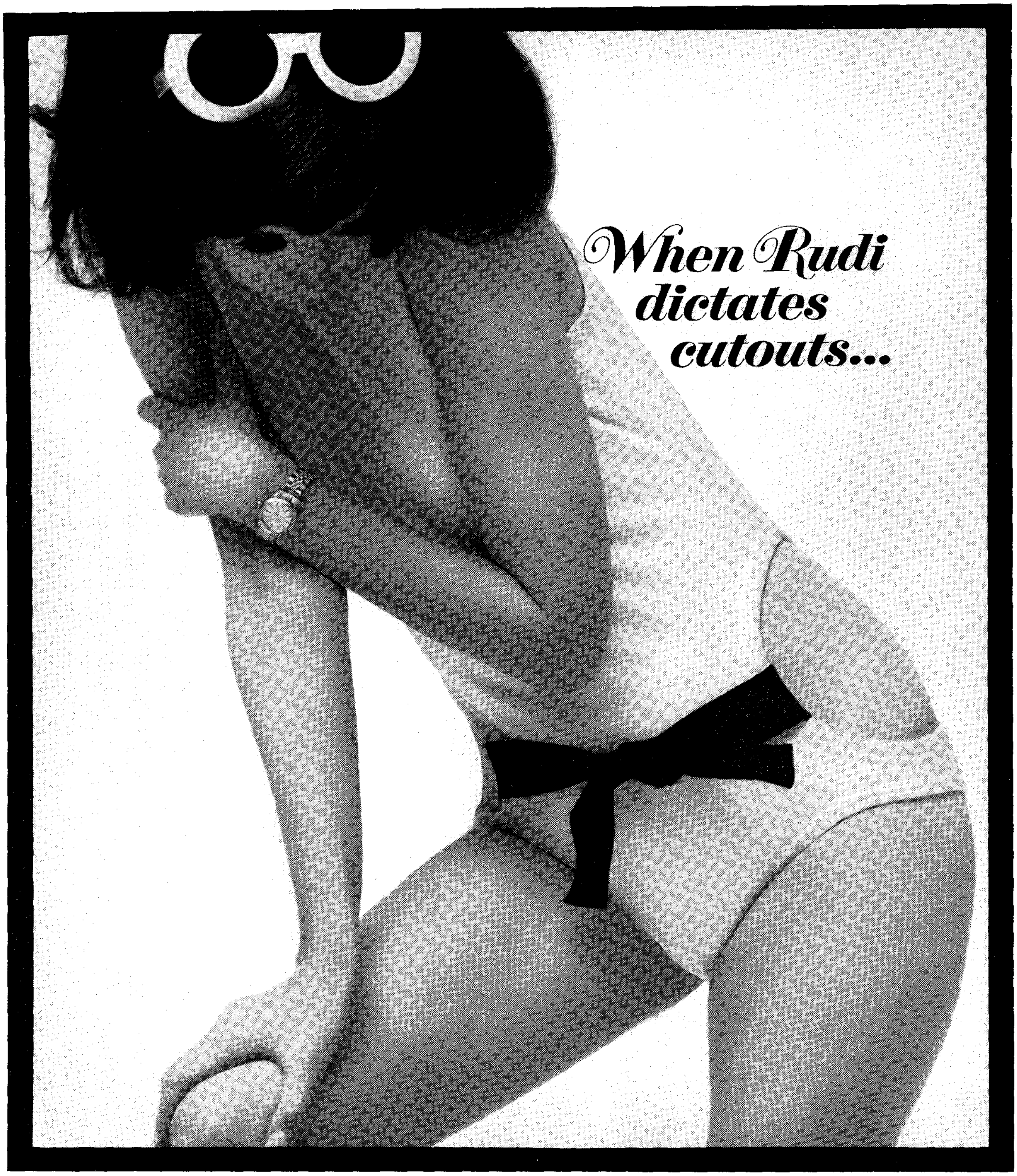
THE ART WORLD

MOMA Dada

THE history of Dada and Surrealism zigzags between contradictory attitudes toward art. Professing absolute radicalism, Dada split on the issue that its anti-cultural manifestations had become merely the format of another art movement. Surrealism was fragmented by its refusal to renounce its own disciplines in favor of political action against Fascism. In the forty years since these movements were at their height, the art-negating spirit of Dada-Surrealism has come to dominate the art values of the West in increasingly complex mental intrigues. A likely explanation is that in societies of advanced industrialization and mass media the arts tend to lead a parasitic existence, and that this was first divined by the shocked generation of the First World War. Under these conditions, art can overcome its intellectual debasement only through an expressed hostility to art, or, at least, through a show of indifference to it. In the process of reorienting itself on this negative axis, art loses its traditional public of devoted art lovers and acquires a new one, which is defined as avant-garde because of its habit of seeing art in a self-defeating context. Like other revolutionary movements, Dada and Surrealism did not remake the world in their image, but they did point out that it was being remade. In any case, Dada-Surrealism succeeded in transforming art and reconditioning the public to the arbitrary and the strange. Even the modes of art that are most alien to Dada-Surrealist stylistic concepts, such as the "pure" art of geometrical forms or of clusters of color bands, have depended for their development on the general absorption of the Dada message that anything can be art, and of the Surrealist one that poetry is the substance of painting, whether represented by a nude or by a curling string of lines and letters. A square within a square can exist as art today (and not as mere design, as in Mondrian's lifetime) because of the public's training in acknowledging its ignorance in the face of the artist's will. The victory of Dada-Surrealist thinking has, indeed, been so nearly complete as to project its values in reverse; its anti-art philosophy has turned into an aesthetic, and its repugnance to the pious worship of masterpieces has brought into being Dada-Surrealist icons and holy men—for example, Man Ray's nail-studded flatiron and Duchamp, the anti-art master.

Since all advanced art in our time carries some mark of Dada-Surrealist influence, dozens of different historical exhibitions could be organized around the theme of Dada, Surrealism, and their heritage. One might begin with "Dada, Surrealism, and the Passionate Machine—from Picabia and Rube Goldberg to Tinguely and Psychedelic Light Shows." Another could be "Dada, Surrealism, and the Mentally Extended Landscape—from Duchamp's 'Tu m'' to the Maps of Baruchello and the Pebble Beaches of Bauermeister." Or "Dada, Surrealism, and Parody Paintings—from Magritte to Lichtenstein." Or "Icons of Dada and Surrealism—from Melted Watches to Stuffed Goats." A comprehensive exhibition at Knoedler's last December, entitled "Space and Dream" and commemorated by a book of the same title by Robert Goldwater (Walker), marked off a large area of Surrealist poetic interest and, by playing on the ambiguity of the word "space," was able to include Mondrian, Lipchitz, Gabo, Pevsner, and Moore alongside such heroes of Surrealism as Miró, Ernst, Magritte, Arp, Dali, de Chirico, and Tanguy.

What would make an exhibition specifically Dada-Surrealist, as distinguished from the packaging of artifacts by artists allied at some time or in some respect with Dada and Surrealism, would be the retention of the spirit of cultural estrangement and/or collective hostility of the movements themselves. The aesthetics of formal adulteration and metaphorical reality (actual objects in painted surfaces, paintings that fool the eye or deny painting, erotic machines, impossible combinations of images), which Dada-Surrealism developed in opposition both to "pure" art and to paintings based on nature, is founded upon an ethical antagonism to the tranquil enjoyment of art in this epoch of upheaval. Dada and Surrealist stylistic mixing serves this ethical dimension, and is justified by it; for instance, to produce a sadistic effect, a headless female dummy is modelled in volume and flesh tones within a serene composition of plane surfaces. "I wanted to put painting once again at the service of the mind," wrote Duchamp, invoking by "again" the traditional relation between art and philosophy. "I was endeavoring to establish myself as far as possible from 'pleas-



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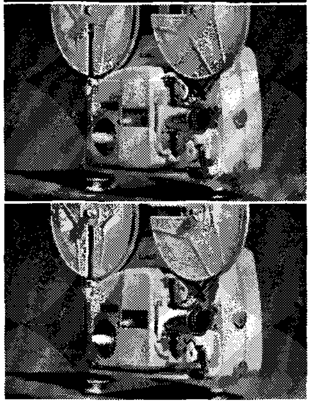

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ing' and 'attractive' physical paintings." Dream amalgamated with space as a *problem in painting*—but detached from space as intellectual, emotional, and cultural distance—becomes merely another professorial or exhibitor's category.

The exhibition entitled "Dada, Surrealism, and Their Heritage," at the Museum of Modern Art, is not an exhibition of Dada and Surrealism but a selection of works by Dadaist and Surrealist artists, plus works related to them by style or method; not a trace of tension is generated between the exhibition and its spectators. Indeed, the show creates exactly the opposite effect, and all evidence indicates that this was intentional. The exhibition was designed to salvage the art residues of Dada and Surrealism while laying once and for all the radical ghost introduced by these movements into the art of our time. If this can be accomplished, the creations of the past fifty years can be regarded as retrospectively tamed and ready for peaceful enjoyment. Consisting of more than three hundred items, including small, tastefully chosen exhibits of Duchamp, Arp, Miró, Dali, Magritte, Ernst, Giacometti, Masson, Man Ray, Matta, Picabia, Schwitters, Picasso, Cornell, Tanguy, and Gorky, the show is a paean to established avant-garde painting and sculpture, accompanied by a careful, systematic bleaching of their philosophical, psychological, and cultural content. Paintings, prints, collages, constructions, and assemblages historically identified with nihilism, provocative demonstrations, scandal, and insolence take on a presence not different in kind from that of works generally on display in the Museum. In a season marked by a succession of political and social crises, including arson in the cities and students battling the police, the show is a springtime oasis of lyricism, fantasy, orderliness, and good taste. Apparently, time has relegated the tumult of the studios and cafés to the noiseless realm of the history of forms; Dada and Surrealist works have ceased to work, and the "heritage" of these movements is the company they keep in the Museum—that is, the heritage of Dali's limp watches is Oldenburg's soft typewriter, that of Schwitters' junk building is the "combines" of Rauschenberg. This pacification of the two most unruly areas in the entire history of art carries the implicit promise—and this is the basic message of the exhibition's catalogue—that modern art has at last been restored to order and will confine itself to its own affairs and leave

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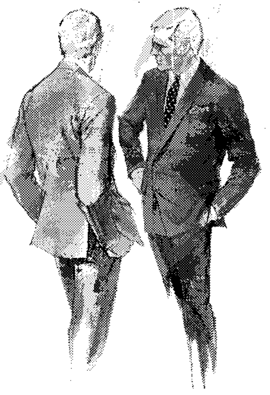

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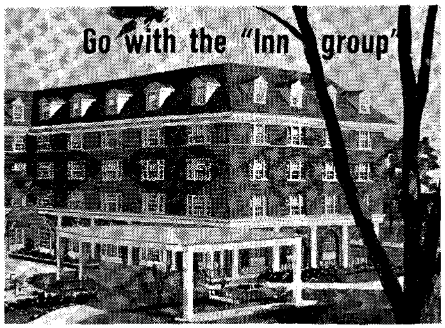

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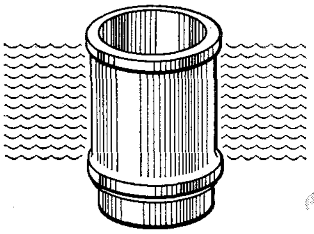

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A museum director with a veneration for Dada and Surrealism, or for historical fact, might have attempted to produce some kind of equivalent of the events or environments into which Dada and Surrealist exhibitions incorporated paintings and objects, and for which numerous models exist in the texts; conventional as it was, the "Fantastic Art, Dada, Surrealism" exhibition presented by the Museum of Modern Art in 1936, besides having the advantage of novelty (the techniques of paste-up and automatism are now taught in kindergartens), made at least the token gesture of framing a front page of the New York *Evening Graphic* that illustrated a choice episode in the Peaches Browning case. Dr. William S. Rubin, the new curator of painting and sculpture at the Museum of Modern Art, who organized "Dada, Surrealism, and Their Heritage," has, however, taken a strict position against any horseplay with films, noise, disorder, or surprises that might have placed Dada and Surrealist art works in their historical setting; the closest his exhibition comes to it is a reconstruction of Dali's rainy taxi in the Museum's garden. While eager to cull from Dada and Surrealism paintings acceptable to the taste of the sixties, he wants nothing to do with the actuality of those movements. His aim is not to restore the context of the works but, on the contrary, to dissolve it and to shift the works themselves into other categories of appreciation. In his opinion, the philosophical, political, and poetic insights of the Dadaists and Surrealists, when not irrelevant to painting, were positively detrimental to it, and for the sake of the paintings themselves these early associations had best be forgotten, as if they came from a bad neighborhood.

Dada and Surrealism, Rubin finds, were guilty of the essential flaw that they considered paintings to be vehicles of thought and imagination but not to be "worthy of delectation in themselves." To Rubin, this repudiation of aestheticism is equivalent to voluntary abdication from art itself, and he cites the anti-art pronouncements of Dadaist and Surrealist artists as a means of cleaning the slate of any aesthetically significant notions in the movements, as if their negative outlook had not inspired the original works that have fallen into his hands. In regard to art, Rubin believes, history had condemned Dada and Surrealism in advance. "The . . . concern of these movements with philosophy, psychol-

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ogy, poetry, and politics," he writes in the catalogue, "stamped the art they encouraged with a character much in contrast to that of prevailing avant-garde ideals." By these "ideals" Rubin means something he calls "modernist abstraction," in which the rule is for each art to confine itself to a preoccupation with those elements peculiar to it—painting with color and space, poetry with words. This is a notion conceived by the Symbolists and considered radical in the eighteen-nineties; both Gide and Valéry have explained the collapse of Symbolism by its "purity"—that is, its detachment of aesthetics from ethics. Denying the ideals of art for art's sake, the Dadaists and Surrealists were, by Rubin's logic, left without aesthetic direction: "They fostered activities in the plastic arts so variegated as almost to preclude the use of the terms as definitions of style." To Rubin, the result approaches chaos, since none of the Dada-Surrealist modes of creation, from parody to biomorphic sculpture, has, in his opinion, any genuine relevance to modern art. He praises Arp, for instance, as the last sculptor in a tradition that goes back to the Greeks, while instructing the reader of his catalogue that "the best sculpture of recent generations has derived from another tradition," one having to do with "space-enclosure." (By this measure, Dali's water-soaked taxi becomes a formal masterpiece.) Obviously, Rubin would prefer that Dada and Surrealism had never existed, but since the works are there, he is prepared to take them in charge and rearrange them according to their merits. Art values, he is convinced, were embodied in Cubism at the time Dada and Surrealism arose, and the creations of Duchamp, Ernst, Magritte, and the others are aesthetically valid to the extent that they conform to Cubist principles. For instance, Ernst conceived of *frottage* (rubbing) as a device for releasing images of the unconscious, and succeeded in bringing to light fabulous birds, monsters, and landscapes. Rubin, however, is not interested in divination, and though Ernst, like other Surrealists, repudiated Cubism, what saved him as an artist, in Rubin's eyes, was his absorption, willy-nilly, of Cubist concepts. His magical pictures, Rubin explains, were an echo of "the late Analytic Cubism, which that same year was undergoing a not unrelated metamorphosis in the hands of Masson." This amounts to subjecting Ernst himself to art-historical *frottage*—rub him and you get Cubism.

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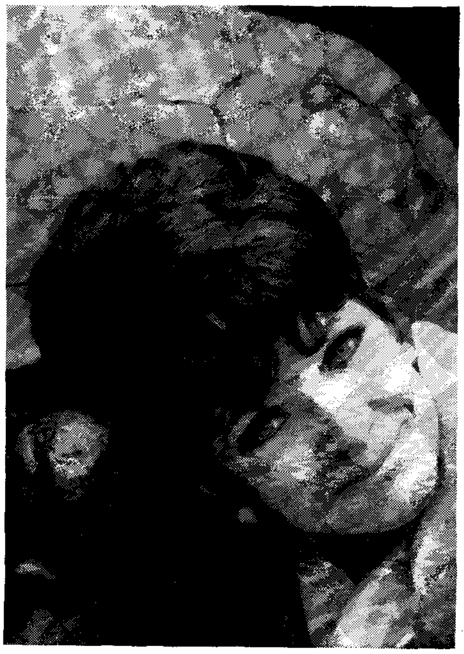

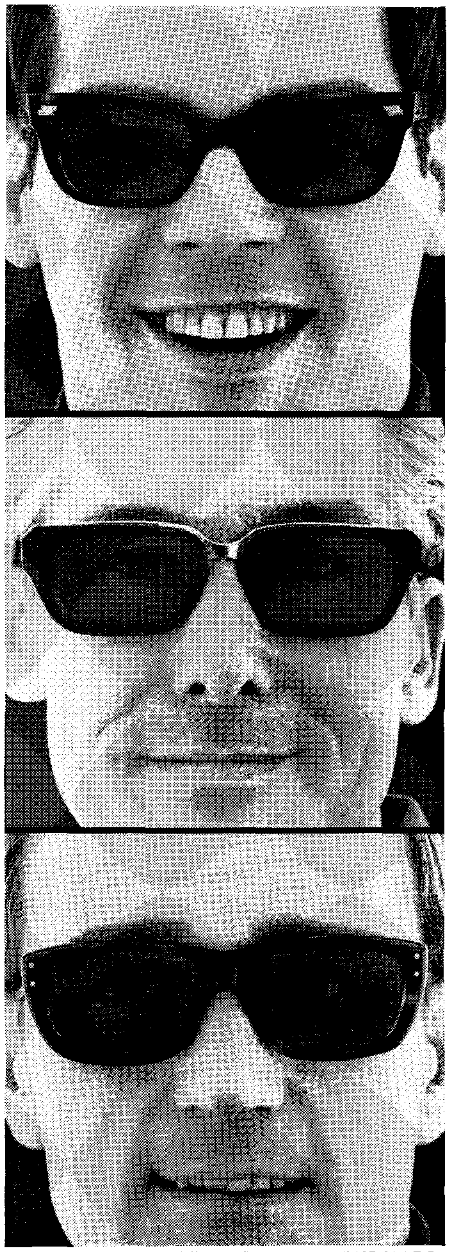

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history, Rubin discovers in the Dadaists and Surrealists qualities that they did not intend, or that they intended to shun: " 'Anti-art' depended from the first on the very presence of the 'pure painting' against which it reacted, and it incorporated more of that 'art-art' than its authors knew." These artists-in-spite-of-themselves could provide a rich subject for a contemporary Molière. Rubin goes a long way toward the comic realization of the aesthetically rehabilitated Dadaist in his formal analysis of Duchamp's painting on glass, "The Bride Stripped Bare by Her Bachelors, Even." Passing beyond the "love-machine" subject of Duchamp, Rubin conceives of the glass itself as a transparent "field" through which objects on the other side can be seen as in a realistic painting, so that the images on the glass are suspended in "the illusion of the space of the room." *Obviously, the same disposition of the* "picture plane" and deep space transforms every store window with a sign painter's figures on it into an equivalent of "The Bride"—in the end, it is Duchamp who has been stripped bare by Rubin's formalist appreciation.

In isolating the art in Dada and Surrealist works from their imaginative and theoretical context, the Museum of Modern Art presentation does not hesitate to tear the works apart in order to extract the "art-art" and transfer it, by setting them in preconceived categories, to a hypothetical realm of "delectation," undisturbed by the artists' ideas. A similar dissection of art since the Second World War establishes the "heritage" of Dada-Surrealism as works in which an evolved "modernist-abstract" groundwork is magnified, and the superfluous poetic roots are shrunk or sterilized. "Today," Rubin writes, "we are able to see how much originality these [Abstract Expressionist] pictures contain despite debts to Surrealism." In Rubin's vision of twentieth-century painting, Dada-Surrealism was an interruption in the steady evolution of abstract art toward purified self-consciousness. For some thirty-five years, this aberration confused the true issues of art by its political and mythmaking chatter. In the fifties, at last, after the frenzies of Action painting (a "heritage," in Rubin's view, of the Dadaist gratuitous act) had subsided, the authentic avant-garde was able to reassert itself. Dada and Surrealism are dead, and the verdict of history, delivered through Rubin, is that "it appeared by 1955 as if the entire Dada-Surrealist adventure was a kind of anti-modernist reaction

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situated parenthetically between the great abstract movements prior to World War I and after World War II." Rubin is, however, willing to register the dissent represented by the emergence of some younger neo-Dadaists, such as Rauschenberg and Johns—who, anyway, have freed themselves of anti-art ideas and are dedicated to good painting. In sum, the "Dada, Surrealism, and Their Heritage" exhibition is a funeral celebration, accompanied by a call to order under the banner of classroom aestheticism. That the Museum comes forward in this pageant as the militant representative of the genuine vanguard of the twentieth century, lecturing reactionaries such as Picabia, Duchamp, and Breton about avant-garde ideals, is not without its Dadaist flavor. As Tzara pointed out in 1922, "the true Dadaists were against Dada."

ARMED with his anti-anti-art interpretation of art since the First World War, Rubin has organized a pleasant show reflecting two principles of choice. One is the "modernist-abstraction" aesthetics I have described, which weighs relations of figure and ground, placement, color, handling of edges, and so on—in sum, the principles of modernist good design. From this point of view, the exhibition is thoroughly successful. Most of the items in it pass the test of good design. In the interests of historical accuracy, one is compelled to observe that there is too much good design. The quality of junkiness and what Kenneth Burke called "organized bad taste" courted by Dadaism and Surrealism is played down to the degree of achieving an exhibition that is a model of gentility. With very few exceptions, notably the "*poupées*" of Hans Bellmer and Dali's "Le Grand Masturbateur," the selections are, if not delectable, at least discreet and respectful. The exhibition is loaded with icons of avant-garde taste, from word-image compositions to Oppenheim's fur-lined teacup. Duchamp's "Bicycle Wheel" is included (what is a purer form than a wheel?) but not his celebrated urinal (pretty enough, but perhaps embarrassing as an object "worthy of delectation in itself"). The other standard of selection, which contradicts the aesthetic one but saves Rubin from the charge of narrow formalism, is that of the influence of the works chosen on the art of today. A favorite term of the catalogue—a rather odd one in view of Rubin's abhorrence of mysteries—is "prophetic": "Duchamp emerges as a prophet of the concerns

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of recent artists;" "Schwitters proved to be a prophetic artist" vis-à-vis Rauschenberg. The exhibition juxtaposes art born out of art—for example, a wrapped object by Man Ray with a package by Christo, a target by Picabia with a target by Johns. The effect, perhaps justified, is to depreciate the originality, and, in some instances, even the authenticity, of a type of contemporary art that depends on originality for its claims. Technical innovations stemming from Dadaist-Surrealist investigations of the unknown (automatism, scraping, decalcomania) are described on wall labels in such a way as to turn them into recipes for producing pictures; by following them anyone can be an artist, though readers are warned that "pure automatism, like pure accident, is inimical to art."

Determined by the dual standard of Rubin's aesthetics and art history, the choices in the "heritage" section add up to an effect of aimlessness. Is not the post-Surrealist Giacometti of the knife-edge portraits and the walking men part of the heritage of the Giacometti of the Surrealist "cages"? To Rubin, however, cages are sculptures of today, but heads and men are monolithic and hence not modern, so there are no late Giacomettis in the heritage. But if Surrealism was reactionary, why should its heritage not be reactionary? On the other hand, a Dada-Surrealism show that includes two Newmans could include anything. If history was taken into account, how can one explain the total absence of America's leading Surrealist of the thirties, Peter Blume? Probably he failed to meet either the test of the Cubist "ground" or the test of influencing art now. Nor is notice taken of the politically left Surrealist painters of the West Coast before the war. Rubin's historical yardstick proves, in the last analysis, to be current fashion.

An item in the exhibition is an assemblage by Man Ray entitled "The Enigma of Isidore Ducasse." It consists of a cloth package tied with rope, and is said to contain a sewing machine—an object sacred to Surrealism because of Ducasse's (the Count of Lautréamont) disjunctive metaphor about the encounter of a sewing machine and an umbrella on a dissecting table. But Man Ray's "Enigma" no longer exists, and the piece on display is a reproduction belonging to the Museum's Study Collection. For me, this ersatz contrivance symbolizes the exhibition as a whole. The "enigma" of Dada-Surrealism—the endlessly negative processes it has introduced into modern art—has been replaced with a didactic

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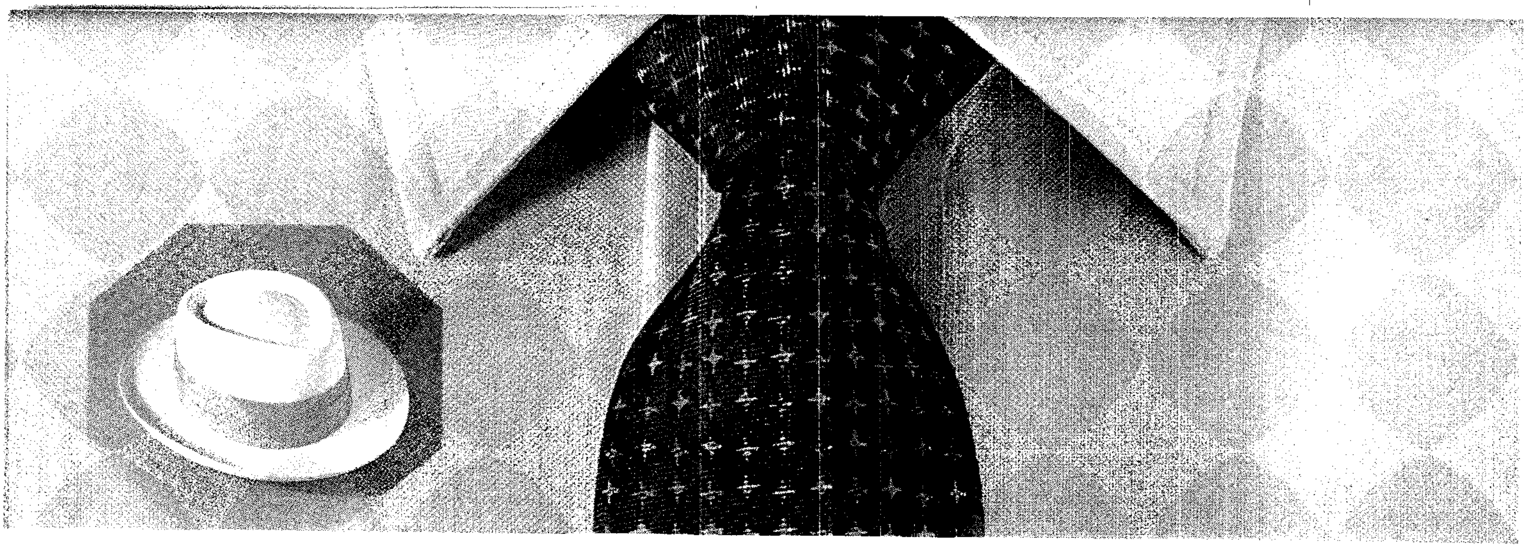

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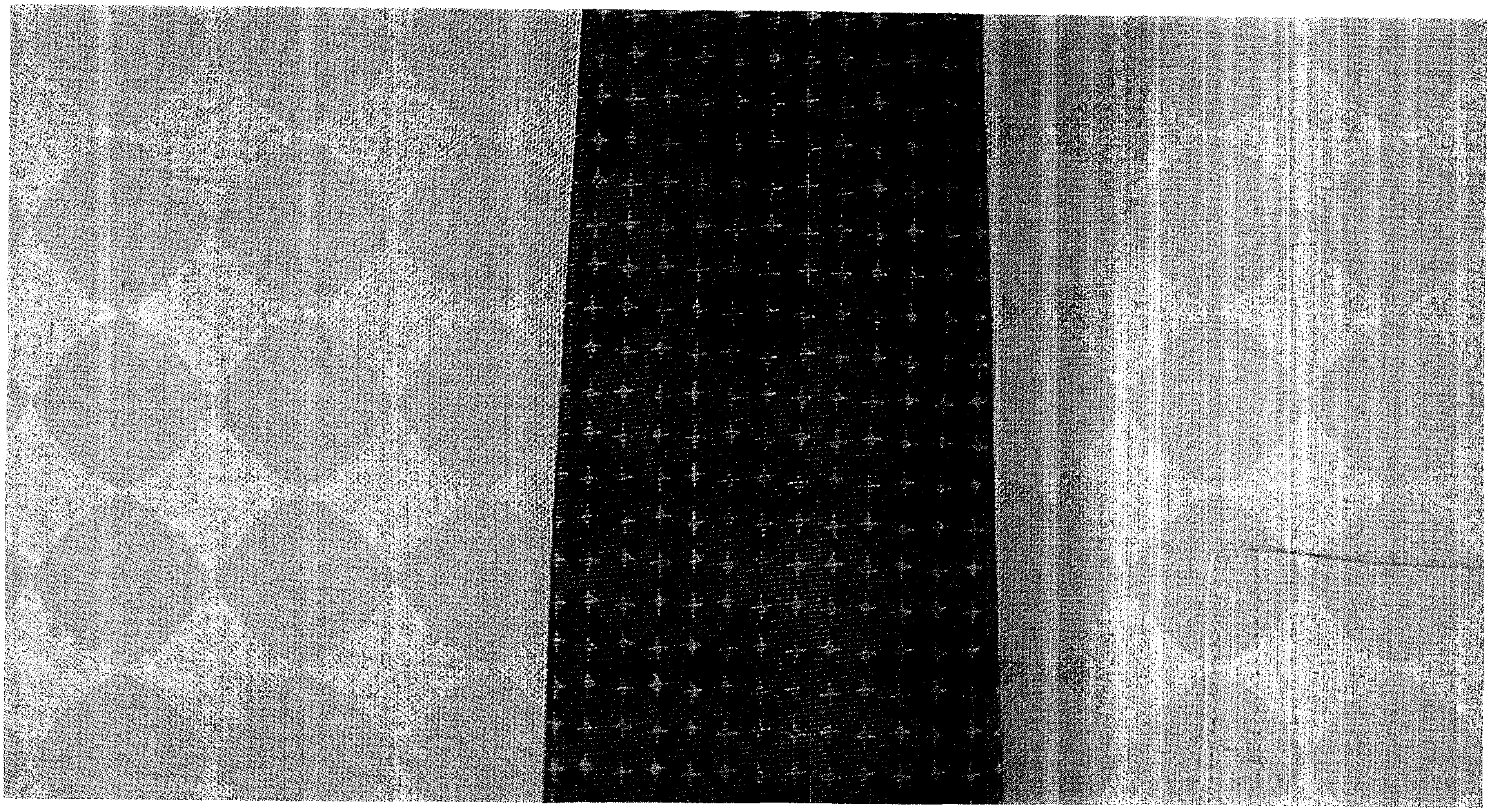

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equivalent mislabelled Dada-Surrealism. No museum can be expected to welcome the thought, which often occurs to strong-minded artists, that art under certain circumstances can be odious, and that at almost any time it is what Breton called an "alibi." Nor is it the obligation of a museum to resurrect history. There is no more reason for an art museum to strive to restore the life of an art movement than for a natural-history museum to put artificial flesh on a dinosaur. To present art as dead is appropriate to museums, though this may lead to the question of whether museums are appropriate to the art of this century. But if Dada-Surrealist rancor, shock, magic, politics, and black humor are put aside, why designate the exhibition as Dada-Surrealist? If Schwitters, who was never a Dadaist or a Surrealist but obviously was a constructor of Cubist-inspired compositions, is to be featured but not Klee, and if "spontaneity" is to be the basis for the inclusion of Gorky but not of de Kooning (exhibited with Klee in the "Space and Dream" exhibition) or Hofmann, why speak of Surrealism at all, let alone of its "heritage"? In strict, pragmatic fact, works of art are produced by individuals, not movements. Unless one is prepared to acknowledge the intrinsic creative force of Dada and Surrealism in the paintings of Miró, Magritte, Giacometti, Dali, et al., why not simply present shows of their work, plus that of contemporaries whose creations are copies or variations of it? The current exhibition of "Destruction Art" prepared by Elayne Varian at the Finch College Museum of Art, which includes works by such contemporaries as Arman, Yves Klein, Les Levine, Ortiz, and Tinguely, is unquestionably closer to the reality of Dada than is the ambitious exposition at the Modern, yet it appears, properly, under a descriptive, rather than an art-historical, label. I can think of only one purpose for the "Dada, Surrealism, and Their Heritage" exhibition—to knock out the philosophical underpinnings of modern art. The show is a remarkable, if not epoch-making, instance of a museum's openly intruding into current art history as an active partisan force by posing its own conception of value and its own will regarding the future against the will and ideas of the artists it is displaying. In the Dada-Surrealist exhibition, the Museum of Modern Art has become a kind of corporate artist using other people's pictures to produce its own collage and parody. This, too, is a heritage of Dada.

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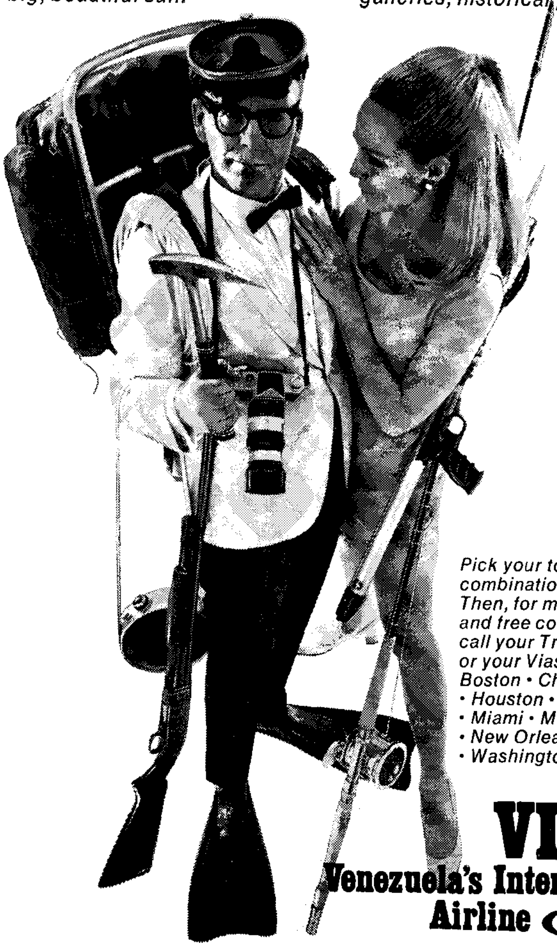

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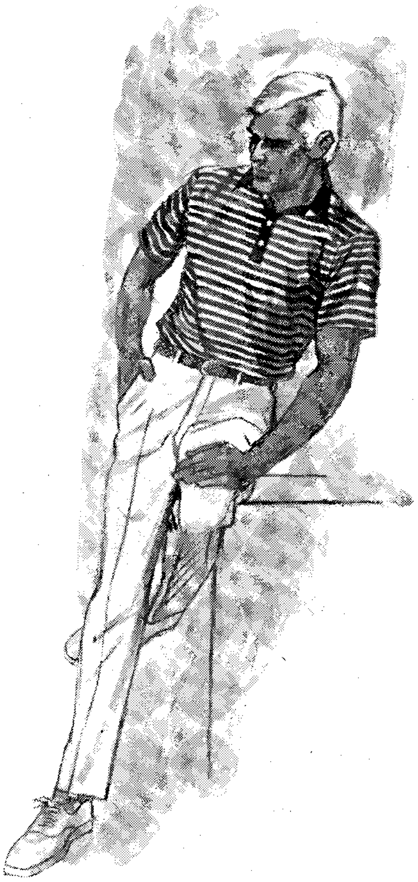

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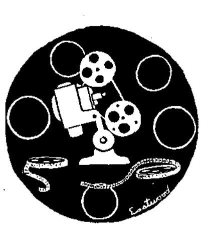

Eugene S. Jones's "A Face of War" is perhaps the most irreducible dissent from Vietnam we are likely to see. The film is concerned not with the politics or the morals of the war but simply with the physical facts of waging it. Mr. Jones seems a brave and truthful man. Having worked mostly on American TV documentaries, including combat photography in Korea, Malaya, and Indo-China, he spent ninety-seven days with a camera crew in Vietnam—it was his fifth trip there—in the thick of a point squad of a company of the 7th Marine Regiment. During the ninety-seven days, more than half the company was wounded or killed. Jones was wounded twice and one of his cameramen once. His movie, photographed on high-speed English film that allowed him to shoot in apparently impossible lighting conditions, has a modesty of character that makes its rage very powerful. Jones sets out merely to record what service in Vietnam looks, sounds, and feels like to the foot soldiers who are war's lowest elements. The fact that he has put the picture together without any commentary is the purest of all reflections of what it is to be one of these Marines, for their minds are of no use in Vietnam. A head is only another body part to be blown off. Seeing "A Face of War" is like watching a chronicle of Napoleon's march on Moscow from the point of view of Napoleon's horse. The horse has no impulse to be there; it obeys signals, suffers, dies, and is replaced.

The Marines in the picture accept the unacceptable mixture of cant and agony without even a grimace. The usual rudeness of soldiers at the bull they are handed out seems more than these men can manage. Pieties at morning service, brutal exhortations at briefings, slush on the armed-forces radio about having a date with the girl on the program, yells from the dying—it all goes in, indifferently heard and scarcely reacted to. "God has given us life that we should live it fully, live it happily. God uses various circumstances to achieve that," a preacher intones before combat. "We're liable to run into booby traps," the officer in command says immediately afterward. "You all know what they can do to a man. They can blow his leg off. . . . This is going to require a hell of a lot of stamina from all the troops." "It hurts!" a man shrieks when the battle has begun—this God-given, stamina-requiring battle, which has shot one of his limbs away. The hogwash and the cries of pain alternate and start to merge, the way the mechanical quack of voices on field radios dissolves sometimes into the Vietnam evening sound of frogs.

Sugarcane traps the men's feet and thrashes their faces. The heat is hard to bear, and the monsoon rain is worse. Tracer bullets rip white stripes across the night sky. The rhythm of combat begins to seem absolutely regular: set off by helicopter, see parts of your friends blasted away if the same thing doesn't happen to you, call a rescue helicopter, hold down the jumping remnants of people and give the shivering mouths a drink, load the stretchers on, and wait for your turn next. It is the ultimately absurd conflict, for the enemy Vietnamese are always invisible and the Vietnamese that the G.I.s see are to be protected: a baby in birth; children, whom they inject with American drugs; a woman whose face afflicts them as she watches her village going up in the flames of their war. The Marines feel random pity whenever there is any situation to recognize, but the possibilities of that are few. The greatest impression given by the film is of men in conditions in which they can make out nothing—not even their physical position in relation to anything else. "How many trees do I have to my right and left flanks?" asks a voice diminished to a radio squawk.

If a copy of this film were to be interred, and found by a scholar a thousand years from now, I suppose it could tell him some piercing things about our shaky, guilt-freighted culture of the fortunate. He would know from it that we were still a superstitious people, though mostly faithless and without belief in an afterlife, and that we still made murderous links between God and country. What the ancient war had been about, however, he could have no idea. Without other sources, he couldn't glimpse why these well-fed, lucky, frightened English-speakers were locked in filthy combat with toothless peasants whom they proceeded, as soon as they saw them, to look after tenderly with antibiotics and midwifery.

"TRANS-EUROP-EXPRESS," written and directed by Alain Robbe-Grillet, is one of those French intellectual games that comically doll up simple pulp-fiction stories with dark hints of something metaphysical going on. Jean-Louis Trintignant plays a trainee dope-runner, learning to run cocaine between Paris and Antwerp—which sounds quite a straightforward situation, but no. He flicks through a few sadists' magazines, buys a false-bottomed suitcase from a startled salesgirl, and boards a train. And in the same train sits the director of the film, the moodily confused Robbe-Grillet himself, playing the director of a film of which the dope-runner is the hero. Things instantly snarl up until you could go crackers. Every time Trintignant pushes ahead with a sprint of plot, understandably looking concussed, the director-within-the-director has a script argument in the train compartment with his producer and his maddeningly creative secretary, and the poor criminal is pulled back like a dog on a leash and made to reënact the scene with some quite different twist. The glum thought strikes you that Robbe-Grillet is making a point about the difficulty of telling reality from fiction. Leaving aside children of three and three-quarters, I don't know any people except clever Frenchmen who *find* this a difficulty. Given his hangup, though, it was a self-tormenting act of Robbe-Grillet's to cast himself as the director-character. The mind moans inwardly at the idea of the muddle he must have been in on location—leaping up as his own real director to look at his stand-in from behind the camera, replacing the stand-in as the pretend director, and worrying all the time for fear that although he was physically on the same train as his character he was essentially (I can't think of another way to put it) on another plane. As the film grinds on, moving backward and forward like a blunt lawnmower over short spurts of plot, it dawns on you that the way to deal with the thing is to stop trying to find it as deep as it suggests it is. Once you rely on your own judgment that it is fair-to-middling daft, though livened up by some inadvertently luscious sadomasochistic fantasies—which I think the rarefied author sees as more purely thematic than audiences will—you are out of the woods, and Robbe-Grillet is on his

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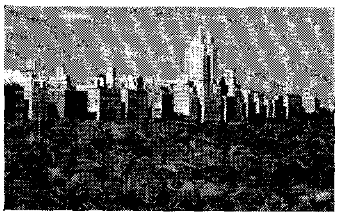

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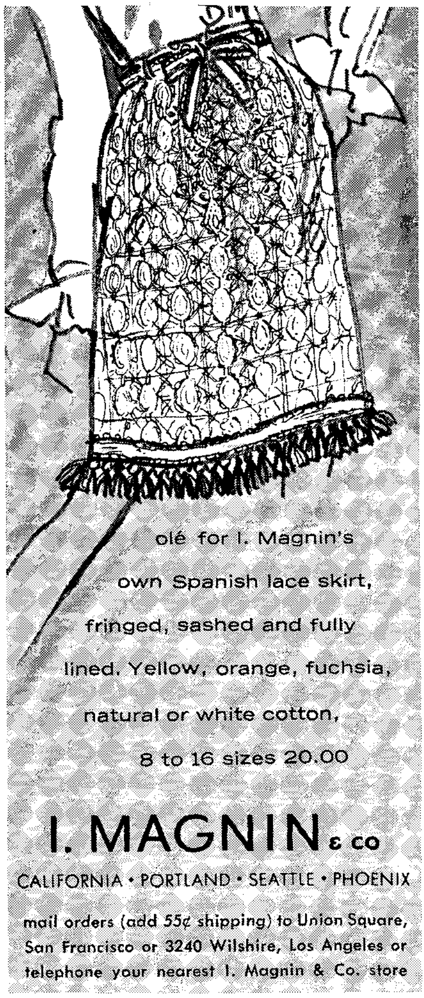

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own. He sits in his corner with his tape recorder, not enjoying the journey at all, and creating knottier and knottier problems for himself. His lugubrious mustache droops sternly. He looks rather like a Victorian bather emerging from a punishing winter dip. When one of Trintignant's scenes appears to be totally contradictory, or to be parodied even beyond the reach of this film's native humorlessness, it is a sign that Robbe-Grillet has just hit another air pocket of doubt about the distinction between life and paperbacks, and that his fictional secretary on the train is about to chip in with something helpful that will foul up his supposed plot-making still further. The character is a limited girl, however much she fancies herself as her boss's aide in art, and her major imaginative contribution to the cocaine-smuggling story he is trying to hack out is to insist that Antwerp isn't a likely setting for dealing in cocaine and that the plausible goods would be diamonds. In the meantime, of course, the "real" hero on the train with them is running cocaine like mad (or thinks he is; his pedagogic gang is testing him out and has actually planted him with sugar, but let that pass). Truth certainly is stranger than fiction. With this thumping thought the film seems to have hit its high C, and ends.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

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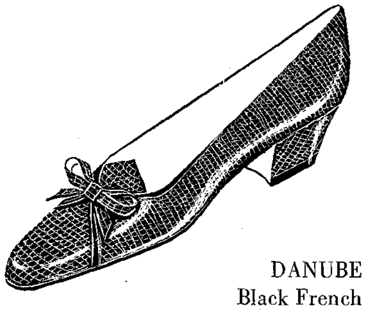

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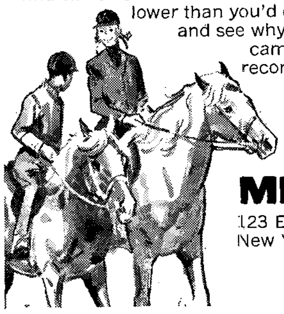

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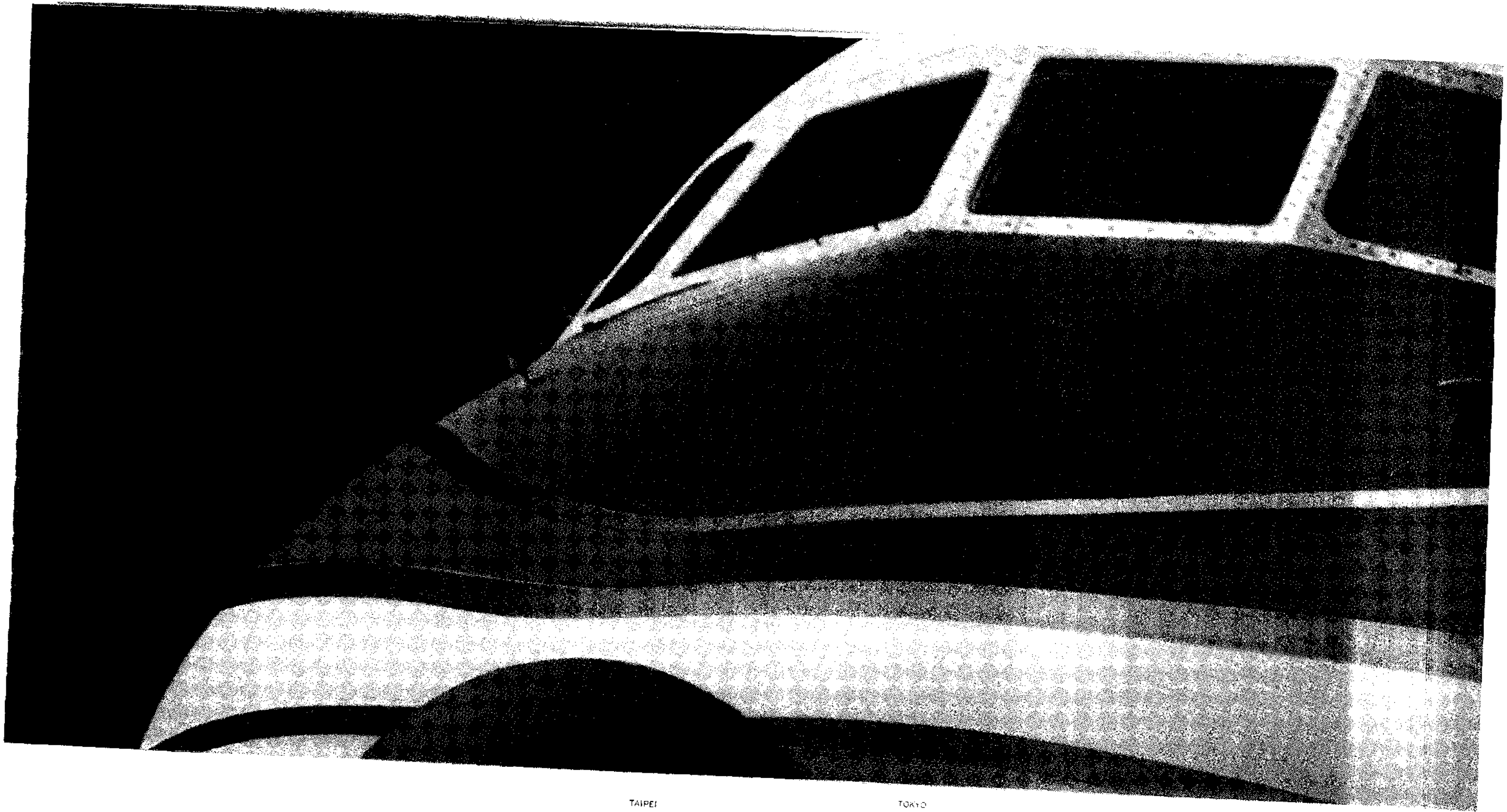

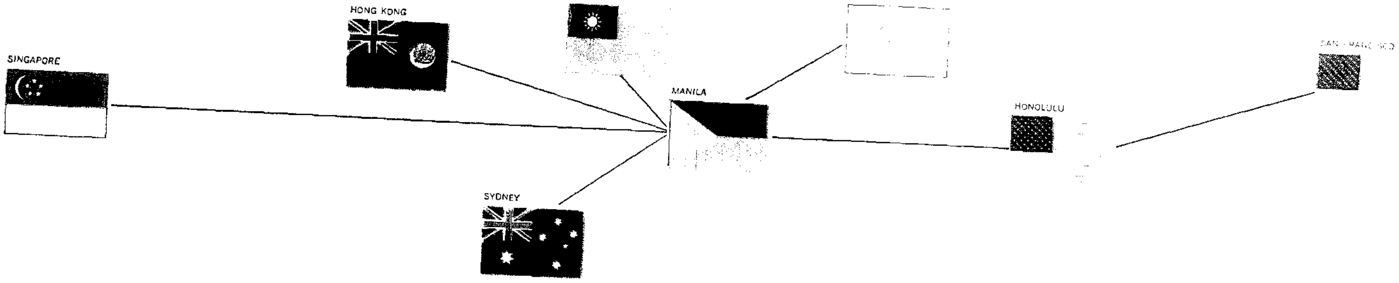

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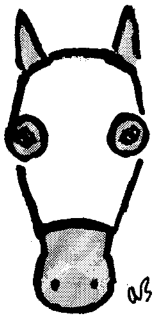

VERY few men have been on the racecourse as long as Max Hirsch, who is pushing eighty-eight and going strong. He saddled his twenty-third winner of the meeting (the highest score of any trainer) at Aqueduct last Saturday—a colt named Call Me Prince, who beat eight other three-year-olds in the ninety-third running of the Withers Mile. Hirsch also trains Out of the Way, who finished fourth. Not a bad afternoon's work. Time was when the Withers, which is the opposite number of England's 2,000 Guineas, was the first of the spring classics and the established prep for the Belmont Stakes. Now it's just the seventh race on the card. However, this one was a good show, and Call Me Prince, who was always in an advantageous position, won comfortably from Salerno, who barely took second place from Verbatim. The disappointment of the race was What A Pleasure, who tired early in the running and wound up eighth. We'll hear more, I fancy, from Call Me Prince, a fine big bay colt by Princequillo.

Ogden Phipps' Cutting, who is a full sister of Vitriolic, made her début at Aqueduct the other afternoon in a gallop for two-year-old fillies, and it was far below her stable's expectations. She was last all the way. The race was a romp for a runner from Hobeau Farm with the engaging name of Little Red Onion, who won by seven lengths. Speaking of Vitriolic, I saw him a fortnight ago at Sunnyside Farm, Dr. Robert Copelan's equine hospital near Paris, Kentucky, where an operation had lately been performed on his left front knee. The bandages had been removed earlier that day, and he was walking around in his quarters as though he'd never had an operation. But it will be months before he goes back into training. Though I'm not much on hospitals, I venture to say there are not many that have a comparable array of up-to-the-minute equipment, or are as sanitary throughout, from operating room and recovery stall to the storerooms where supplies are kept. I watched the preparations for a job of surgery from behind glass

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in the visitors' gallery, and even Dr. Casey could have learned a lot from the officiating vets about scrubbing.

THOUGH I've been writing this department for a long time, I've seldom had to do it with a heavier heart. Three days after Dancer's Image won the Kentucky Derby so convincingly, he was disqualified and placed last because chemical analysis revealed that he had run with a pain-killing drug—phenylbutazone—in his system. Butazolidin, to call it by its trade name, is neither a stimulant, such as caffeine or applejack, nor a depressant, of which there are a number of examples. It is a well-known anti-inflammatory analgesic used by human beings (a trainer offered me some one day when I was going a bit gimpy), especially athletes, as well as on bad-legged, unsound horses. The use of it on horses was permitted in Kentucky until 1962, and before that almost everywhere in this country. The reason it isn't still permitted is that sore-going horses might be run a couple of times without it, and do badly, and then be dosed with it when the stable was ready to bet. Could be. But I've always believed horsemen used it only to relieve pain. Nowadays, of course, medication of any sort is forbidden (unless it is given several days before a race), and if it shows up in the saliva or the urine, action by the stewards is obligatory. Word of the disqualification of Dancer's Image, and the reason for it, was heard with shock and sadness wherever men care about horses. While I'm sorry for gallant Dancer's Image, and for Peter Fuller, who owns him, and for Lou Cavalaris, who trains him, I'm even sorrier for racing itself, because the whole unhappy affair was handled deplorably, from top to bottom. For the news media, it was a beanfeast, and the boys who seldom bother with semantics were never in better form. With them, the Derby winner was drugged. None of their listeners or readers, many of whom already believe the worst about racing, will ever forget that. Nevertheless, it won't affect the attendance at the tracks. Too many people who go there will tell you that most of the starters in every race are either hopped or held, and hope that they can luck in on something that's all right and will pay off in boxcar numbers.

It was never a secret that Dancer's Image had ankle trouble before he was a two-year-old. It didn't worry Cavalaris last season, or very much before

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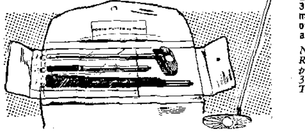

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the gray runner won the Governor's Gold Cup or the Wood Memorial, but it did create a problem coming up to the Derby. For days, the colt's right forefoot was in a bucket of ice water almost around the clock. In fact, he was a doubtful starter practically up to the time his name was dropped into the entry box, and he went to the saddling paddock with an ice pack around the bad ankle. Dr. Alex Harthill, a Kentucky veterinarian, has said that he gave a tablet of Butazolidin to Dancer's Image six days before the race. Although any trace of this medication normally passes out of a horse's system in three days, there have been instances of its remaining for five, so it might well have remained for six. I don't believe Dancer's Image was "got at," as the saying goes. The idea that a tablet of Butazolidin was tossed into his stall and he ate it, as someone suggested, is too absurd for comment. Cavalaris has been around the race track too long not to have kept his colt well guarded at all times. If memory serves, the night before Swaps won the Derby, his owner, Rex Ellsworth, slept in the stall with him.

The case was to be given a full-dress official hearing in Louisville the first of this week, and the verdict of the Churchill Downs stewards may be out before these notes appear. I shall not try to guess what will happen, but in the past a trainer found guilty of violating the rule on medication has invariably been suspended for at least sixty days. After the verdict, an appeal may be made to the Kentucky State Racing Commission, and finally to the courts. So Dancer's Image may skip not only the Preakness at Pimlico this weekend (though he's getting ready for it at the Baltimore track) but the Belmont Stakes next month, for Mr. Fuller has said that his colt would not run in any race unless Cavalaris saddled him for it. A ruling is also expected on the redistribution of the Kentucky Derby purse, giving Forward Pass $122,600, Francie's Hat $25,000, T.V. Commercial $12,500, and Kentucky Sherry, who set such a killing pace in the race, $5,000 fourth money.

FORWARD PASS is such an obvious horse on his form in the Derby that one has hardly to look much further for the winner of the Preakness. I doubt that there will be such a headlong early pace as there was at Churchill Downs, or that he'll be kept close to it. Francie's Hat is training well, but I think he'd favor a longer distance than the mile and three-sixteenths. Most likely, there will be no more than ten starters, and that will be all to the good.

—AUDAX MINOR

• •

MEETING AGAIN

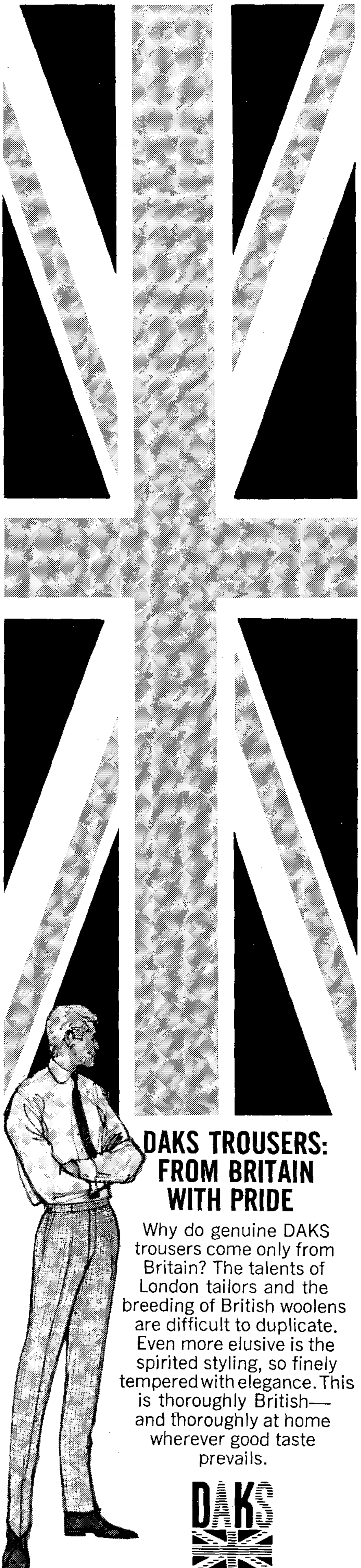
Tatty and growing old, I comb my uncut hair,
Trimming away the grayness at the sides.
I have a second shave because we are to meet;
I brush off dust because she will be there.
All this is trivial, since each movement hides
Some feeling that once lay quivering in the street.

There has been separation enough. Touch was broken.
Now I shiver, sick of stomach and of head.
The hurt is like a dead frog's heart still beating
Metronome to the harsh words, words glibly spoken
But grown vague in memory, so that now, instead
Of striding in security, I go to this fresh meeting

A masquerade of man, pretending to myself that I
Can move again where once I thought myself closed
In the certain circle of her love. I say the past,
Such as it was (comforting myself alone), does not die,
That mutual memories cannot quickly be disposed
In precise files; something must linger and must last?

Preened like a goldfinch in its little cage, I venture
From my own enclosure on this enormous risk.
My fingers nibble at my tie, caress my shaven face.
But more than the façade sets out on this adventure,
And I go slowly inside, though my pace is brisk,
To meet a still-loved stranger in an unfamiliar place.

—RUTHVEN TODD



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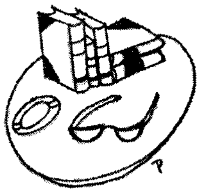
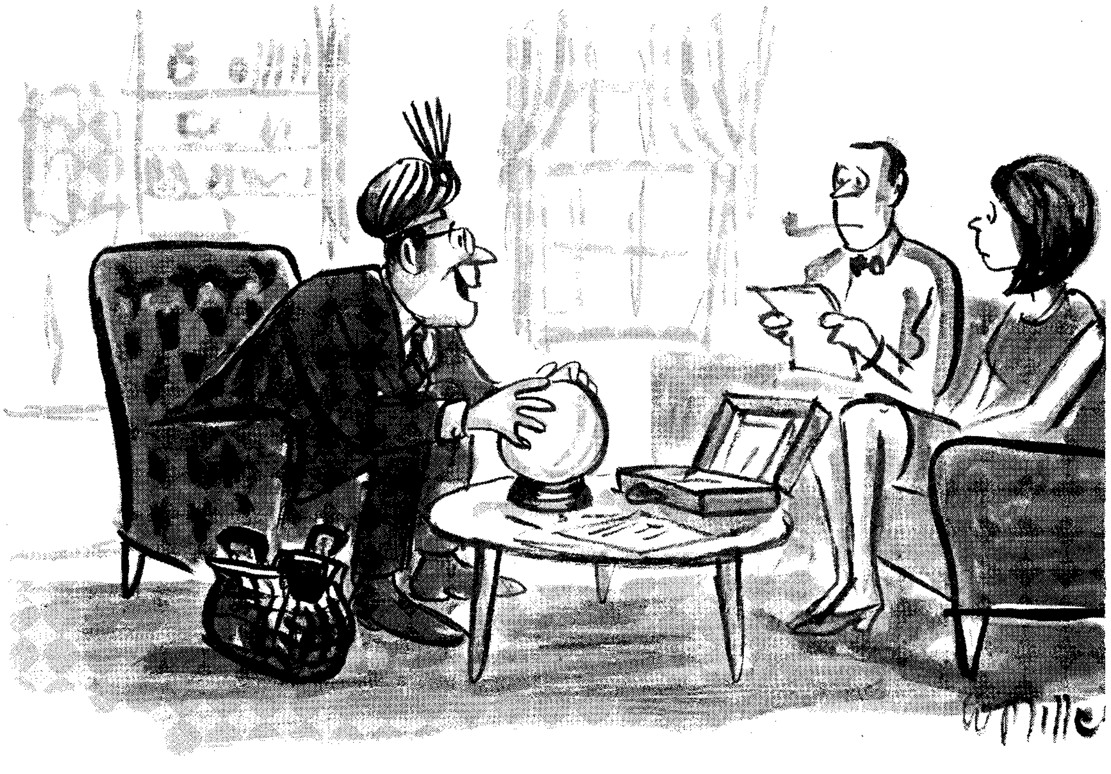


WE are all sick. We have all been hurt, more or less severely, by intimate early experience. "A normal ego is, like normality in general, an ideal fiction," Freud has taught us. "Every normal person is only approximately normal: his ego resembles that of the psychotic in one point or another, in a greater or lesser degree." It is a peculiarly modern, and peculiarly modest, doctrine of human brotherhood—modern because it is scientific and secular, distant from both the metaphysical cosmopolitanism of the Stoics and the proselytizing fervor of the Christians, and modest because Freud was, after all, neither a political leveller nor a medical optimist; while he intended his theories to have no philosophical, let alone theological, implications, but to serve knowledge and healing alone, he was cautious about both how much psychoanalysts could know and how much they could do. We may all be brothers, because we are all victims of life, but our prospects for improvement are not alike and are at best limited.

Yet child psychoanalysts have taken Freud's view, with all its pessimism, as a reason for optimism and a lesson in humanity. They need this support, for they encounter beings so badly scarred, so remote, that it must be hard for a psychoanalyst even to acknowledge them as fellow-creatures: the temptation to describe them with metaphors drawn from the behavior of animals seems irresistible. It is about some of these creatures—autistic children, so unhappy that they do not know they are unhappy—that Bruno Bettelheim has written the moving "The Empty Fortress" (Free Press), a striking combination of casebook, plea for charity, and medical polemic. Bettelheim analyzes the nature of infantile autism with exhaustive care, describes (only to dismiss) rival theories of its origins, explodes some myths that have arisen about this form of psychosis, charts courses of treatment, and offers some tentative theories of his own. The most beautiful, most heart-rending, and, I am convinced, most enduring part of his book consists of three case histories.

When Laurie came to the Orthogenic School at the University of Chicago, she was seven years old. She was mute and emaciated, limp in movement, wholly passive, detached from every emotion: "The only time she showed signs of life were the moments when she was nauseated and vomited." At first she had to be fed by hand, and—as is true of most autistic children—defecated and urinated irregularly, almost unconsciously. She was as nearly dead as it is possible to be and still go on functioning. Slowly she discovered others—her counsellors—and then, even more slowly, her body, but she remained silent. When she communicated at all (and for a long time her behavior referred only to herself) she communicated by gestures. Her time at the School was divided between advance and retreat: she gained some control over her bodily functions and then abandoned it; she responded to the outside world and then shut it out again for long stretches of time. As she improved, she invented an activity for herself: she would take a sheet of paper and skillfully tear it concentrically into a long single strip, always carefully dropping out the center of the paper—its heart, like her own, pitifully empty—and then use that strip to define boundaries between herself and her world. And she began to draw. What she drew were primitive yet highly symbolic forms of expression, and for Bettelheim and his staff they meant progress; Laurie was beginning to express something of her suffering and to touch, however delicately, the world of others: "She moved out from her vegetative existence toward a life that for brief but ever longer stretches was busy and active, assertive. To be able to express her needs and feelings symbolically, through literally thousands of drawings and repetitious creating of boundaries, was a tremendous step toward assertion." Bettelheim is convinced that near the end of her first year at the School she was approaching the verge of speech, but then, for their own reasons, her parents insisted on withdrawing her. They eventually placed her in a state hospital for mentally defective children. Bettelheim went to see her a few years later "and found her pretty much as she was when



"So far so good. Now let's see how things would shape up with the twenty-thousand endowment policy."

The Toast. (II).

The continuation of an inquiry into that ancient and honorable custom among men: The Toast. Including a guide to philosophical toasting. Sponsored by the great Carlsberg Breweries of Copenhagen, Denmark.

There are in the pantheon of toasting masters those who prefer the humorous toast; those who opt for the romantic toast and those who, eschewing all others, call for the short and sweet toast.

There are also those serious souls who prefer a dash of thought with their brew: the philosophical toasters. It is from their ranks that we have drawn both excellent advice and toasts for all thoughtful quaffers.

First, consider the words of the great Voltaire, who raised his glass and said: "Neither abstinence nor excess renders a man happy."

A merrier literary colleague, Cervantes, a bit more of a swinger than Voltaire, contemplated his cup and said, "I drink when I have occasion—and sometimes when I have no occasion."

Possibly, the good Scottish bard, Robert Burns, summed up toasting for all the poets:

"Here's to a bottle and an
honest friend,
What would you wish for
more, man?
Who knows before his
life may end
What his share may
be of care, man?"

Not, surprisingly, the philosophical toast takes different forms in different lands. The pragmatic Germans offer: "Ofen warm, bier kalt. Weib jung, wein alt." (Oven warm, beer cold. Wife young, wine old.) Their Austrian neighbors to the East are also practical: "First in life you learn to drink—then to eat. Therefore, as gratitude, do not forget to drink."

Moving further East, the more emotional Lithuanians toast the happy couple at weddings with "Laimingo sugvenimo aviesieu, dienu, ir sekmingo gyvenimo ablem." (A happy cohabitation, sunny days and successful life to both of you.)

And all the way East, the inscrutable Japanese intone:

ふところが暖かいでしょう.*

But we, ourselves, are most enchanted by that good, honest Englishman who wrote:

"Cool water is the best of
drinks;
So all the poets sing.
But who am I, that I
should have
The best of everything.
Let princes at the pump
revel,
And kings at the well
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But whisky, beer or even
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On this humble note, we'll leave you until our next installment—on the romantic toast.

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"May the thorns of life only serve to give zest to its flowers."

"All right... and may bad fortune follow you all of your days—and never catch up."

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*Inscrutable indeed.

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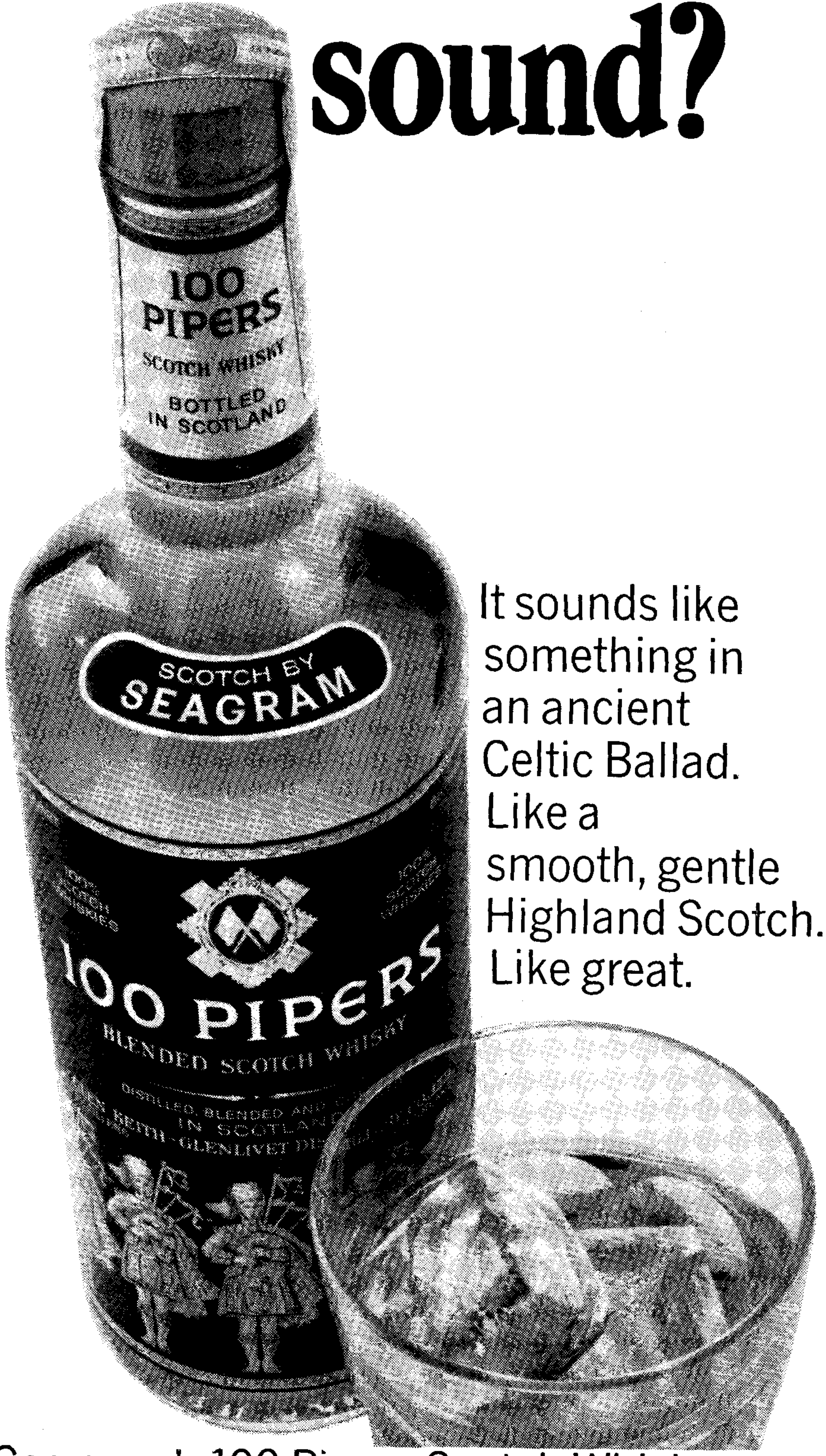
I first met her: extremely emaciated, responding to no one and nothing." He sat down with her for a while "and told her how terribly distressed we all of us still were that she had left us; that our greatest wish was that she could have stayed. She turned her head, looking into my face with eyes that suggested some understanding, and laid her hand on my knee. In much the same way she had put her hand in mine at our first meeting when I told her I wanted her to come and live with us. Responding to her gesture as I understood it, I told her that much as I would like to, I had no power to take her out of the state hospital. She slowly withdrew her hand, and though I stayed for another while there was no more flicker of response or recognition." The same forces that had driven Laurie into the despair of infantile autism had plunged her back into hell forever.

Unlike Laurie, who came to the Orthogenic School at the right age for treatment, Marcia was nearly eleven when she was admitted. She was mute, and indifferent even to objects. "She reacted only to her own body." Her withdrawal was even more extreme than Laurie's; she sat on her bed "in a strange yoga position, her feet crossed under her, either motionless or excitedly rocking up and down." Her most active behavior was twiddling her fingers rapidly, apparently in a state of hallucination, and her most serious concern—or so it seemed—was self-protection: her sitting and rocking protected her rectum, and she used her hands to plug up her ears and nostrils. She would take nothing in; feeding her was excruciating. And she would give nothing out, holding on to her feces and her urine as though, quite literally, her life were at stake. It was only after many months that she evolved a tentative trust in her new environment. She spoke only a few words, in whispers, in single, staccato imperatives, saying "no" but not "yes," and addressing no one in particular. Then she began to relate, at least to one person. "After about twenty months, interactions began to blend slowly into dependency, at least between Marcia and Karen, who was now the favorite of her two counselors." This was dependency, "because of the way she needed Karen and viewed her as part of her world," but not yet relatedness, "not to speak of a true personal relation between them, because there was still no give-and-take, only a take, with no interest in her counselors as persons. Much as she now needed them, particularly



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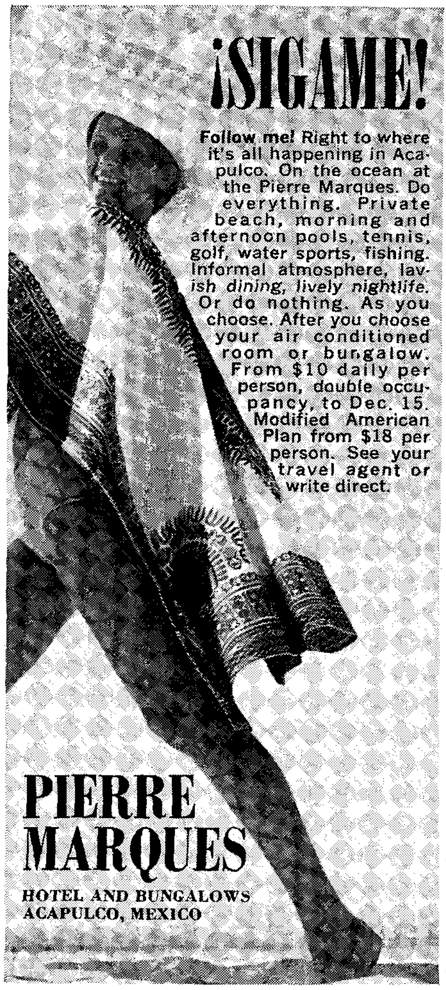

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Karen, Marcia could not afford to acknowledge even that." Those who treat autistic children must learn to wait; progress is infinitely slow, and usually comes through apparent regression, for skills like toilet training that have been forced on an autistic child must first be unlearned and relearned, that they may be integrated into the personality. Marcia, too, had to retrace her steps to infancy before she could move, hesitantly, toward reality. She learned to play, she discovered where her body ended and the outside world began, she accepted herself enough to say her own name and to say "I"—autistic children, Bettelheim suggests, may almost be defined as children who do not say "I"—and as she began to speak in sentences and address her speech to other beings she could work through the events that had brought her to her state. She conceded, but only after a long time, "Talking is good." And after almost five years "she had regained the full range of emotions and formed a relationship of deepest emotional meaning." But now the dialectic of human development confronted her with a new and, at least in our present state of knowledge, insoluble dilemma: her emotions had outstripped her intellect, and at fifteen it was too late to catch up. She went home fully human; she "could perform simple tasks, could take care of herself and be useful in the home. She took good care of her clothes, her possessions, loved to work in the kitchen and the dining room. Most of all, this once totally frozen, nonreacting girl was now alive, full of feelings, and the appropriate ones." But her ego remained stunted. She had come to the right place too late.

The prognosis for mute autistic children is usually poor; the prognosis for autistic children who speak is better, though still doubtful. Joey, who came to the Orthogenic School when he was nine and a half, spoke but—it is a critical distinction—did not communicate. Groping for a description, Bettelheim compares Joey, in his early years at the School, to "a most inept infant and a complex machine." Joey believed that he was run by machines. He had to plug himself in, with real, makeshift, or imaginary wire, before he could eat or sleep. His bed looked like a crude spaceship, loaded down with batteries, wires, wheels, generators. He needed them desperately; without electric power he could not move, without his carburetor he could not breathe. And often he, the Joey-machine, would explode; he would manage to get hold

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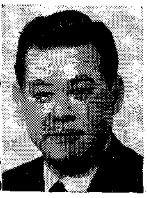

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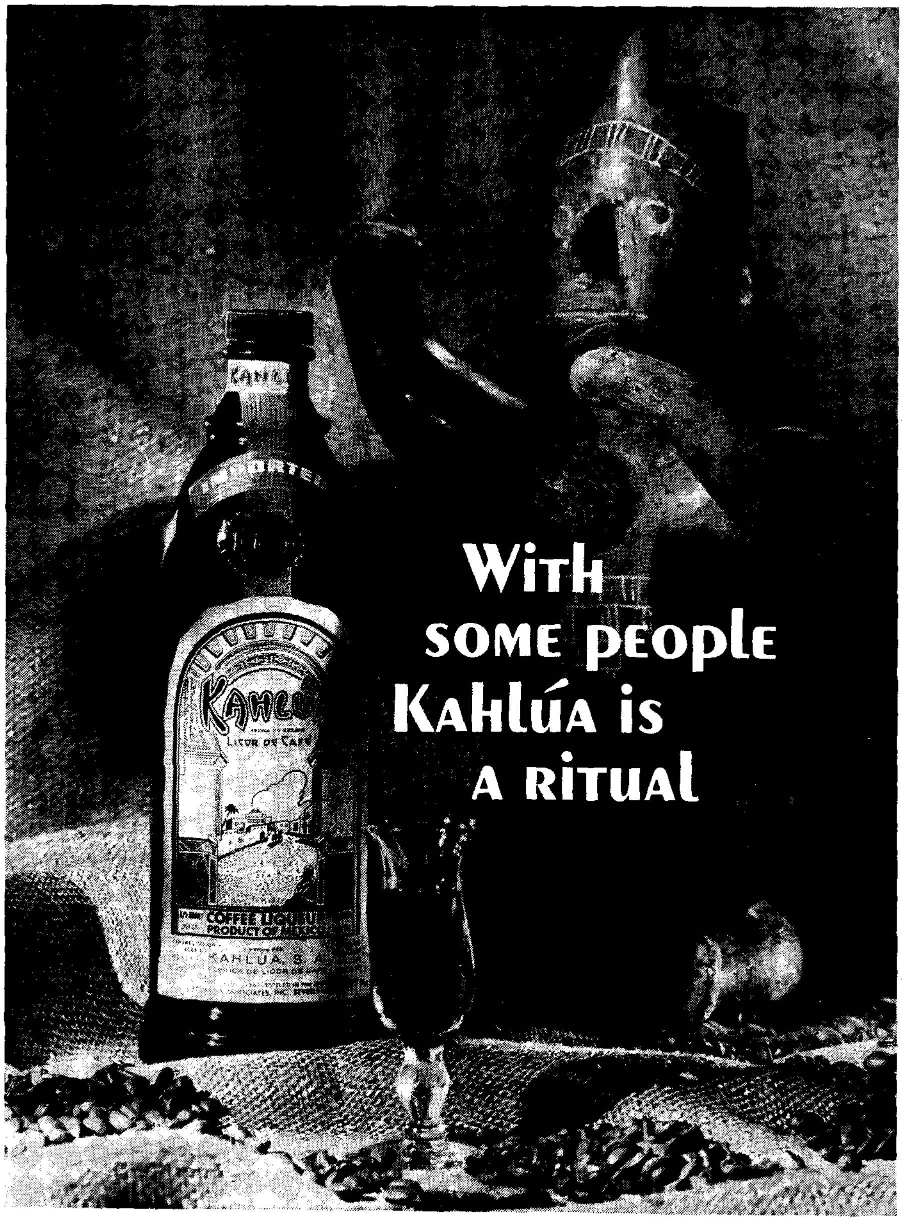
of radio tubes and light bulbs, throwing them about that they might destroy the whole universe: "Once the time had arrived to explode the world, this child who lived in utter stillness, mute and unmoving, would suddenly go berserk, running wildly and screaming, 'Crash! Crash!' or 'Explosion!' as he tossed a bulb or a motor. As soon as the thrown object had broken and the noise died away, Joey died with it." In his first year at the School, Joey had nothing in his repertory but these extreme alternatives—total withdrawal and unchecked violence—and his every act, especially of elimination, was hedged round with the most detailed obsessive precautions. As he loosened his grip slightly on some of his obsessions, he began to draw and to talk more freely, though always through indirections, avoiding names and pronouns, and in contraries, touchingly revealing his fervent desires and grievous disappointments without taking responsibility for them: "Parents should be mean to children," he would say. "If I were a parent I would kill my children. You shouldn't like me. You should do things to hurt me." His drawings, like his speech, revealed an overwhelming preoccupation with excrement. His world, Bettelheim writes (he is a memorable phrasemaker), was a "world of mire." But Joey's readiness to draw or to discuss his obsessions, accompanied by returns to babyhood, were precisely signs of and means to advance. They showed Joey's willingness, no matter how fragmentary, to approach his own feelings and to begin the search for his own self. To be a machine, or to be powered by machines, had permitted him to avoid what he could not face. "Horrible things happen with your feelings," he said in a moment of insight. "Feeling kills you." Joey's elaborate construction of his private, dehumanized world had protected him from the feelings that bring death. But then, as he found his new environment unfailingly loving and trustworthy, he found it possible to withdraw feelings from his machines and project them onto people, onto other boys in the School, and onto his counsellors. He gained some perspective on himself and some confidence in his emotions. After he was significantly better, he made a float for a Memorial Day parade—the Orthogenic School celebrates all conceivable holidays—in which he had his favorite Teddy bear carry a sign reading, "Feelings are more important than anything under the sun." Yet they remained dangerous, for Joey discovered among those feelings his overpowering unhappiness and



Devoted as they are to orthodoxy, they drink it straight; in a cordial glass; after dinner. There's definitely something bewitching about the brew. Many, charmed by the versatility of this captivating coffee liqueur, are compelled to exult in such devilish concoctions as the Black Russian, Brave Bull, Kahlúa Sour. Still others swirl it into dazzling desserts. Consider the sorcery of this magical mixture from Old Mexico. And while you're at it, consider the source, because what the Mexicans don't know about coffee liqueur doesn't amount to a hill of beans.

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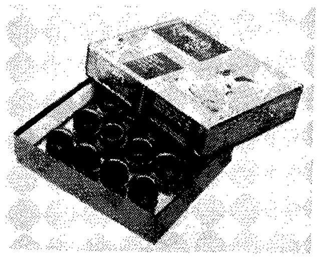

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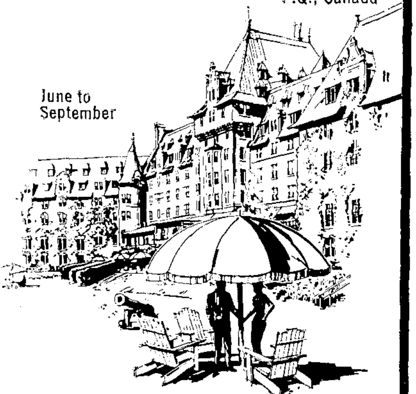

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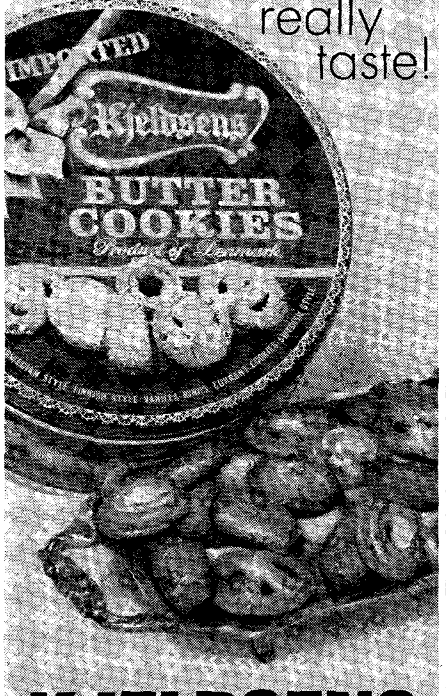

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his firm conviction that no one loved him. He became self-destructive, as most autistic children do in the course of treatment; he learned to cry, and only a year later to laugh. But he was becoming a human being, and since he had never wholly given up speech, his intellect developed appropriately. After nine years at the School, he was ready to go home; he completed high school and entered the stream of normal life. Three years later, when he came to visit Bettelheim, he proudly brought along his high-school diploma and an electrical machine he had constructed—a rectifier that converted alternating into direct current. Bettelheim draws the obvious inference from this symbolic gesture: "Joey had truly freed himself of the vicious circle in which he rotated forever between longing and fear. All by himself he had altered the course of events till he was now meeting life in a straightforward direct encounter."

In his pride at Joey's accomplishment, Bettelheim is being too modest. Autistic patients, like all patients, must coöperate, no matter how feebly, with their healers, and it is, as Bettelheim points out, a tragic paradox of infantile autism that its victims, who hate and fear life so much, can never improve if they are wholly without hope. They must help in their liberation. But however much Joey did, he did not alter the course of events "all by himself." He had nine years of intensive, intelligent help. As my bald summary of these cases suggests—the full account makes it overwhelmingly clear—it is incredibly hard to take care of autistic children, let alone heal them. They are either uncommunicative or wild: they refuse to look at people, or talk to them, or respond even to the most persistent kindness; they shout, throw things, bite, scratch, urinate on their counsellors. With their resistance and their savagery, they try the best-trained and most patient of therapists. They have turned away from the world not in rational, controllable anger but in a despair so deep that outside signals—a smile, a loving gesture, devoted tending, kind words spoken in a kind voice—cannot influence or for a long time even mean *anything* to them. Obviously (Bettelheim is enough of a Freudian to be convinced of this) all aspects of autistic behavior are meaningful; all of it—the twiddling, the peculiar modes of defecating, the silent rocking, the refusal to eat—is a kind of language, even if it is directed at no one. But since symptoms vary so enormously, and since the therapist has no way of checking his hunches

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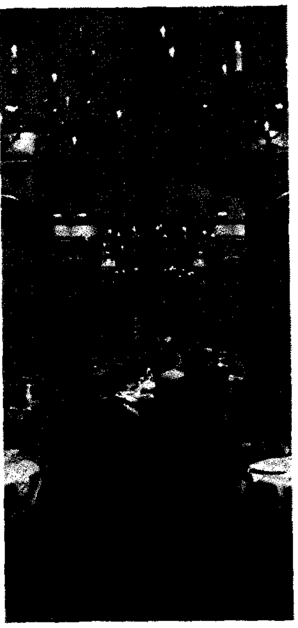

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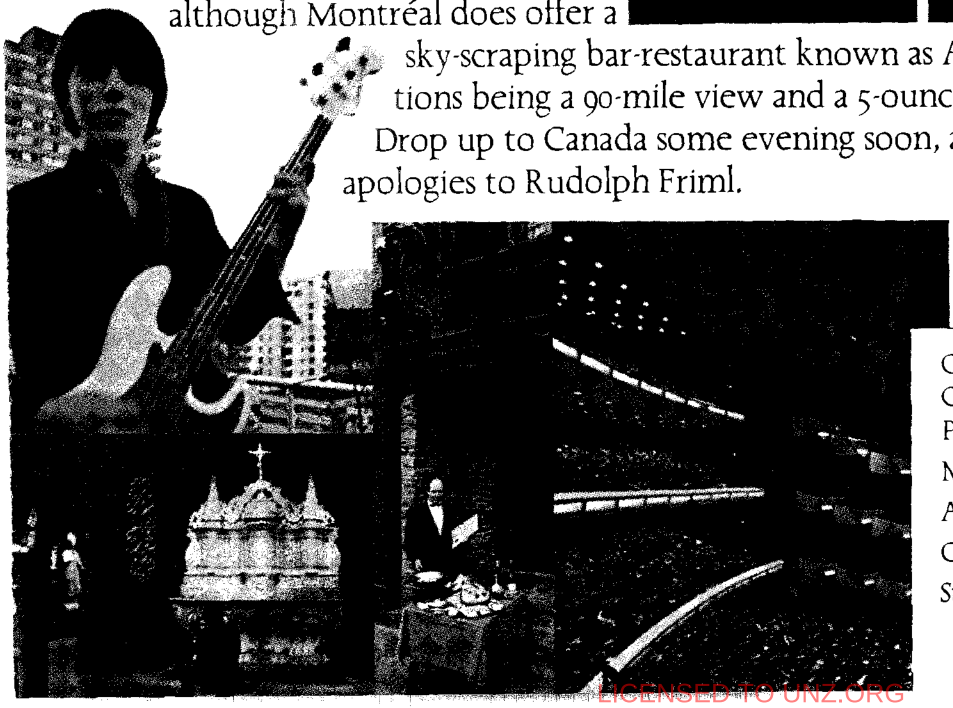

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with the patient, as he does in psychoanalysis, the interpretation of the "language" autistic children have available to them demands the utmost concentration, intelligence, empathy, and persistence. And, as Bettelheim freely admits, even a therapist with all these qualities may make costly mistakes, misinterpreting a gesture and sending the child into renewed depression and withdrawal. That is why those who treat autistic children must be absolutely permissive; it is not only that these little psychotics must experience a radically new environment in which they are loved and accepted but that it is essential to let them "speak" in the only voice they have. And therefore it is, I think, perfectly proper to call Bettelheim and his associates heroes: they accept, even invite, attacks on their persons; they witness without shrinking (in fact, they bring about) scenes that ordinary observers would consider intolerably dirty or unbearably pathetic—encouraging free elimination, feeding bottles to adolescent patients who are discovering the pleasures of early infancy, and, most impressive of all, working long hours, for weeks and months, without any visible reward from the patient. These people—psychoanalysts, teachers, counsellors—are magnificent.

They have, of course, several reasons for being magnificent; magnificent behavior, like all behavior, is overdetermined: there are always several reasons—more than enough reasons—for a single act. Bettelheim reports that his interest in autistic children, which goes back several decades, was strengthened by his experience in the Nazi concentration camps. Like inmates of concentration camps, autistic children have lived through "extreme situations," and this observation of his seems to have equipped Bettelheim not merely with added insight but with added determination to heal what others have wounded. The scientist's curiosity here happily coalesces with the therapist's charity.

Yet when Bettelheim comes to discuss various theories of autism, which inevitably imply varying modes of treatment, his charity turns to anger. He is remarkably free of egocentricity or aggression. He gives generous, even lavish acknowledgment to the work of his associates, he refuses to attack parents ("It serves no good purpose to make the parents of autistic children feel guilty at having caused the disturbance"), for, after all, the precise measure of their responsibility is uncertain, and, besides, "they did as they did be-

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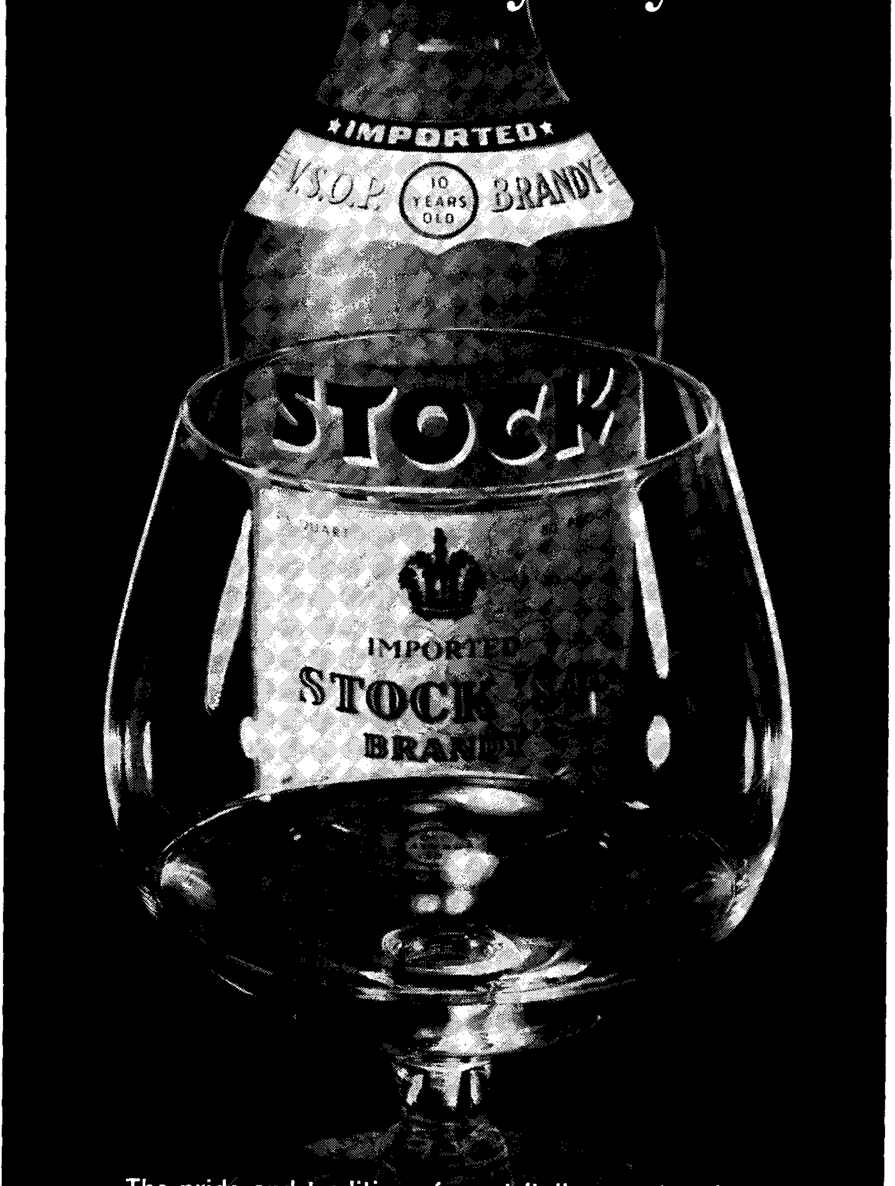

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cause they could not help themselves to do otherwise," so to "make them guilty *will only add to the misery of all and help no one.*" And he is sensitive to the anxieties of his readers, reassuring mothers that even at their best they are bound to make mistakes ("Saints may be needed in heaven, but they rarely make good parents"). Bettelheim's patience stops, though, when he deals with psychiatrists and psychologists whose views, in his opinion, impede cure. He is engaged in something better than a sectarian fight: the issue is treatment, not speculation, and I judge by the enemies he has chosen that his anger is constructive; his aggression serves his healing purposes. There are those who see infantile autism as "an inborn impairment," and in consequence, he notes, their "attitudes toward treatment will be defeatist." Bettelheim himself does not rule out prenatal damage, and he recognizes that, just as the inmates of concentration camps responded variously to the same treatment, children with similar family experiences will turn out variously, too. But even if more refined techniques of inquiry should establish that there is an inborn predisposition to autism, it is, Bettelheim persuasively insists, only certain kinds of experience that bring it out, and therefore only certain kinds of treatment that may correct it.

Annoyed as Bettelheim is with some of the psychiatrists who regard infantile autism as organic and incurable, he is ready to respect the work they have done in describing the disease. He reserves his real dislike for the behaviorists. He quotes a recent paper on what is called "operant conditioning": "Training was conducted six days a week, seven hours a day, *with a fifteen-minute rest period accompanying each hour of training.* During the training sessions the child and the adult sat facing each other, their heads about thirty cm apart. The adult physically prevented the child from leaving the training situation by holding the child's legs between his own legs. Rewards, in the form of single spoonsful of the child's meal, were delivered immediately after correct responses. Punishment (spanking, shouting by the adult) was delivered for inattentive, self-de*structive, and tantrumous* behavior which interfered with the training, and most of these behaviors were thereby suppressed within one week." This brutal experimentation, inhuman as science and vicious as therapy, led not to speech but to what the investigators call "verbal imitation;" that is, as Bettelheim

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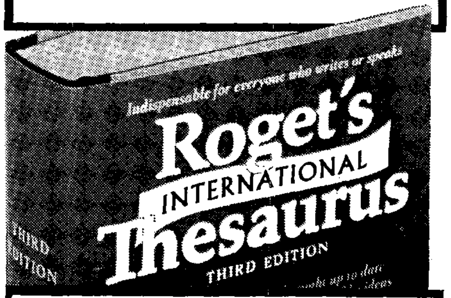
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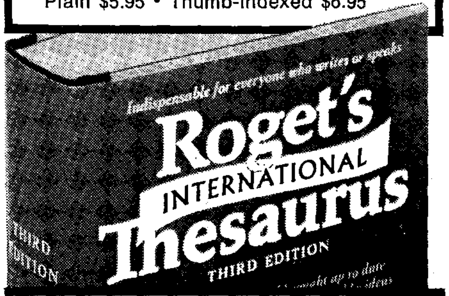
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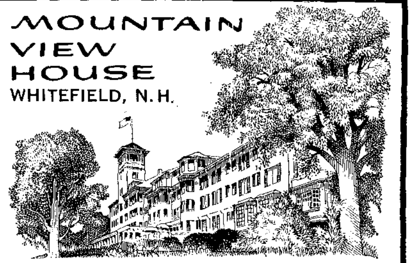

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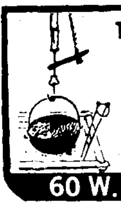

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acidulously comments, "to echolalia, which is no less a symptom of psychosis than is mutism. Hence all the training does is to add one more symptom to the old ones." The innate naïveté, intellectual bankruptcy, and half-deliberate cruelty of behaviorism have rarely been laid bare more effectively than this.

Bettelheim's own theory of infantile autism is in all respects much superior to its rivals. The framework of his thinking is Freudian; he pays repeated tributes to Freud's work, and, properly, divides the history of man's self-understanding into the period before and the period after Freud. His insistence that all behavior is meaningful, his close concern with bodily zones and bodily functions, his use of conceptions like the unconscious, libido, and repression all go back to the Master. And his account of the genesis of autism fits into the psychoanalytical pattern, which, after all, puts so much stress on early experiences. Autistic children, Bettelheim argues, are all quite literally in fear of their lives; they have become convinced that their parents really wish them dead, and in their despair at their inhuman surroundings they have repudiated the world, rejecting its terrifying and destructive signals and giving up all attempts to communicate to others, who will only disappoint, repudiate, mistreat, and, in one sense or another, try to kill them. Their pain is so great that they have entered a condition in which they feel nothing, not even pain; Bettelheim reports that autistic children may allow potentially lethal conditions, like appendicitis, to develop without paying any attention to them. Certainly the parents of the three cases I have cited (and of Bettelheim's other cases as well) fit into his theory with dismal perfection. Laurie's mother was depressed, severely disturbed, and left the handling of her baby to others; her father was largely indifferent; and both parents soon resented a child that gave them no pleasure. Marcia's parents were, if anything, more disturbed than this: the mother depressed, the father given to attacks of anxiety and rage. The father, in psychiatric treatment for serious disturbances when Marcia was born, and the mother, persistently angry at both her husband and her child, offered the girl, for the most part, an environment of rage and indifference. The only energetic activities in the household were the violent attempts to make Marcia give up her stool; repeated enemas were forced on her while her father, at once frightening and exciting her sexually, held her against his body. Joey's mother was "fey," insecure,

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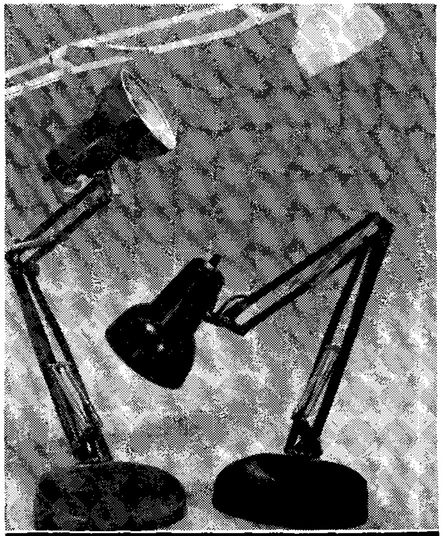

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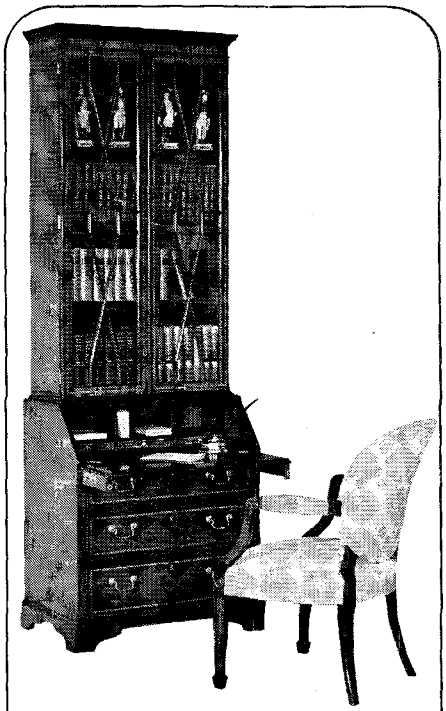
both rigid in enforcing schedules and indifferent to her son's needs; when he was born he seemed more than she could manage, and in interviews she could remember little about him, he meant so little to her. Joey's father was away most of the time, and on the rare occasions when he was at home he was irritable and punitive. Families often follow a regimen that seems rather similar without actually producing autism in their children. Laurie, Marcia, and Joey may therefore have had some predisposition to instability, or at least an unusually developed sensitivity that required more mothering, more loving, than normal. Still, the indifference and hostility that dominated their families were extreme instances of, and thus different from, a widespread pattern; they were efficient machines for dehumanization—little, unwitting concentration camps putting the small inmates at the mercy of extreme situations that they could not handle. So, in rage and despair, they withdrew.

To judge by Bettelheim's spectacular successes, the Freudian framework has obviously served him well. Yet his own account suggests that it might serve him even better—if not for his therapy at least for his theory. Infantile sexuality, so vital to Freud's system, makes remarkably few appearances in "The Empty Fortress." This cannot be because Bettelheim is coy; no one could be more candid than he about the work of the body. His ambivalence about orthodox psychoanalysis has, I think, philosophical—which is to say scientifically irrelevant—roots: he is so intent on vindicating the activity and autonomy of children that he seems to resent the mechanistic implications in the psychoanalytical model of human development, with its passive babies and inescapable stages of life centering on erogenous zones. This neo-Kantian philosophy is admirable, and doubtless does Bettelheim's medical practices no harm. But it leads him to stop short before some of the evidence that he himself offers: autistic children, like neurotics, but much more vehemently than they, hate the dentist and fight off, "with the violence of utter desperation, even the gentlest of efforts to repair their teeth." Bettelheim takes this aversion rather literally, as a sign of anxiety that the dentist, in revenge for their desire to bite, will destroy their biting instruments. And in the same way he takes Joey's expressed wish—that is, deep fear—that his eyes may be burned out with weeping, and his ruminations over his going blind, as rejections of painful



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knowledge; seeing imposes such dreadful experiences that one would do better to live in darkness. These interpretations seem at once too straightforward and too poetic to be convincing; they disregard one mechanism that Bettelheim rather neglects—the displacement of a psychological experience from one part of the body to another. It seems highly plausible—in fact, probable—that the "unremitting fear for their lives" that Bettelheim finds in all autistic children at least partly originates in, and embodies an extreme form of, the fear of castration. But I do not want to be dogmatic when Bettelheim is being experimental; I offer my suggestion less as a criticism than as a tribute to a memorable book. —PETER GAY

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

KING, QUEEN, KNAVE, by Vladimir Nabokov (McGraw-Hill). This tale of domestic infidelity and greed takes place in Berlin in 1928. Dreyer, a wealthy self-made businessman, is married to Martha, who detests him but loves his money. Martha, at thirty-four, is many years younger than her husband. She is a small-town beauty—conceited, vulgar, and suspicious—and she hates Dreyer's jokes, his careless, easygoing ways, and his air of being a lucky gambler. Dreyer has kept mistresses all his life, and he continues to keep them after his marriage, but he bears no hard feelings toward Martha for her coldness to him; he considers it reasonable that he should have to beg for her favors. Dreyer's twenty-one-year-old nephew, a bumbling, bespectacled country boy named Franz, comes to Berlin and is given a salesman's job in Dreyer's big department store, Dandy. Martha embarks on an affair with Franz, and decides that she is in love with him and that he must help her murder Dreyer. Franz is helpless in Martha's hands, and Dreyer goes blithely on his way, unaware of the conspiracy that keeps his wife and her lover in a fever. Nabokov's reputation for effective imagery and shimmering verbal gyrations is justified even in this early novel, which is sour in spirit and lewd in action. It was written in Russian in 1928. The present edition, revised by the author, is the first to appear in English. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

MELINDA, by Gaia Servadio, translated from the Italian by L. K. Conrad

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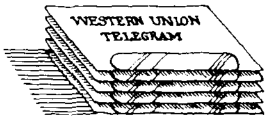

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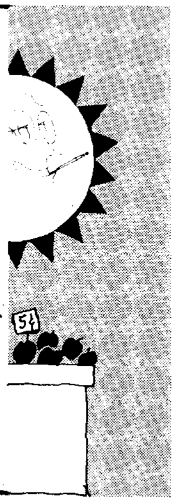

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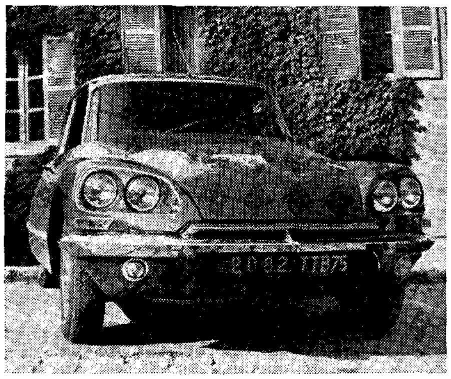

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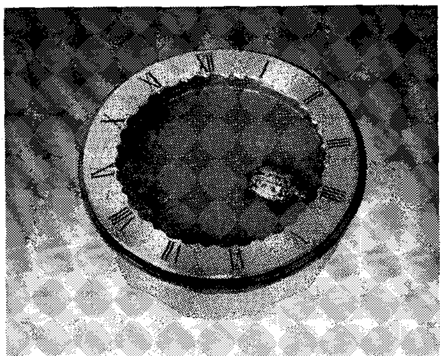

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THE ANSWER, by Jeremy Larner (Macmillan). A psychedelic adventure story narrated by a skeptical student of twenty who in 1964 is drawn by curiosity, purposelessness, and faint hope to the mansion of a Leary-like prophet-promoter of a panacea called the Answer Drug, somewhere near a Harvard-like university. Mr. Larner writes well and clearly, but the subject is impervious to a good, clear, politely poetic style, and the didactic plot turns in predictable directions around stereotypes taken too straight from the record. No surprises.

GENERAL

RICHARD WAGNER, THE MAN, HIS MIND, AND HIS MUSIC, by Robert W. Gutman (Harcourt, Brace & World). An important new biography of the tempestuous, self-willed, and not entirely likable genius who set the world on fire with his music during the latter half of the nineteenth century, and whose fire has by no means died out. Mr. Gutman has unearthed material that was unavailable to Wagner's greatest biographer, Ernest Newman, and he has some penetrating things to say. Some of these involve Wagner's notorious anti-Semitism, which descended through his son-in-law, Houston Stewart Chamberlain, to Rosenberg and Hitler. This anti-Semitism is put in a rather ironic light, because Wagner believed himself to be half Jewish—although, as the author remarks, recent research has so far failed to produce a single demonstrably Jewish ancestor in the family tree of his actual father, the lawyer, actor, and painter Ludwig Geyer. (Wagner's mother, an illegitimate daughter of Prince Frie-

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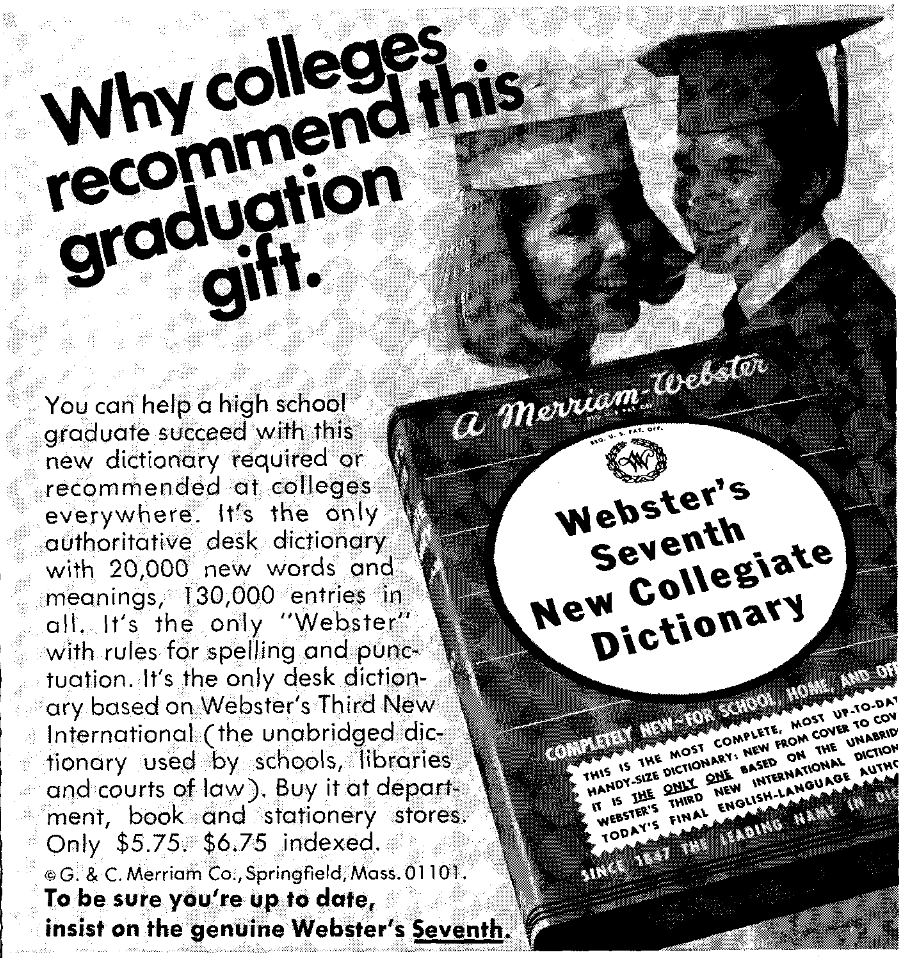
drich Ferdinand Constantin, left her philandering husband, Carl Friedrich Wagner, sometime after Richard's birth and later married Geyer. There can be no doubt that Richard was Geyer's son, and Wagner's name in childhood was Richard Geyer.) It is often forgotten today how thoroughly anti-Semitism permeated the folkways of the nineteenth century. Tolstoy, Dostoevski, Dickens, Trollope, and many others took it for granted. But Wagner's anti-Semitism was something special, involving polemics against the Jews, on the one hand, and, on the other, close friendships with Jews, which began with a Jewish childhood sweetheart and extended to one of the greatest conductors of his operas, Hermann Levi. Mr. Gutman analyzes and explains this peculiar ambivalence, along with many other intimate personal attributes of the great man, and his book makes fascinating reading. Twelve dollars and fifty cents.

Prince Albert and Victorian Taste, by Winslow Ames (Viking). The reign of Queen Victoria saw the beginning of a fantastic multiplication of made objects that we citizens of rich countries nowadays bemoan and take for granted. Many of our ideas about how things should (or should not) look date from her reign, as do many of our arguments about structure vs. ornament. And, of course, so do countless surviving creations—factories, bridges, houses, public buildings, and furniture, in this country as well as the Queen's. The Prince Consort deliberately worked at improving the taste of his adopted country. His influence was immense, and Professor Ames' scholarly, witty study tells what he did and how he did it. Ames, who is a remarkable describer, both of individual objects and of concepts of design and constellations of taste, regards Albert as a first-rate popularizer—a mediator between the avant-garde, which thought that there should be schools of design and public art galleries, and the ordinary citizen, who needed encouragement, stimulation, and guidance. Twelve dollars.

All and Sundry, by Melville Cane (Harcourt, Brace & World). The author is one of those phenomena of metropolitan cultural centers—the gentleman amateur of letters. Mr. Cane, an attorney who specializes in copyright law, is now in his ninetieth year, and since his Columbia



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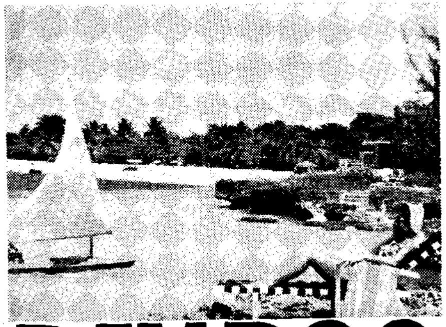

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days he has been contributing poems, rhymed epigrams, and short prose pieces to newspapers and magazines. This is a sort of chapbook, combined with a memoir of a brownstone childhood, in which he has collected his best work. It is a civilized performance, and the sort of thing that the historian of the future, searching for evocations of the early-twentieth-century New York milieu, will delight in.

EUROPEAN BRASSES, by A. C. Bouquet (Praeger). A brief introduction and good notes accompany thirty-two reproductions of rubbings of brass memorials dating from 1302 to 1668. Dr. Bouquet explains that such memorials were once quite common all over Europe but that time, wars, and religious spite have destroyed most of them. Still, he is able to offer some beautiful examples from England and the Continent. Continental brasses are immense rectangles; the effigy of the deceased is incised on them against elaborately incised backgrounds. This produces the same sort of magnificent pattern-on-pattern effect as great Oriental rugs, and suggests, by the way, that the hypothesis of the Eastern origin of incised brasswork—out of China via Byzantium—may be correct. The English laid incised brass figures flat on stone—the top of the tomb, the floor of the church. In the book, at least, these simpler forms look stark, handsome, funerary, dramatic. Twenty-eight dollars and fifty cents.

NOTE: Farrar, Straus & Giroux has published John McPhee's account of the New Jersey pine barrens—originally printed in this magazine—under the forthright title "The Pine Barrens."

•

PITTSBURGH—Andre Lacroix finally received his baptism of fire last night and he proved in a hurry he's not wet behind the ears. His palms may have been sweaty and his stomach may have fluttered but, when it came down to brass tacks, the kid showed he can certainly cut the mustard in the National Hockey League.—*Ed Conrad in the Philadelphia Daily News.*

On to the next sentence, Ed! We're with you all the way.

•

The city, itself, arises synchronous with the unfolding of ego in a people. McLuhan notes (somewhere, I'm sure) that a city's nature precludes tribalism. —*George Murray in the Los Angeles Open City.*

That's a mighty pretty parenthesis!

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For the expensive malt whiskies we use? In part. For the superior talent we employ? A little. For our good name? A few coppers.

But what you are mainly paying for, gentlemen, is the 12 years our whisky spends aging in the warehouse.

It's not simply a matter of the whisky's room and board. Being in cask all those years, much of the lovely stuff evaporates.

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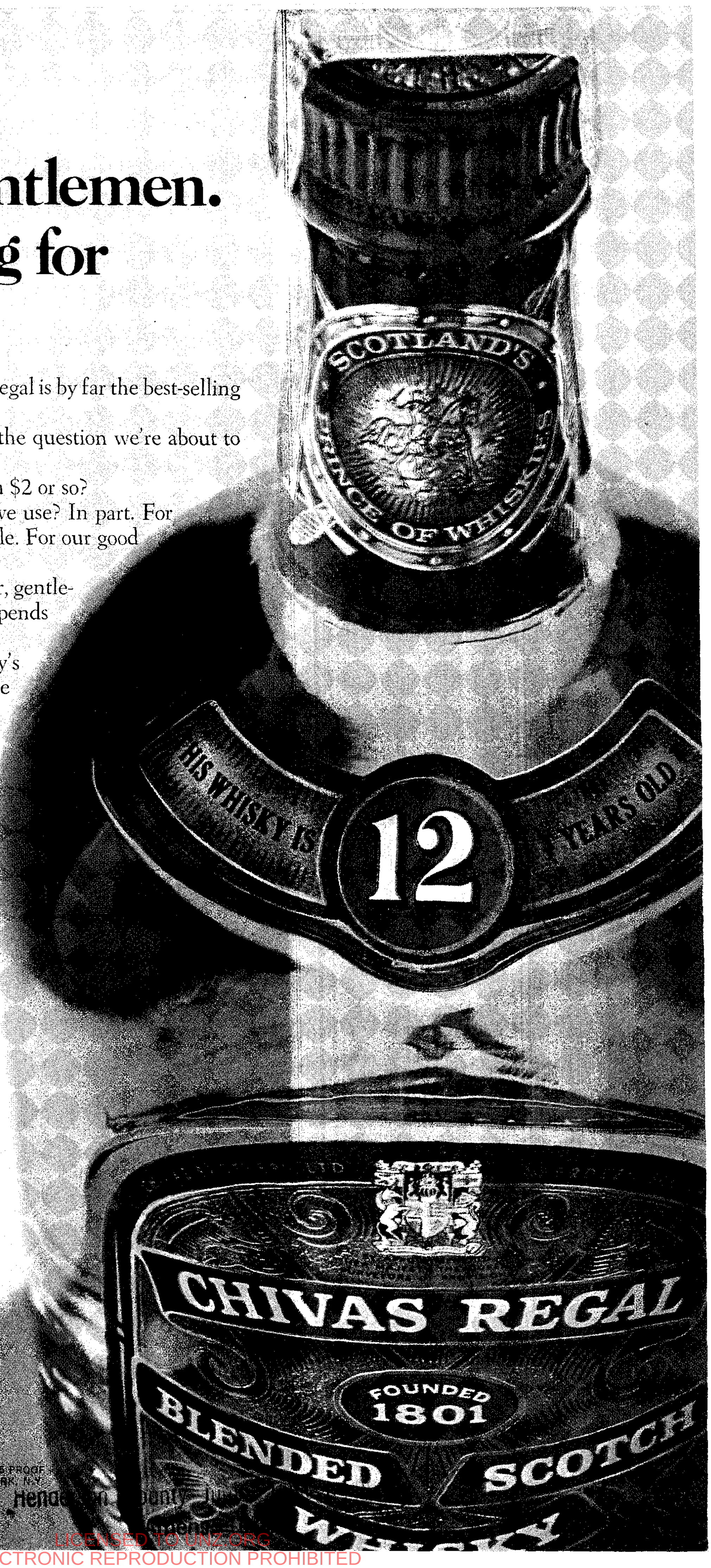
So sip a little Chivas and sip another Scotch.

The difference, of course, is obvious.

And if it's a difference you value, you'll just have to accept that well-worn maxim:

Time is money.



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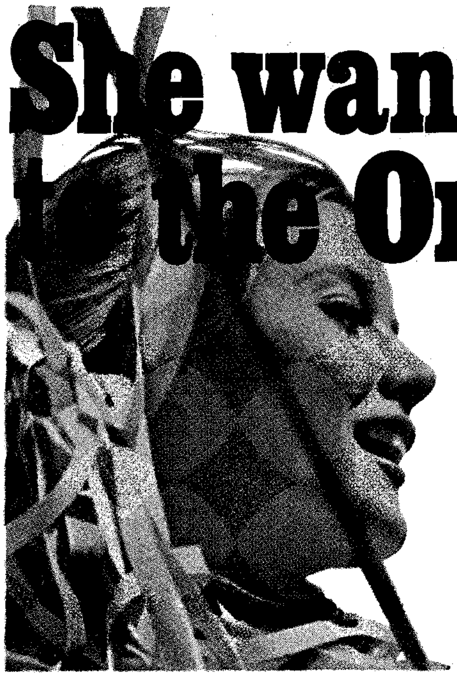
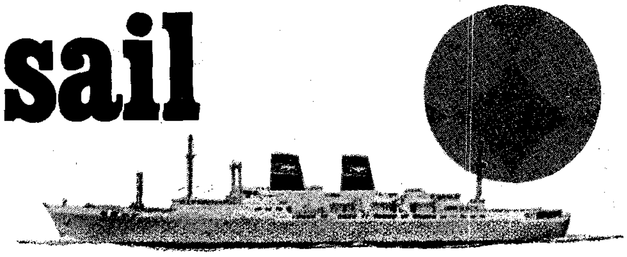
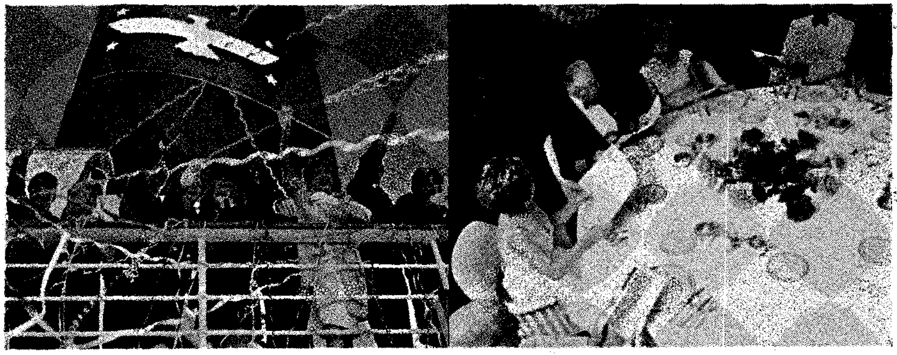
She wants to sail to the Orient.







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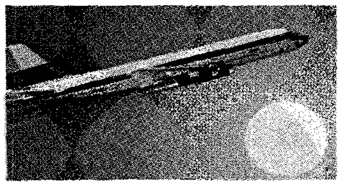
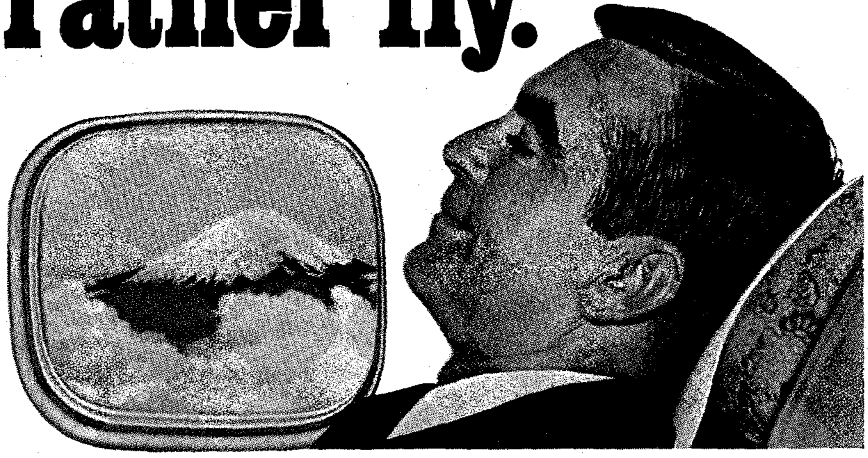
He would rather fly.





He can only take off a few weeks. He wants to make the most of it. On his schedule: The Great Buddha of Kamakura, the geishas of Tokyo, cherry blossoms, a certain little tailor in Hong Kong, and the Royal Palace of Bangkok. He'll get to see everything and more, because he and his wife are taking an American President Lines Sea/Air Tour. Fares for these Orient tours start at just $1574, First Class, including the shipboard vacation out, the hotels and sightseeing in the Orient, and the swift flight home on a modern jet. There are eleven of these Sail There—Fly Back vacations planned for the coming year. And all are available on every sailing of a President Liner. See your Travel Agent for complete information.

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